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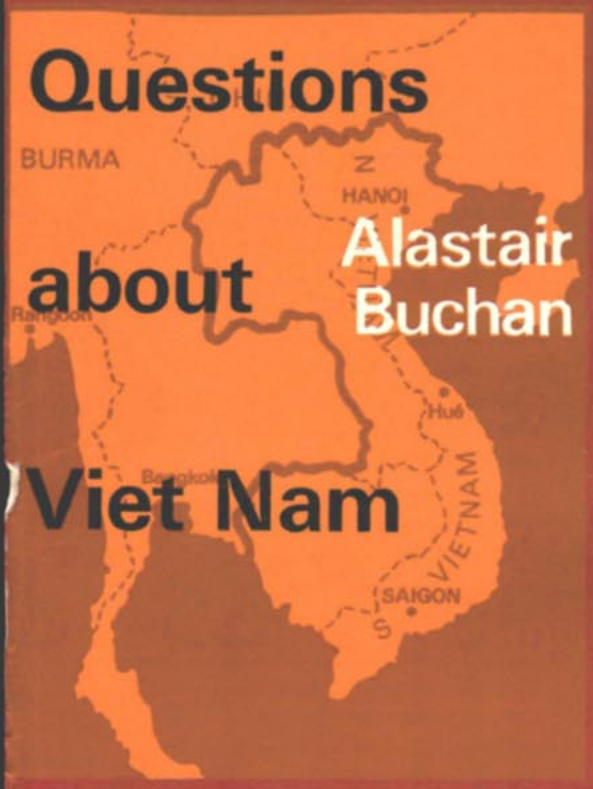

AMERICA IN THE TECHNETRONIC AGE
Zbigniew Brzezinski

Letter from Italy
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Writers on Trial
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Interviews with
Günter Grass
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Dennis Silk — A Puppet Play
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Alastair Buchan

Questions about Viet Nam

THE VIET NAM WAR is the greatest tragedy that has befallen the United States since the Civil War. I looked at that sentence for a long time to make sure that I believed that it was true—knowing well the ability of ENCOUNTER readers to detect false quantities. And I emerged from this trauma convinced of it.

Look at the balance sheet. On the one side stand a small number of credit items. The Soviet Union and China know that the United States is very much opposed to the extension of Communism by any means, and that she is prepared to go to immense lengths to prevent it: for she is now spending on this one conflict in this small area of the world more than all her forty-four allies in four continents spend on defence and security—about $25,000 million a year. And her stand has considerably impressed the small countries of Southern Asia on whose territory the war is not being fought.

On the other side, the war has succeeded in obscuring the sharp image that the United States had created throughout the non-Communist world in the post-war decades, of a country that could use power with both purpose and restraint: of a super power, whose leaders might fumble from time to time, but whose motives were generally more trustworthy and disinterested than those of the old European great powers. It has turned the Asian country with the worst historic reputation in Asia for cruelty and aggression into the brave little Belgium of international society. It has been accompanied by five years of falsified predictions about the outcome which have severely undermined the credibility of any governmental pronouncements from Washington. It has exerted very severe strains on the American political system and has revealed flaws in the Washington policy- and decision-making process which give serious grounds for doubt whether the United States can function as the centre of an international system covering a wide range of countries. It has helped turn the President who received the highest affirmative vote of any aspirant to that office in history and who had the best chance of modernising the social structure of the country into the most disliked of this century. Above all, Viet Nam has done for the United States what the Boer War did for the British: not only diminish its influence and give a superb diplomatic advantage to its adversaries, but destroy the confidence of its own people in their own vision of law and order and international justice.

A WRITER WHO has only flown over Viet Nam and never trodden its jungle paths, who has never fought in a guerrilla action, and whose principal experience is of Atlantis rather than Asia, must hesitate before further expanding the tonnage of analysis, description or polemic

ALASTAIR BUCHAN *has been the Director of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London since 1958. From 1948 to 1951 he was an Assistant Editor of* The Economist, *then Washington correspondent of* The Observer *and later its Diplomatic and Defence correspondent. He is the author of* NATO in the 1960s *(1963) and* War in Modern Society *(1966). Among his articles in* ENCOUNTER *are "The Arab-Israeli War" (August 1967), "An Asian Balance of Power?" (December 1966), and "The Age of Insecurity" (June and August 1963).*

Previous articles on Viet Nam include Professor Richard Lowenthal's "America's Asian Commitment" and "The Vietnamese Agony" in ENCOUNTER *for October 1965 and January 1966.*

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that now surrounds the Viet Nam war. I do so more for the purpose of setting out the kind of questions which the contemporary historian or the analyst of international conflict should be asking, than in the hope of providing clear—let alone final—answers to them.

Was it inevitable that the United States should get committed in Viet Nam to the extent of half a million soldiers and constant bombing of the North? If so, when was the irrevocable step taken? Does the frustration of American efforts carry a temptation to use larger weapons, or to use them against China, with the risk of major war? Can the United States defeat the Vietcong by a patient pursuit of its present policy? When and how will it be possible to get negotiations going: and what will they be about? Finally, has Viet Nam created or accelerated a new movement towards American isolationism?

IN A RECENT SPEECH before the National Student Association,[1] William Bundy, the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, has traced American concern with Viet Nam back to the end of the Roosevelt régime, and like other American officials has tried to place much of the blame for the course of events there on the post-war policy of France. In it he recalled the view of the Eisenhower Administration that "unless the United States participated in a major way in preserving the independence and security of these nations (of South-east Asia) they would be subject to progressive pressures by the parallel efforts of North Viet Nam and Communist China." In other words, the threat to South Viet Nam was an external one. This corresponded with a considered view that had arisen out of much American academic and official debate in the later 1950s and early 1960s, namely that the most likely form of conflict throughout the world was neither nuclear nor guerrilla war but conventional war with limited means and objectives on the pattern of Korea or the Arab-Israeli wars. This led the Eisenhower régime to force South Viet Nam (and several other countries) to build large conventional armies which proved to be useless for purposes of internal control as well as absorbing the able people needed for the essentially political job of pacification and the construction of civil order. This was one of the major sources of disagreement between the American and the French military when they were still on speaking terms. For their post-war experience had convinced the French that *guerre révolutionnaire* was the real danger of an era that combined the existence of nuclear weapons with the rise of many new states. Undoubtedly the French do bear some responsibility for the current situation in Viet Nam, but official American attempts to throw most of the blame on them ignores the fact that in this basic argument of the 1950s the French were right and the Americans wrong.

President Kennedy inherited an unspecified commitment to an increasingly shaky country and (as Bundy says) he soon made a basic policy decision that "we would continue to be deeply engaged in South-east Asia, in South Viet Nam, and under new ground rules in Laos as well." Guerrilla warfare, in particular the murder of village officials in large numbers, had been going on for about four years. Although Roger Hilsman (Bundy's predecessor), Arthur Schlesinger, and others close to Kennedy attest to his conviction that insurgency, not external attack, was the real problem, this did not prevent Defence Secretary Robert McNamara from reorganising the United States Army for limited or conventional rather than guerrilla warfare.[2] The numbers of divisions were expanded, their mobility and their heavy equipment improved; for these were also the years of the Berlin crisis, and of an apparent danger of sub-nuclear conflict in Europe. In the process the kind of organisation and training required to help another country deal with an insurgent movement was largely neglected.[3] Worse still, the attitude of Dean Rusk, according to Hilsman and corroborated to me by others, was that Viet Nam was primarily a military and not a civil problem, thus neglecting British and French experience in Malaya and

[1] At the University of Maryland, 15 August 1967; reprinted in *Survival* (London), October 1967.

[2] See Roger Hilsman, *To Move a Nation* (Doubleday, 1967), p. 471. Arthur Schlesinger, *The Bitter Heritage* (Deutsch, 1967), p. 27.

[3] I would not wish to press this argument too far. By organising its main battle forces for limited war, the United States may have helped deter it in Asia and in Europe. Moreover I am not certain what alternative policies or organisation the American military establishment would have adopted, had *guerre révolutionnaire* been generally accepted as the most likely form of violence. Certainly the training of American *condottieri* was not the answer. Perhaps it should have taken the form of much greater emphasis on language training, on learning about foreign countries in general, and in teaching soldiers and small units to operate in difficult country with minimal logistic support.

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Algeria (among other places), which showed that it could only be countered by a wide range of civil action, particularly in the fields of welfare, justice, and communications, and by efficient police rather than military force. Most senior American officers also supported the belief that the problem was a military one.

IT IS CLEAR from Bundy's rationale of successive American decisions and from such accounts as Theodore Sorensen's White House record, that President Kennedy had quite conventional views about Viet Nam and Asia in general. He believed in the "domino theory": he believed that China was a major threat to South-east Asia; and that any weakening of the American position in Asia would encourage the Soviet Union in Europe. It is true that he saw the problem of maintaining stability in South Viet Nam as essentially a political one, but—perhaps because he refused to become besotted about Viet Nam at the expense of other problems—he seems to have done little to ensure the translation of his view into action. It was Kennedy's decision that the number of American military advisers and support units should be increased (from a few hundred to 25,000 men between 1961 and 1964), though only a handful could speak French or Vietnamese. They served only for a year out there and they had an impact on the ability of the South Vietnamese government to control terrorism far smaller than their quality deserved.

It was in the early part of 1963 that the real weakness of the American position in South Viet Nam became apparent. Having made the initial mistake of placing primary emphasis on the military aspects of counter-insurgency, the ability of Washington to modify this strategy was diminishing. The operations of the South Vietnamese army against the Vietcong were of dubious value. The "strategic hamlet" programme—based on Malayan experience and executed under the inspiration of R. G. K. (now Sir Robert) Thompson from Malaya—was losing its original effectiveness as it became more widely dispersed than resources permitted. There was now a two-way war between the Vietcong and the South Vietnamese government, and between Saigon and Washington, as Diem and the Nhu family became increasingly hostile to American pressure for social reform or to American press criticism of their handling of the Buddhists. And there were half-a-dozen inter-departmental wars in Washington which were reflected in Saigon and in the field.

THUS BY NOW the two differences between the American position in Viet Nam and that of, say, the British in Malaya or the French in Algeria, had become clarified. The United States would not appoint a local proconsul to assume complete authority for all phases of counter-insurgency, a Templer, and it no longer trusted the indigenous consul, Diem, whom it had largely created. Even more important, it had no leverage either with Diem or with the South Vietnamese nationalists, for it had nothing positive to offer. There was the negative inducement of eventual freedom from terrorism, though at a cost which any intelligent Vietnamese knew must be high; there were also economic inducements which were really forms of bribery to influential Vietnamese, especially the military. But the United States lacked the trump card which the British had in Malaya and elsewhere or the French had in Algeria, namely the ability to offer the country political independence if the population would rally against the terrorists—for this had already been granted by the Geneva agreements of 1954. Having decided that nationalism was on the side of freedom, the United States became tied to whoever appeared to be the most effective nationalist.

Hence the agonising decision which confronted the Kennedy Administration in the autumn of 1963, whether to use the only leverage it possessed, namely to acquiesce in the slaughter of its erstwhile ewe lamb, President Diem, or to get out. Roger Hilsman—whose indiscretions, like those of other American ex-officials, make the task of the contemporary historian easier—describes a meeting of the National Security Council (on 6 September) at which only one man asked the right question, "What were we doing in South Viet Nam?"

> As he [Attorney-General Robert Kennedy] understood it we were there to help the people resisting a Communist take-over. The first question was whether a Communist take-over could be successfuly resisted with any government. If it could not, now was the time to get out of Viet Nam entirely, rather than waiting. If the answer was that it could, but not with the Diem-Nhu government as at present constituted, we owed it to the people resisting Communism in Viet Nam to give Lodge enough sanctions to bring changes that would permit successful resistance....

But, in fact, the issue was never clarified. Yet another fact-finding mission was sent to Saigon—and as Hilsman points out, each one committed American prestige more and more closely

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to developments in Viet Nam—until Washington eventually acquiesced in Diem's murder two months later. As Theodore Draper has put it, "Kennedy's decision in 1963 not to block Diem's overthrow was the most deadly criticism of Kennedy's decision in 1961 to back Diem to the hilt."[4] There Kennedy's responsibility ends, for he was dead himself in a few weeks. But his Administration, which continued with hardly any changes until after the elections of a year later, never drew the proper lesson from the *débâcle* of Diem. If preventing a Vietcong take-over in the South was vital in terms of the broad objectives of American foreign policy—and few people in the Congress and the press questioned this in those days—and if there was no competent local leader, then the United States had no alternative but to create a pro-consular relationship with South Viet Nam. (Lodge and his successors had only limited powers over the American military and intelligence agencies in Viet Nam until this year, and never any real leverage over the Saigon government.) If it is argued that it was too late in history to establish such a relationship, that the "MacArthur syndrome" in any case makes Americans fearful of the domestic effects of creating such a powerful figure overseas, then the first half of Robert Kennedy's question of 6 September 1963, deserved a better analysis than it got. What is not fair is to blame the post-Diem confusion, as Bundy does, on France for not having trained the Vietnamese in self-government. The French never had much opportunity, and the people who caused the confusion after 1963 were the well-trained *protégés* of the Pentagon.

ONE QUESTION HAS ALWAYS puzzled me: how could the United States government, at any point after 1961, believe that victory over the Vietcong was attainable, except in terms of decades rather than years?

One of its admirable characteristics is to use a wide range of research institutes and universities to give greater depth and accuracy to its own operational and political analysis. By the early 1960s there were a number of American scholars at RAND, Harvard, and other places, who had made a very thorough study of guerrilla operations. Their conclusions did not greatly vary. Established authority, whether it be colonial or national, is inevitably on the defensive in a situation of insurgency and must remain so, for its task is to convince the insurgents and the neutral population for whose loyalty both are contending that continual terrorism carries diminishing returns. Taking the initiative against the insurgents is likely to be counter-productive: political action is as important as military operations. The nature of the terrain is also a crucial factor. In the Boer War the British could wire off open *veldt* and thus slowly isolate the Boer commandos, though even so it took them two years to bring guerrilla resistance to an end. Mountain bases were an invaluable asset to both the Algerians and the Cypriot insurgents. Kenyatta and his Kikuyus were virtually unassailable as long as they remained in the Kenyan jungle. How did anyone imagine that in a land, part jungle, part mountains, part swamp—with a hostile country on one side, two weak powers on the second, and an open coastline on the third—it would be possible to overcome the Vietcong in less than a generation? True, it had been done in Malaya over a fourteen-year period: but apart from the priceless assets of colonial government which I have already mentioned, a unified politico-military command and real political leverage, the Malayan insurgents were Chinese and physically distinct from the majority of the population. Probably technology (helicopters, new small arms, infra-red sensors, and all the rest) was the element that corrupted judgment, making it seem possible that the Americans could do what the natives or the old colonial powers could not.

Also, as Hilsman points out, except for 1962 when the South Vietnamese were getting the better of the Vietcong, hope was sustained largely by the circulation of statistics—about the ratio of weapons captured to those lost, about defections, about the "kill ratio"—which were either meaningless or inaccurate.[5]

Arthur Schlesinger has suggested that "in retrospect, Viet Nam is a triumph of the politics of inadvertence." Without engaging in too much hindsight, one cannot fail to be impressed by the slapdash manner in which decisions of profound importance were taken. (Which is not to say that other nations do not do the same.)

[4] Theodore Draper, *Abuse of Power* (Viking, 1967), p. 59.

[5] Hilsman himself compounds this difficulty by producing a table showing the steady increase in the number of Vietcong recruited in South Viet Nam each year, in which his own arithmetic is cock-eyed.

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I HAVE ALREADY suggested that on the evidence of those involved, the real point of no return was reached in the autumn of 1963 when the United States had the option of leaving the fate of Viet Nam entirely in the hands of Diem to find that "Asian solution" which, four years later, is now so widely advocated. And, moreover, it was Kennedy's decision. To have exercised restraint thereafter would have involved curbing the immense national influence of the American military establishment. For the military Viet Nam was a war against Communism: and if it could not be won by the local inhabitants the United States must take over the job. Already in November 1962, General Earle Wheeler (who is now Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) was stating publicly,

> It is fashionable in some quarters to say that the problems in South-east Asia are primarily political and economic rather than military. I do not agree. The essence of the problem in Viet Nam is military.

But here one must distinguish between the decision to begin bombing North Viet Nam in February 1965, and to send in American troops in July. The roots of the bombing policy are only partly military: some of its strongest advocates were civilians who saw not the Vietcong but North Viet Nam as the real enemy. As far back as 1961 Walt Rostow (who succeeded McGeorge Bundy as Johnson's adviser on National Security) was arguing,

> The sending of men and arms across international boundaries and the direction of guerrilla war from outside a sovereign nation is aggression; and this is a fact which the whole international community must confront and whose consequent responsibilities it must accept. Without such international action those against whom aggression is mounted will be driven inevitably to seek out and engage the ultimate source of the aggression they confront.[6]

And, as the frustrating early '60s moved on, more and more people felt the force of this argument. Bundy says that "it is simply not true that there was any change in policy in this period [late 1963 to early 1965] toward greater military emphasis, much less major new military actions." But any visitor to either shore of the Potomac in 1964 caught a strong whiff of this argument, and President Johnson's ludicrous over-reaction to an attack on two ships in the Gulf of Tonkin in August of that year (including a Congressional resolution that gave him greater powers than Kosygin possesses) seemed to me an index of the growing temptation to use airpower. Hilsman says that he, Ambassador Harriman and others, argued that to do this would simply raise the ante since Hanoi could respond by increasing the use of the infiltration routes to include northerners as well as southerners trained in the North. But Roger Hilsman had been fired by 1964 and Averell Harriman's influence had been restricted.

Viet Nam presented the Pentagon with special temptations to use airpower. First, there is practically no other country in the world, except Chile, which has the shape of the two Viet Nams, narrow and entirely accessible to carrier-borne aircraft. Consequently, the Navy for once had common cause with the Air Force. Second, the military were led to believe that the economy of North Viet Nam was more highly developed and vulnerable than in fact it is. Even the late Bernard Fall, well-informed and reasonably judicious, could write in January 1965 that "the temptation, assuredly, is great, for North Viet Nam is no guerrilla base but an organised State with conventional targets, such as cities, industries, and railroads."[7]

BUT AGAIN: Where was the analysis? Strategic theorists like Thomas Schelling were pointing out that if one state uses what he calls "compellence" as contrasted with deterrence, it makes compliance with its wishes that much more obvious and therefore difficult for the other state to undertake.[8] Perhaps American success in "compelling" the Soviet Union to withdraw its missiles from Cuba, an act of public compliance, had a corrupting effect on the judgment to use bombing against North Viet Nam. A small state may react very differently from a great one with much more at stake. But, there was also the *Strategic Bombing Survey* of World War II for all to read, with its clear message: bombing is not an effective instrument for changing national will unless it is used either to kill people in large quantities, or is concerted with a major ground force attack. Perhaps the trouble was that too few Americans have ever experienced bombing. Anyone over 35 brought up in southern England or industrial Germany could have told the Pentagon that even daily

[6] Address at the U.S. Army Special Warfare School, 28 June 1961.
[7] Bernard Fall, *Vietnam Witness 1953–1966* (Praeger, 1966), p. 291.
[8] Thomas Schelling, *Arms & Influence* (Yale University Press, 1966), p. 82.

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bombing with high explosive bombs will not affect national morale if it merely destroys buildings. Bernard Fall, writing eight months after American air operations began, suggested that the use of bombers in South Viet Nam was having a far more demoralising effect on civil populations there than in the North.

WAS THE INTRODUCTION of American ground forces an inevitable corollary of the decision to bomb the North? Did the United States unilaterally escalate a guerrilla to a limited war? Here one can only report both sides of a bitter controversy on which too little solid evidence exists to form any final judgment. There was a tacit agreement, say the Administration's critics, that if the North were not attacked it would not contribute its regular units to the war in the South. They started coming in quantity only after the bombing began, thus presenting the United States with the alternatives of accepting *débâcle* in the South or intervening massively with its own army. There was no such tacit agreement, say the Administration's spokesmen: Hanoi was merely concealing its hand. There was one Northern regiment in the South by December 1964, and, according to Bundy,

> We know that several other regiments entered in the spring of 1965 on timetables of infiltration that can only have reflected command decisions taken in Hanoi prior to the beginning of the bombing. . . . The point is that Hanoi, as we suspected then and later proved, had taken major steps to raise the level of the war before the bombing began.

Again, did nobody in the counsels of the President point out the enormous damage that increasing commitment in Viet Nam would do to American influence in Europe and Japan, the ways in which it would fortify General de Gaulle, strengthen the Russian position in Europe, give Moscow an admirable reason for declining to co-operate on major arms control measures, or convince the Germans that the United States was losing interest in Europe? Washington is supposed to be the capital of a global power.

But the reasons why American ground forces went to Viet Nam in the first place are less important than the fact that they did go, and then were steadily augmented to the enormous figure of half-a-million men by what Michael Howard has called the "Haig syndrome"—"Give me another hundred thousand men, Sir, and I can assure you we will have finished the job by Christmas. . . ." They have made it certain that the United States cannot be thrown out of Viet Nam. But they provide little or no assurance of a quick victory, for the Vietcong are unlikely ever to give them the opportunity to fight a major battle, a Dien Bien Phu in reverse. Occasionally there is a Vietcong attack in which American firepower scores a success, as with the battle of Loc Ninh in late October 1967, when it is reported to have lost 1,000 men. (I still remain sceptical of such figures: it takes a massive action to kill 1,000 men, and soldiers are as unreliable in estimating enemy casualties as fishermen are about their catch.)

General Westmoreland is now arguing that the operations of the past two years have been aimed only at establishing a secure basis from which to mount a more systematic campaign "to carry the war to the enemy and root him out completely."[9] Well, victory must be the aim of generals, but I do not believe that it is attainable within the next few years unless certain conditions are fulfilled.

First, the Americans must be prepared to accept the large casualties which would accompany any assumption of the initiative. At present they use firepower, artillery and strafing, to "soften up" Vietcong positions, with the consequence that the enemy more often than not has disappeared by the time they attack. A bold, even reckless, American strategy of using their tactical mobility to plummet units down in the midst of Vietcong strongholds without warning could, if skilfully directed, begin to demoralise and defeat their opponents. But it would probably mean trebling the annual American casualty rate of some 6 to 7,000 killed.

Second, since communication bombing of the North is a demonstrable failure as an exercise either in compulsion, or even in damming supplies to the South, "victory" requires the kind of bombing that deliberately kills people in order to dry up Northern manpower and break Hanoi's will: breaching the dykes to drown the paddy-field dwellers, and smashing Hanoi and Haiphong on the pattern of Rotterdam—deliberate genocide as contrasted with the marginal kind now practised with such revolting techniques as "pellet bombs."

Third, "victory" requires taking the pacification effort in the Delta out of the fumbling

[9] David Bonavia's dispatch in *The Times,* 13 November 1967.

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hands of the South Vietnamese, and either handing it over to some organisation of Asian "black and tans" like the South Koreans, or else to a ruthless centrally-directed American operation. (The Australians in their area seem to have been relatively successful in pacification by a combination of severity and centralisation of authority.)

NONE OF THESE CONDITIONS can be fulfilled, except perhaps the third, for the simple reason that the increasing commitment of American prestige to Viet Nam has had the effect of transferring the battlefield to the United States itself. With the political party conventions only eight months away, with Johnson's popularity at an all-time low, with American liberal and much conservative opinion—quite apart from world opinion—already alienated from the Administration, the President knows that any such measures might not only ensure his own defeat, but break the great coalition that Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt forged, and send the Democratic Party into the wilderness for a generation.

Consequently, I cannot see L.B.J. authorising the kind of local escalation that might bring "victory" in Viet Nam in the foreseeable future. What about strategic escalation? I think one can rule this out as well, for it is hard to know what form it could take, or what it could be thought to accomplish. The bombardment of supply installations in China—quite apart from the colossal risk of Soviet intervention—would be marginally relevant, for the supplies that North Viet Nam receives from there could almost certainly be replaced from somewhere else in an Afro-Asian world that is becoming increasingly sympathetic to Hanoi. The same is true of the bombing or blockading of Soviet supply ships (whose difficulties have in any case been increased by the blocking of the Suez canal). Nuclear weapons? The United States Air Force has many experts within its ranks who point out that so-called tactical weapons, particularly the smaller air-delivered bombs which are deployed in large numbers in Europe, would be ideally suited to the task either of demolishing concentrations of Vietcong and North Vietnamese troops or of destroying Soviet ground-to-air missile sites, or of making infiltration routes dangerous to use by reason of residual radio-active contamination. Any such idea resurrects all the arguments of the Korean war but in a much more delicate situation of global balance than existed in the early 1950s. Lyndon Johnson may be pig-headed, but he is not foolhardy.

THE THIRD ALTERNATIVE is to reconcile the American public to a long war stretching well into the 1970s. American troops would continue to fight with firepower rather than manpower in order to keep the casualty rate low. Bombing would be confined to interdiction targets, or even suspended indefinitely and used as a residual threat. Increased emphasis would be placed on the expansion of the South Vietnamese economy, the training of its civil as well as its military cadres, and an effective system of local administration gradually created, especially in the Delta, to make the task of pacification possible. In other words, if Viet Nam is as important as the Administration's spokesmen have been saying for years that it is, the United States can well afford an indefinite effort there, provided that the techniques employed can be reconciled with the American conscience. If the United States is really the centre of a great world system of power, it must expect to have troubled outposts, as the British had on the North West Frontier or the French in Morocco. The fact that the trouble is bigger may be no more than an index that their international system is bigger than its predecessors. This line of argument is well presented by one of the effective American pro-consuls, General Maxwell Taylor.[10]

THIS MAY BE the outcome. But there are several reasons why Americans may shy away from it as a deliberate policy.

1. In the first place, the longer the United States is fighting in Viet Nam, the harder it is to differentiate her position from that of the old colonial powers, something that not only provides ammunition for Peking and Moscow but still sticks in the gullets of Americans themselves. When a pillar of the Virginia Establishment, the Reverend Cotesworth Lewis, insisted to the captive President sitting below his pulpit in Bruton parish church on Sunday, 12 November, that "it is particularly regrettable that to most nations the struggle's purpose appears as neo-colonialism," he was speaking for a great many of his countrymen.

[10] *Responsibility and Response* (Harper & Row, 1967).

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2. There is the cost of the war to be reckoned, in money, lives and the fabric of American society itself. The financial cost may be less than each year's increment in the American gross national product, but it must mean higher taxes, increased international pressure on the dollar, and serious inflation. Non-Americans are apt to think Americans rather sentimental about human life for a country bred in so much violence, but a death rate even of 5,000 a year is a large figure by any standards if projected over the indefinite future: its political impact is magnified by the incidence of selective service. And the effect of the war on the university generation could be disastrous. A Harvard friend of mine has pointed out that Viet Nam is already leading to a kind of class conflict between the not-so-bright who get called up, go to Viet Nam and support the war, and their brighter contemporaries who go to university and for the most part emerge as bitter critics.

3. The American people have got the Viet Nam war on their mind. This is not the colonial age where lonely colonels battled with Pathans or Berbers of whose existence the metropolitan populace was hardly aware. The spate of books, editorials, and TV programmes is growing in volume, and no politician can now ignore the issue, though he may, like Governor Romney, try and evade it. Except for the 1776 Revolution the United States has never been involved in a serious shooting conflict of over four years' duration: and Americans are not patient people.

4. Moreover, if Ho Chi Minh has read his 20th-century history (and the evidence suggests that he has), he will know that big powers generally lose small wars, not on the battlefield but at home. His interest in the liberal protest movement in the United States is not mistaken. Within nine months of dismissing the idea of Dominion Home Rule for Ireland and asserting that "he had murder by the throat" there, Lloyd George was negotiating unconditionally with the Irish leaders. Henry Hopkinson's "never" to independence for Cyprus preceded it only by a year or two. De Gaulle's decision to make peace with Algeria was preceded by the firmest of his firm statements about the indissoluble connection between France and Algeria. And so on. Ho accepts Johnson as an adversary whose determination is equal to his own, but even if Johnson is re-elected he has respectable grounds for thinking that the United States will not last the course. Consequently, the most adamant declaratory position on the part of the United States government is unlikely, even if maintained beyond the 1968 election, to lead to much slackening of resolve in Hanoi: provided the war remains within its present boundaries, which for reasons I have tried to suggest, seems to me the only assumption that is realistic in terms both of domestic and international constraints.

5. An indefinite continuation of the war exposes the United States, as a universal power, to great risks. Anti-Americanism is making rapid strides in every European country, and, though the part that Viet Nam plays in this process varies, it plays some part in every country including Germany, by reason of the mixture of brutality and incompetence that it exhibits. It has provided the Soviet Union and even the distraught Chinese with diplomatic windfalls. It has led to an emasculation of the foreign-aid programme which is the basis of American influence in India and many African and Latin American countries. Five more years of this and the United States might be a country whose diplomatic influence was by no means proportional to its strength—or to its fundamental good intentions. Moreover, there are more than two parties to this conflict, for the United States has involved five of its Australasian and Asian allies, and at some point in a protracted conflict one or all of them might deliver the supreme rebuff of deciding to go home.

So there remains the alternative of negotiation. Here there have been almost as many proposals as there are heads of government in the world, and there would be no virtue in my trying to catalogue them. One group of them calls for a negotiation between all the combatants, with or without outside powers such as Britain and the Soviet Union, to re-establish the Geneva Agreement of 1954, to negotiate an end of hostilities and the withdrawal of all foreign troops, and to establish a neutral South Viet Nam. Theodore Sorensen recently suggested such an approach.[11] He implied that the United States would lose no face from such a negotiation, since it has been involved in Viet Nam merely to gain time for the establishment of a more broadly-based régime in Saigon: the recent elections and the new

[11] *Saturday Review* (New York), 21 October 1967, and *The Times* (London), 17 November.

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government there have given a colourable excuse for saying that the job is done.

But there are two basic difficulties about such an approach. First, Hanoi has made it clear through every channel at its disposal that it is not interested in a formal negotiation at the moment since it believes that time is on its side. This appears to have Soviet backing. Second, there is no agreement on who should sit at the table. The United States has stated its readiness to talk both with the Vietcong and Hanoi, but the new régime in Saigon has not. It would be very difficult for the Soviet Union to participate in negotiations which involved any reciprocal concessions, though they might accept a *fait accompli*. Sorensen has suggested that they must be held in secret to prevent Chinese intervention, but it is very hard to see this happening in so leaky a place as South-east Asia.

The second approach is reciprocal de-escalation without any formal negotiation. The Johnson Administration's basic, though not fully declared, position is that if Hanoi would begin to pull back northern regiments, it would take more than equivalent action. (Though any question of withdrawing all American forces within six months, as promised by Johnson after the Manila Conference of a year ago, would be logistically impossible.) But Hanoi now has absolutely no intention of making the first move. They may think differently a year from now if Johnson has been re-elected with strong backing on a platform of maintaining an indefinite war of attrition. But surely Johnson cannot risk much on this, for if there is only a surmise and no certainty of a change in Hanoi's position he may not get re-elected (even though such signs as the San Francisco plebiscite suggest that there may be wider national support for his policy than affection for his person).

This leaves it to the United States to make the first move—something that was unthinkable a year ago when Mr. Rusk's attempt to smear any such suggestions with words like "Munich" and "appeasement," commanded more approbation than it does now. Washington is deeply interested in suggestions that have emerged through French sources from Hanoi that if the bombing policy were annulled the two capitals could be in negotiation on de-escalation within four weeks. Before this article appears Johnson may have tried the effect of a Christmas "bombing pause." But Hanoi will probably want more than this, namely a cancellation not suspension of bombing, and to do this means confronting the solid opposition of American military opinion, as well as of the old Southern troglodytes at the head of the Congressional committees. Much depends then on who succeeds McNamara.

One other unilateral course seems open to the President if Viet Nam is not to be a heavy political albatross in 1968. This would be to keep the bombing light through the early part of the year and then, some time in the early spring, to announce that ground operations in Viet Nam are going so well (or because of the completion of the projected electronic fence) that 50,000 American troops can be withdrawn. This would bring immediate political and diplomatic dividends, and since the battle statistics in Viet Nam can be made to prove anything, the basis of the statement might be hard to question.

Finally, there is the possibility of beginning an end to the war by negotiations at different levels. Robert Shaplen, the distinguished Asian correspondent of *The New Yorker*, who rejects the neo-isolationism of many American intellectuals, has outlined such a course in the October issue of *Foreign Affairs*. He points out that, adamant though Hanoi may be in public, captured documents show that many of the North Vietnamese leaders are saying that the time has come to combine fighting with negotiating. The first kind, he suggests, might consist of approaches, encouraged by the Saigon government, at the village level to representatives of the *NLF* (Vietcong) with the object of holding local elections, based on strictly local cease-fires, which both sides would contest. In other words, to turn a revolutionary struggle into something more like a two-party contest at the local level.

The second stage would be negotiations involving Washington, Saigon, Hanoi and the *NLF*, not about a sweeping settlement, but about what have hitherto been argued on both sides as the conditions of negotiation, namely, how to end the bombing and on what basis to withdraw troops. The third stage would involve the Soviet Union and perhaps Britain, and would be concerned with the creation of a buffer zone in Viet Nam, neutralisation of the widest possible area of South-east Asia (an idea originally rejected in the United States when

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it was proposed by de Gaullle and later by Anthony Eden), and perhaps an eventual plebiscite on the reunification of the two Viet Nams.

This range of ideas, which rests on the explicit hypothesis that the United States accepts the full policy implications of John Kennedy's views that it is up to the Vietnamese to find a solution to their own problems (a hypothesis on which President Kennedy himself did not act), cannot be reconciled with the Administration's public position of many years' standing that South Viet Nam is the victim of Northern aggression. But the difference can be glossed over and many people in Congress and in the American press seem prepared to participate in such a conspiracy. If in five years there is a government in Saigon in which the *NLF* is powerfully represented, I am inclined to doubt whether anyone will score significant political points for drawing attention to it.

THE UNITED STATES is about to enter a period of introspection which would have occurred in any case because of the size of the problems involved in adapting a political, legal, and physical framework that is still largely geared to the assumptions of an agricultural state, to the needs of a rapidly expanding, primarily urban, technocratic society: the rebuilding of the cities, racial integration, the control of domestic violence, a more uniform system of local government, and a score of related problems. A politico-social revolution even more extensive than the New Deal has been fomenting for many years, and it has been delayed partly by the preoccupation of successive Administrations with the Cold War, and latterly by Lyndon B. Johnson's obsession with Viet Nam. Enormous resources, intellectual and economic, will be devoted to it, and as with many things (though not guerrilla warfare) to which Americans apply their best energies, the task will probably be successfully accomplished. In the process the United States will become an even richer and more self-contained state than it is today.

The danger of the Viet Nam war, preceding and delaying this inevitable era of American domestic preoccupation, and coming at a time when the continuous growth of American power tends to seal her off from normal relationships with the rest of the international community, is that many Americans will draw the wrong lesson from it. Instead of accepting the Viet Nam episode as the consequence of a series of official blunders, based on faulty assumptions and analysis, and therefore requiring the same drastic overhaul in the techniques of central government as are accepted as necessary at the state or city level, they may tend to assume that American power and resources are for some reason unusable to underwrite the stability and security of other areas of the world, that somehow they are unwanted in the world.

Lyndon Johnson himself displayed traces of such thinking when, having been sent by President Kennedy to Viet Nam in May 1961, he said:

> The basic decision in South-east Asia is here. We must decide whether to help these countries to the best of our ability or throw in the towel and pull back our defences to San Francisco.

In fact these are not the true alternatives. There is every reason to think that the United States must and will remain involved in Asian politics; that there will be a range of threats to the security of these countries which they cannot handle themselves and which an off-shore American presence based on the Philippines and Australia can effectively deter; that she alone has the economic resources to provide a real incentive to regional co-operation among the smaller powers; that there is a great deal of basic nation-building, including the infrastructure of security and competent local government, to which she (with Britain) can contribute specialised technical assistance; and that she can help guarantee borders or neutrality arrangements where she cannot impose them. The fact that America could not successfully play midwife to a seething domestic revolution in one particular Asian country, with an especially turbulent history, and could only augment civil war rather than control it, is not an argument for drawing the interests of the country at a line east of Alcatraz.

The misfortune of Viet Nam is that whether from frustration or disgust, a significant majority of Americans may wash their hands of the world's largest continent—indeed of the world. But the true lesson of Viet Nam is that a power of universal interests cannot afford to become so deeply committed in one corner of the globe that it loses its ability to influence events elsewhere, a mistake which the other universal power, the Soviet Union, has never made.

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Robert Penn Warren

Thoughts in Ruined Garden on Summer Isle

1. Riddle in the Garden

My mind is intact, but the shapes
of the world change, the peach
has released the bough and at last
makes full confession, its pudeur
has departed, like peach-fuzz wiped off, and

We now know how the hot sweet-
ness of flesh and the juice-dark hug
the rough peach-pit, we know its most
suicidal yearnings, it wants
to suffer extremely, it

Loves God, and I warn you, do not
touch that plum, it will burn you, a blister
will be on your finger, and you will
put the finger to your lips for relief—oh, do
be careful not to break that soft

Grey bulge of fruit-skin of blister, for
exposing that inwardness will
increase your pain, for you
are part of the world. You think
I am speaking in riddles. But I am not, for

The world means only itself.

2. Mistral at Night

Heat, and cold-curdle of wind-thrust, moonlight
To tatters torn, on night-blue the tetter
Of cloud-scud, and in shadow
Of laurel the clash of the dry leaf:

and that,
In the moment of long remission when but
A single leaf stirs, is
In your sleep now, and is as
Unforgettable as what is most deeply
Forgotten—and that, oh,
Will be the last thing remembered, at last, in
That instant before remembering is over. But what
Is it?

You must wait
To find out. Hold your breath, count to ten. The world
Is like wind, and the leaves clash. This knowledge
Is the beginning of joy. I

Tell you this as explicitly as I can, for
Some day you may find the information
Of crucial importance.

3. Where Purples Now the Fig

Where purples now the fig, flame in
its inmost flesh, a leaf hangs
down, and on it, gull-droppings, white
as chalk, show, for the sun has

Burned all to white, for the sun, it would
burn our bones to chalk—yes, keep
them covered, oh flesh, oh sweet
integument, oh frail, depart not

And leave me thus exposed, like Truth.

4. The Ivy

The ivy assaults the wall. The ivy
says: 'I will pull you down.' Time
is nothing to the ivy. The ivy

Does not sweat at night, for like the sea
it dreams a single dream, it
is its own dream. Therefore,

Peace is the dream's name. The wall
is stone, and all night the stone,
where no star may come, dreams.

Night comes. You sleep. What is your dream?

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5. The Red Mullet

The fig flames inward on the bough, and I,
Deep where the great mullet, red, lounges in
Black shadow of the shoal, have come. Where no light may

Come, he the great one, like flame, burns, and I
Have met him, eye to eye, the lower jaw horn,
Out-thrust, arched down at the corners, merciless as

Genghis, motionless and mogul, and the eye of
The mullet is round, bulging, ringed like a target
In gold, vision is armour, he sees and does not

Forgive. The mullet has looked me in the eye, and forgiven
Nothing. At night I fear suffocation, is there
Enough air in the world for us all, therefore I

Swim much, dive deep to develop my lung-case. I am
Familiar with the agony of will in the deep place. Blood
Thickens as oxygen fails. Mullet, thy flame

Burns in the shadow of the black shoal.

6. The Leaf

(a)

Here the fig lets down the leaf, that leaf
Of the fig five fingers has, the fingers
Are broad, spatulate, stupid,
Ill-formed, and innocent—but of a hand, and the hand,

To hide me from the blaze of the wide world, drops,
Shamefast, down. I am
What is to be concealed. I lurk
In the shadow of the fig. Stop.
Go no further. This is the place.

To this spot I bring my grief.
Human grief is the obscenity to be hidden by the leaf.

(b)

We have undergone ourselves, therefore
What more is to be done for Truth's sake? I

Have watched the deployment of ants, I
Have conferred with the flaming mullet in a deep place.

Near the nesting place of the hawk, among
Snag-rock, high on the cliff, I have seen
The clutter of annual bones, of hare, vole, bird, white
As chalk by sun and season, frail
As the dry grass stem. On that

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High place of stone I have lain down, the sun
Beat, the small exacerbation
Of dry bones was what my back, shirtless and bare, knew, I saw

The hawk shudder in the high sky, he shudders
To hold position in the blazing wind, in relation to
The firmament, he shudders and the world is a metaphor, his eye
Sees, white, the flicker of hare-scut, the movement of vole.

Distance is nothing, there is no solution, I
Have opened my mouth to the wind of the world like wine, I wanted
To taste what the world is, but wind dried up

The live saliva of my tongue, my tongue
Was like a dry leaf in my mouth.

Destiny is what you experience, that
Is its only name and definition, and is your name, and

The wide world lets down the hand in shame:
Here is the human shadow, there, of the wide world, the flame.

(c)

The world is fruiful. In this heat
The plum, black yet bough-bound, bursts, and that gold ooze is,
Of bees, joy, the gold ooze has striven
Outward, it wants again to be of
The goldness of air and—oh,—innocent. The grape
Weakens at the juncture of the stem. The world

Is fruitful, and I, too,
In that I am the father
Of my father's father's father. I,
Of my father, have set the teeth on edge. But
By what grape? I have cried out in the night.

From a further garden, from the shade of another tree,
My father's voice, in the moment when the cicada has ceased, calls to me.

(d)

The voice blesses me for that only gift I have given: *teeth set on edge.*
In the momentary silence of the cicada,
I can hear the appalling speed,
In spaces beyond stars, of
Light. It is

A sound like wind.

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Zbigniew Brzezinski

America in the Technetronic Age

New Questions of Our Time

OURS IS NO LONGER the conventional revolutionary era; we are entering a novel metamorphic phase in human history. The world is on the eve of a transformation more dramatic in its historic and human consequences than that wrought either by the French or the Bolshevik revolutions. Viewed from a long perspective, these famous revolutions merely scratched the surface of the human condition. The changes they precipitated involved alterations in the distribution of power and property within society; they did not affect the essence of individual and social existence. Life—personal and organised—continued much as before, even though some of its external forms (primarily political) were substantially altered. Shocking though it may sound to their acolytes, by the year 2000 it will be accepted that Robespierre and Lenin were mild reformers.

Unlike the revolutions of the past, the developing metamorphosis will have no charismatic leaders with strident doctrines, but its impact will be far more profound. Most of the change that has so far taken place in human history has been gradual—with the great "revolutions" being mere punctuation marks to a slow, eludible process. In contrast, the approaching transformation will come more rapidly and will have deeper consequences for the way and even perhaps for the meaning of human life than anything experienced by the generations that preceded us.

America is already beginning to experience these changes and in the course of so doing it is becoming a "technetronic" society: a society that is shaped culturally, psychologically, socially and economically by the impact of technology and electronics, particularly computers and communications. The industrial process no longer is the principal determinant of social change, altering the mores, the social structure, and the values of society. This change is separating the United States from the rest of the world, prompting a further fragmentation among an increasingly differentiated mankind, and imposing upon Americans a special obligation to ease the pains of the resulting confrontation.

THE AUTHOR *contributed a long and much discussed article on "Peaceful Engagement: A Plan for Europe" to the April 1965* ENCOUNTER. *He is a Professor of Political Science at Columbia University and the author of several works on international affairs.*

The Technetronic Society

THE FAR-REACHING innovations we are about to experience will be the result primarily of the impact of science and technology on man and his society, especially in the developed world. Recent years have seen a proliferation of exciting and challenging literature on the future. Much of it is serious, and not mere science-fiction.[1] Moreover, both in the United States and, to a lesser degree, in Western Europe a number of systematic, scholarly efforts have been designed to project, predict, and

[1] Perhaps the most useful single source is to be found in the Summer 1967 issue of *Daedalus*, devoted entirely to "*Toward the Year 2000: Work in Progress.*" The introduction by Professor Daniel Bell, chairman of the American Academy's Commission on the Year 2000 (of which the present writer is also a member) summarises some of the principal literature on the subject.

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possess what the future holds for us. Curiously, very little has been heard on this theme from the Communist World, even though Communist doctrinarians are the first to claim their 19th-century ideology holds a special pass-key to the 21st century.

The work in progress indicates that men living in the developed world will undergo during the next several decades a mutation potentially as basic as that experienced through the slow process of evolution from animal to human experience. The difference, however, is that the process will be telescoped in time—and hence the shock effect of the change may be quite profound. Human conduct will become less spontaneous and less mysterious—more predetermined and subject to deliberate "programming." Man will increasingly possess the capacity to determine the sex of his children, to affect through drugs the extent of their intelligence and to modify and control their personalities. The human brain will acquire expanded powers, with computers becoming as routine an extension of man's reasoning as automobiles have been of man's mobility. The human body will be improved and its durability extended: some estimate that during the next century the average life-span could reach approximately 120 years.

These developments will have major social impact. The prolongation of life will alter our values, our career patterns, and our social relationships. New forms of social control may be needed to limit the indiscriminate exercise by individuals of their new powers. The possibility of extensive chemical mind-control, the danger of loss of individuality inherent in extensive transplantation, and the feasibility of manipulation of the genetic structure will call for a social definition of common criteria of restraint as well as of utilisation. Scientists predict with some confidence that by the end of this century, computers will reason as well as man, and will be able to engage in "creative" thought; wedded to robots or to "laboratory beings," they could act like humans. The makings of a most complex—and perhaps bitter—philosophical and political dialogue about the nature of man are self-evident in these developments.

Other discoveries and refinements will further alter society as we now know it. The information revolution, including extensive information storage, instant retrieval, and eventually push-button visual and sound availability of needed data in almost any private home, will transform the character of institutionalised collective education. The same techniques could serve to impose well-nigh total political surveillance on every citizen, putting into much sharper relief than is the case today the question of privacy. Cybernetics and automation will revolutionise working habits, with leisure becoming the practice and active work the exception—and a privilege reserved for the most talented. The achievement-oriented society might give way to the amusement-focused society, with essentially spectator spectacles (mass sports, TV) providing an opiate for increasingly purposeless masses.

But while for the masses life will grow longer and time will seem to expand, for the activist élite time will become a rare commodity. Indeed, even the élite's sense of time will alter. Already now speed dictates the pace of our lives—instead of the other way around. As the speed of transportation increases, largely by its own technological momentum, man discovers that he has no choice but to avail himself of that acceleration, either to keep up with others or because he thinks he can thus accomplish more. This will be especially true of the élite, for whom an expansion in leisure time does not seem to be in the cards. Thus as speed expands, time contracts—and the pressures on the élite increase.

By the end of this century the citizens of the more developed countries will live predominantly in cities—hence almost surrounded by man-made environment. Confronting nature could be to them what facing the elements was to our forefathers: meeting the unknown and not necessarily liking it. Enjoying a personal standard of living that (in some countries) may reach almost $10,000 per head, eating artificial food, speedily commuting from one corner of the country to work in another, in continual visual contact with their employer, government, or family, consulting their annual calendars to establish on which day it will rain or shine, our descendants will be shaped almost entirely by what they themselves create and control.

But even short of these far-reaching changes, the transformation that is now taking place is already creating a society increasingly unlike its industrial predecessor.[2] In the industrial society,

[2] See Daniel Bell's pioneering "Notes on the Post-Industrial Society," *The Public Interest*, Nos. 6 and 7, 1967.

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technical knowledge was applied primarily to one specific end: the acceleration and improvement of production techniques. Social consequences were a later by-product of this paramount concern. In the technetronic society, scientific and technological knowledge, in addition to enhancing productive capabilities, quickly spills over to affect directly almost all aspects of life.

This is particularly evident in the case of the impact of communications and computers. Communications create an extraordinarily interwoven society, in continuous visual, audial, and increasingly close contact among almost all its members—electronically interacting, sharing instantly most intense social experiences, prompting far greater personal involvement, with their consciousnesses shaped in a sporadic manner fundamentally different (as McLuhan has noted) from the literate (or pamphleteering) mode of transmitting information, characteristic of the industrial age. The growing capacity for calculating instantly most complex interactions and the increasing availability of bio-chemical means of human control increase the potential scope of self-conscious direction, and thereby also the pressures to direct, to choose, and to change.

THE CONSEQUENCE is a society that differs from the industrial one in a variety of economic, political and social aspects. The following examples may be briefly cited to summarise some of the contrasts:

1. In an industrial society, the mode of production shifts from agriculture to industry, with the use of muscle and animals supplanted by machine-operation. In the technetronic society, industrial employment yields to services, with automation and cybernetics replacing individual operation of machines.

2. Problems of employment and unemployment—not to speak of the earlier stage of the urban socialisation of the post-rural labour force—dominate the relationship between employers, labour, and the market in the industrial society; assuring minimum welfare to the new industrial masses is a source of major concern. In the emerging new society, questions relating to skill-obsolescence, security, vacations, leisure, and profit-sharing dominate the relationship; the matter of psychic well-being of millions of relatively secure but potentially aimless lower-middle class blue collar workers becomes a growing problem.

3. Breaking down traditional barriers to education, thus creating the basic point of departure for social advancement, is a major goal of social reformers in the industrial society. Education, available for limited and specific periods of time, is initially concerned with overcoming illiteracy, and subsequently with technical training, largely based on written, sequential reasoning. In the technetronic society, not only has education become universal but advanced training is available to almost all who have the basic talents. Quantity-training is reinforced by far greater emphasis on quality-selection. The basic problem is to discover the most effective techniques for the rational exploitation of social talent. Latest communication and calculating techniques are applied to that end. The educational process, relying much more on visual and audial devices, becomes extended in time, while the flow of new knowledge necessitates more and more frequent refresher studies.

4. In the industrial society social leadership shifts from the traditional rural-aristocratic to an urban "plutocratic" élite. Newly acquired wealth is its foundation, and intense competition the outlet—as well as the stimulus—for its energy. In the post-industrial technetronic society plutocratic pre-eminence comes under a sustained challenge from the political leadership which itself is increasingly permeated by individuals possessing special skills and intellectual talents. Knowledge becomes a tool of power, and the effective mobilisation of talent an important way for acquiring power.

5. The university in an industrial society—rather in contrast to the medieval times—is an aloof ivory-tower, the repository of irrelevant, even if respected wisdom, and, for only a brief time, the watering fountain for budding members of the established social élite. In the technetronic society, the university becomes an intensely involved *think-tank*, the source of much sustained political planning and social innovation.

6. The turmoil inherent in the shift from the rigidly traditional rural to urban existence engenders an inclination to seek total answers to social dilemmas, thus causing ideologies to thrive in the industrial society.[3] In the techne-

[3] The American exception to this rule was due to the absence of the feudal tradition, a point well developed by Louis Hartz in his work *The Liberal Tradition in America* (1955).

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tronic society, increasing ability to reduce social conflicts to quantifiable and measurable dimensions reinforces the trend towards a more pragmatic problem-solving approach to social issues.

7. The activisation of hitherto passive masses makes for intense political conflicts in the industrial society over such matters as disenfranchisement and the right to vote. The issue of political participation is a crucial one. In the technetronic age, the question increasingly is one of ensuring real participation in decisions that seem too complex and too far-removed from the average citizen. Political alienation becomes a problem. Similarly, the issue of political equality of the sexes gives way to a struggle for the sexual equality of women. In the industrial society, woman—the operator of machines—ceases to be physically inferior to the male, a consideration of some importance in rural life, and she begins to demand her political rights. In the emerging society, automation discriminates equally against males and females; intellectual talent is computable; the pill encourages sexual equality.

8. The newly enfranchised masses are coordinated in the industrial society through trade unions and political parties, and integrated by relatively simple and somewhat ideological programmes. Moreover, political attitudes are influenced by appeals to nationalist sentiments, communicated through the massive growth of newspapers, relying, naturally, on native tongues. In the technetronic society, the trend would seem to be towards the aggregation of the individual support of millions of uncoordinated citizens, easily within the reach of magnetic and attractive personalities effectively exploiting the latest communication techniques to manipulate emotions and control reason. Reliance on TV—and hence the tendency to replace language with imagery, with the latter unlimited by national confines (and also including coverage for such matters as hunger in India or war scenes)—tends to create a somewhat more cosmopolitan, though highly impressionistic, involvement in global affairs.

9. Economic power in the industrial society tends to be personalised, either in the shape of great *entrepreneurs* like Henry Ford or bureaucratic industrialisers like Kaganovich in Russia, or Minc in Poland. The tendency towards de-personalisation of economic power is stimulated in the next stage by the appearance of a highly complex interdependence between governmental institutions (including the military), scientific establishments, and industrial organisations. As economic power becomes inseparably linked with political power, it becomes more invisible and the sense of individual futility increases.

10. Relaxation and escapism in the industrial society, in its more intense forms, is a carry-over from the rural drinking bout, in which intimate friends and family would join. Bars and saloons —or fraternities—strive to recreate the atmosphere of intimacy. In the technetronic society social life tends to be so atomised, even though communications (especially TV) make for unprecedented immediacy of social experience, that group intimacy cannot be recreated through the artificial stimulation of externally convivial group behaviour. The new interest in drugs seeks to create intimacy through introspection, allegedly by expanding consciousness.

EVENTUALLY, THESE CHANGES and many others, including the ones that affect much more directly the personality and quality of the human being itself, will make the technetronic society as different from the industrial as the industrial became from the agrarian.

The American Transition

AMERICA is today in the midst of a transition. U.S. society is leaving the phase of spontaneity and is entering a more self-conscious stage; ceasing to be an industrial society, it is becoming the first technetronic one. This is at least in part the cause for much of the current tensions and violence.

Spontaneity made for an almost automatic optimism about the future, about the "American miracle," about justice and happiness for all. This myth prompted social blinders to the various aspects of American life that did not fit the optimistic mould, particularly the treatment of the Negro and the persistence of pockets of deprivation. Spontaneity involved a faith in the inherent goodness of the American socio-economic dynamic: as America developed, grew, became richer, problems that persisted or appeared would be solved.

This phase is ending. Today, American society is troubled and some parts of it are even tormented. The social blinders are being ripped off—and a sense of inadequacy is becoming more widespread. The spread of literacy, and particularly the access to college and universi-

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ties of about 40% of the youth, has created a new stratum—one which reinforces the formerly isolated urban intellectuals—a stratum not willing to tolerate either social blinders nor sharing the complacent belief in the spontaneous goodness of American social change.

Yet it is easier to know what is wrong than to indicate what ought to be done. The difficulty is not only revealed by the inability of the new social rebels to develop a concrete and meaningful programme. It is magnified by the novelty of America's problem. Turning to 19th-century ideologies is not the answer—and it is symptomatic that the "New Left" has found it most difficult to apply the available, particularly Marxist, doctrines to the new reality. Indeed, its emphasis on human rights, the evils of depersonalisation, the dangers inherent in big government—so responsive to the felt psychological needs—contain strong parallels to more conservative notions about the place and sanctity of the individual in society.

In some ways, there is an analogy here between the "New Left" and the searching attitude of various disaffected groups in early 19th-century Europe, reacting to the first strains of the industrial age. Not fully comprehending its meaning, not quite certain where it was heading—yet sensitive to the miseries and opportunities it was bringing—many Europeans strove desperately to adapt earlier, 18th-century doctrines to the new reality. It was finally Marx who achieved what appeared to many millions a meaningful synthesis, combining utopian idealism about the future of the industrial age with a scorching critique of its present.

The search for meaning is characteristic of the present American scene. It could portend most divisive and bitter ideological conflicts—especially as intellectual disaffection becomes linked with the increasing bitterness of the deprived Negro masses. If carried to its extreme, this could bring to America a phase of violent, intolerant, and destructive civil strife, combining ideological and racial intolerance.

However, it seems unlikely that a unifying ideology of political action, capable of mobilising large-scale loyalty, can emerge in the manner that Marxism arose in response to the industrial era. Unlike even Western Europe or Japan—not to speak of Soviet Russia—where the consequences and the impact of the industrial process are still re-shaping political, social, and economic life, in America science and technology (particularly as socially applied through communications and increasing computarisation, both offsprings of the industrial age) are already more important in influencing the social behaviour of a society that has moved past its industrial phase. Science and technology are notoriously unsympathetic to simple, absolute formulas. In the technetronic society there may be room for pragmatic, even impatient, idealism, but hardly for doctrinal utopianism.

At the same time, it is already evident that a resolution of some of the unfinished business of the industrial era will be rendered more acute. For example, the Negro should have been integrated into U.S. society *during* the American industrial revolution. Yet that revolution came before America, even if not the Negro, was ready for full integration. If the Negro had been only an economic legacy of the pre-industrial age, perhaps he could have integrated more effectively. Today, the more advanced urban-industrial regions of America, precisely because they are moving into a new and more complex phase, requiring even more developed social skills, are finding it very difficult to integrate the Negro, both a racial minority and America's only "feudal legacy." Paradoxically, it can be argued that the American South today stands a better long-range chance of fully integrating the Negro: American consciousness is changing, the Negro has stirred, and the South is beginning to move into the industrial age. The odds are that it may take the Negro along with it.

Whatever the outcome, American society is the one in which the great questions of our time will be first tested through practice. Can the individual and science co-exist, or will the dynamic momentum of the latter fundamentally alter the former? Can man, living in the scientific age, grow in intellectual depth and philosophical meaning, and thus in his personal liberty too? Can the institutions of political democracy be adapted to the new conditions sufficiently quickly to meet the crises, yet without debasing their democratic character?

The challenge in its essence involves the twin-dangers of fragmentation and excessive control. A few examples. Symptoms of alienation and depersonalisation are already easy to find in American society. Many Americans feel "less free"; this feeling seems to be connected with their loss of "purpose"; freedom implies choice

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of action, and action requires an awareness of goals. If the present transition of America to the technetronic age achieves no personally satisfying fruits, the next phase may be one of sullen withdrawal from social and political involvement, a flight from social and political responsibility through "inner-emigration." Political frustration could increase the difficulty of absorbing and internalising rapid environmental changes, thereby prompting increasing psychic instability.

At the same time, the capacity to assert social and political control over the individual will vastly increase. As I have already noted, it will soon be possible to assert almost continuous surveillance over every citizen and to maintain up-to-date, complete files, containing even most personal information about the health or personal behaviour of the citizen, in addition to more customary data. These files will be subject to instantaneous retrieval by the authorities.

Moreover, the rapid pace of change will put a premium on anticipating events and planning for them. Power will gravitate into the hands of those who control the information, and can correlate it most rapidly. Our existing *post*-crisis management institutions will probably be increasingly supplanted by *pre*-crisis management institutions, the task of which will be to identify in advance likely social crises and to develop programmes to cope with them. This could encourage tendencies during the next several decades towards a technocratic dictatorship, leaving less and less room for political procedures as we now know them.

FINALLY, LOOKING AHEAD to the end of this century, the possibility of bio-chemical mind-control and genetic tinkering with man, including eventually the creation of beings that will function like men—and reason like them as well—could give rise to the most difficult questions. According to what criteria can such controls be applied? What is the distribution of power between the individual and society with regard to means that can altogether alter man? What is the social and political status of artificial beings, if they begin to approach man in their performance and creative capacities? (One dares not ask, what if they begin to "outstrip man" —something not beyond the pale of possibility during the next century?)

YET IT WOULD be highly misleading to construct a one-sided picture, a new Orwellian piece of science-fiction. Many of the changes transforming American society augur well for the future and allow at least some optimism about this society's capacity to adapt to the requirements of the metamorphic age.

Thus, in the political sphere, the increased flow of information and more efficient techniques of co-ordination need not necessarily prompt greater concentration of power within some ominous control agency located at the governmental apex. Paradoxically, these developments also make possible greater devolution of authority and responsibility to the lower levels of government and society. The division of power has traditionally posed the problems of inefficiency, co-ordination, and dispersal of authority; but today the new communications and computer techniques make possible both increased authority at the lower levels and almost instant national co-ordination. It is very likely that state and local government will be strengthened in the next ten years, and many functions currently the responsibility of the Federal government will be assumed by them.[4]

The devolution of financial responsibility to lower echelons may encourage both the flow of better talent and greater local participation in more important local decision-making. National co-ordination and local participation could thus be wedded by the new systems of co-ordination. This has already been tried successfully by some large businesses. This development would also have the desirable effect of undermining the appeal of any new integrating ideologies that may arise; for ideologies thrive only as long as there is an acute need for abstract responses to large and remote problems.

IT IS ALSO a hopeful sign that improved governmental performance, and its increased sensitivity to social needs is being stimulated by the growing involvement in national affairs of what Kenneth Boulding has called the Educational and Scientific Establishment (EASE). The university at one time, during the Middle Ages, was a key social institution. Political leaders leaned heavily on it for literate confidants and privy counsellors, a rare commodity in those days. Later divorced from reality, academia in recent

[4] It is noteworthy that the U.S. Army has so developed its control-systems that it is not uncommon for sergeants to call in and co-ordinate massive air-strikes and artillery fire—a responsibility of colonels during World War II.

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years has made a grand re-entry into the world of action.

Today, the university is the creative eye of the massive communications complex, the source of much strategic planning, domestic and international. Its engagement in the world is encouraging the appearance of a new breed of politicians-intellectuals, men who make it a point to mobilise and draw on the most expert, scientific and academic advice in the development of their political programmes. This, in turn, stimulates public awareness of the value of expertise—and, again in turn, greater political competition in exploiting it.

A profound change in the intellectual community itself is inherent in this development. The largely humanist-oriented, occasionally ideologically-minded intellectual-dissenter, who saw his role largely in terms of proffering social critiques, is rapidly being displaced either by experts and specialists, who become involved in special governmental undertakings, or by the generalists-integrators, who become in effect house-ideologues for those in power, providing overall intellectual integration for disparate actions. A community of organisation-oriented, application-minded intellectuals, relating itself more effectively to the political system than their predecessors, serves to introduce into the political system concerns broader than those likely to be generated by that system itself and perhaps more relevant than those articulated by outside critics.[5]

The expansion of knowledge, and the entry into socio-political life of the intellectual community, has the further effect of making education an almost continuous process. By 1980, not only will approximately two-thirds of U.S. urban dwellers be college-trained, but it is almost certain that systematic "élite-retraining" will be standard in the political system. It will be normal for every high official both to be engaged in almost continuous absorption of new techniques and knowledge, and to take periodic retraining. The adoption of compulsory elementary education was a revolution brought on by the industrial age. In the new technetronic society, it will be equally necessary to require everyone at a sufficiently responsible post to take, say, two years of retraining every ten years. (Perhaps there will even be a constitutional amendment, requiring a President-elect to spend at least a year getting himself educationally up-to-date.) Otherwise, it will not be possible either to keep up with, or absorb, the new knowledge.

GIVEN DIVERSE NEEDS, it is likely that the educational system will undergo a fundamental change in structure. Television-computer consoles, capable of bringing most advanced education to the home, will permit extensive and continuous adult re-education. On the more advanced levels, it is likely that government agencies and corporations will develop—and some have already begun to do so—their own advanced educational systems, shaped to their special needs. As education becomes both a continuum, and even more application-oriented, its organisational framework will be re-designed to tie it directly to social and political action.

It is quite possible that a society increasingly geared to learning will be able to absorb more resiliently the expected changes in social and individual life. Mechanisation of labour and the introduction of robots will reduce the chores that keep millions busy doing things that they dislike doing. The increasing GNP (which could reach approximately $10,000 per capita per year), linked with educational advance, could prompt among those less involved in social management and less interested in scientific development a wave of interest in the cultural and humanistic aspects of life, in addition to purely hedonistic preoccupations. But even the latter would serve as a social valve, reducing tensions and political frustration. Greater control over external environment could make for easier, less uncertain existence.

BUT THE KEY to successful adaptation to the new conditions is in the effective selection, distribution and utilisation of social talent. If the industrial society can be said to have developed through a struggle for survival of the fittest, the technetronic society—in order to prosper—requires the effective mobilisation of the ablest. Objective and systematic criteria for the selec-

[5] However, there is a danger in all this that ought not to be neglected. Intense involvement in applied knowledge could gradually prompt a waning of the tradition of learning for the sake of learning. The intellectual community, including the university, could become another "industry," meeting social needs as the market dictates, with the intellectuals reaching for the highest material and political rewards. Concern with power, prestige, and the good life could mean an end to the aristocratic ideal of intellectual detachment and the disinterested search for truth.

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tion of those with the greatest gifts will have to be developed, and the maximum opportunity for their training and advancement provided. The new society will require enormous talents —as well as a measure of philosophical wisdom —to manage and integrate effectively the expected changes. Otherwise, the dynamic of change could chaotically dictate the patterns of social change.

FORTUNATELY, American society is becoming more conscious not only of the principle of equal opportunity for all but of special opportunity for the singularly talented few. Never truly an aristocratic state (except for some pockets such as the South and New England), never really subject to ideological or charismatic leadership, gradually ceasing to be a plutocratic-oligarchic society, the U.S.A. is becoming something which may be labelled the "meritocratic democracy." It combines continued respect for the popular will with an increasing role in the key decision-making institutions of individuals with special intellectual and scientific attainments. The educational and social systems are making it increasingly attractive and easy for those meritocratic few to develop to the fullest their special potential. The recruitment and advancement of social talent is yet to extend to the poorest and the most underprivileged, but that too is coming. No one can tell whether this will suffice to meet the unfolding challenge, but the increasingly cultivated and programmed American society, led by a meritocratic democracy, may stand a better chance.

The Trauma of Confrontation

FOR the world at large, the appearance of the new technetronic society could have the paradoxical effect of creating more distinct worlds on a planet that is continuously shrinking because of the communications revolution. While the scientific-technological change will inevitably have some spill-over, not only will the gap between the developed and the underdeveloped worlds probably become wider—especially in the more measurable terms of economic indices—but a *new one* may be developing *within* the industrialised and urban world.

The fact is that America, having left the industrial phase, is today entering a distinct historical era: and one different from that of Western Europe and Japan. This is prompting subtle and still indefinable changes in the American psyche, providing the psycho-cultural bases for the more evident political disagreements between the two sides of the Atlantic. To be sure, there are pockets of innovation or retardation on both sides. Sweden shares with America the problems of leisure, psychic well-being, purposelessness; while Mississippi is experiencing the confrontation with the industrial age in a way not unlike some parts of South-Western Europe. But I believe the broad generalisation still holds true: Europe and America are no longer in the same historical era.

WHAT MAKES AMERICA UNIQUE in our time is that it is the first society to experience the future. The confrontation with the new—which will soon include much of what I have outlined—is part of the daily American experience. For better or for worse, the rest of the world learns what is in store for it by observing what happens in the U.S.A.: in the latest scientific discoveries in space, in medicine, or the electric toothbrush in the bathroom; in pop art or LSD, air conditioning or air pollution, old-age problems or juvenile delinquency. The evidence is more elusive in such matters as music, style, values, social mores; but there, too, the term "Americanisation" obviously defines the source. Today, America is *the* creative society; the others, consciously and unconsciously, are emulative.

American scientific leadership is particularly strong in the so-called "frontier" industries, involving the most advanced fields of science. It has been estimated that approximately 80% of all scientific and technical discoveries made during the last few decades originated in the United States. About 75% of the world's computers operate in the United States; the American lead in lasers is even more marked; examples of American scientific lead are abundant.

There is reason to assume that this leadership will continue. America has four times as many scientists and research workers as the countries of the European Economic Community combined; three-and-a-half times as many as the Soviet Union. The brain-drain is almost entirely one-way. The United States is also spending more on research: seven times as much as the E.E.C. countries, three-and-a-half times as much as the Soviet Union. Given the fact that scien-

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tific development is a dynamic process, it is likely that the gap will widen.[6]

On the social level, American innovation is most strikingly seen in the manner in which the new meritocratic élite is taking over American life, utilising the universities, exploiting the latest techniques of communications, harnessing as rapidly as possible the most recent technological devices. Technetronics dominate American life, but so far nobody else's. This is bound to have social and political—and therefore also psychological—consequences, stimulating a psycho-cultural gap in the developed world.

AT THE SAME TIME, the backward regions of the world are becoming more, rather than less, poor in relation to the developed world. It can be roughly estimated that the per capita income of the underdeveloped world is approximately ten times lower than of America and Europe (and twenty-five times of America itself). By the end of the century, the ratio may be about fifteen-to-one (or possibly thirty-to-one in the case of the U.S.), with the backward nations *at best* approaching the present standard of the very poor European nations but in many cases (*e.g.*, India) probably not even attaining that modest level.

The social élites of these regions, however, will quite naturally tend to assimilate and emulate, as much as their means and power permit, the life-styles of the most advanced world, with which they are, and increasingly will be, in close vicarious contact through global television, movies, travel, education, and international magazines. The international gap will thus have a domestic reflection, with the masses, given the availability even in most backward regions of transistorised radios (and soon television), becoming more and more intensely aware of their deprivation.

IT IS DIFFICULT to conceive how in that context democratic institutions (derived largely from Western experience—but typical only of the more stable and wealthy Western nations) will endure in a country like India, or develop elsewhere. The foreseeable future is more likely to see a turn towards personal dictatorships and some unifying doctrines, in the hope that the combination of the two may preserve the minimum stability necessary for social-economic development. The problem, however, is that whereas in the past ideologies of change gravitated from the developed world to the less, in a way stimulating imitation of the developed world (as was the case with Communism), today the differences between the two worlds are so pronounced that it is difficult to conceive a new ideological wave originating from the developed world, where the tradition of utopian thinking is generally declining.

With the widening gap dooming any hope of imitation, the more likely development is an ideology of rejection of the developed world. Racial hatred could provide the necessary emotional force, exploited by xenophobic and romantic leaders. The writings of Frantz Fanon —violent and racist—are a good example. Such ideologies of rejection, combining racialism with nationalism, would further reduce the chances of meaningful regional co-operation, so essential if technology and science are to be effectively applied. They would certainly widen the existing psychological and emotional gaps. Indeed, one might ask at that point: who is the truer repository of that indefinable quality we call human? The technologically dominant and conditioned technetron, increasingly trained to adjust to leisure, or the more "natural" and backward agrarian, more and more dominated by racial passions and continuously exhorted to work harder, even as his goal of the good life becomes more elusive?

The result could be a modern version on a global scale of the old rural-urban dichotomy. In the past, the strains produced by the shift from an essentially agricultural economy to a more urban one contributed much of the impetus for revolutionary violence.[7] Applied on a global scale, this division could give substance to Lin Piao's bold thesis that:

> Taking the entire globe, if North America and Western Europe can be called "the cities of the world," then Asia, Africa and Latin America constitute "the rural areas of the world." . . . In a sense, the contemporary world revolution also presents a picture of the encirclement of cities by the rural areas.

In any case, even without envisaging such a dichotomic confrontation, it is fair to say that the underdeveloped regions will be facing in-

[6] In the Soviet case, rigid compartmentalisation between secret military research and industrial research has had a particularly sterile effect of inhibiting spill-over from weapons research into industrial application.

[7] See Barrington Moore's documentation of this in his pioneering study *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy* (1967).

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creasingly grave problems of political stability and social survival. Indeed (to use a capsule formula), in the developed world, the nature of man as man is threatened; in the underdeveloped, society is. The interaction of the two could produce chaos.

To be sure, the most advanced states will possess ever more deadly means of destruction, possibly even capable of nullifying the consequences of the nuclear proliferation that appears increasingly inevitable. Chemical and biological weapons, death rays, neutron bombs, nerve gases, and a host of other devices, possessed in all their sophisticated variety (as seems likely) only by the two super-states, may impose on the world a measure of stability. Nonetheless, it seems unlikely, given the rivalry between the two principal powers, that a full-proof system against international violence can be established. Some local wars between the weaker, nationalistically more aroused, poorer nations may occasionally erupt—resulting perhaps even in the total nuclear extinction of one or several smaller nations?—before greater international control is imposed in the wake of the universal moral shock thereby generated.

THE UNDERLYING problem, however, will be to find a way of avoiding somehow the widening of the cultural and psycho-social gap inherent in the growing differentiation of the world. Even with gradual differentiation throughout human history, it was not until the industrial revolution that sharp differences between societies began to appear. Today, some nations still live in conditions not unlike pre-Christian times; many no different than in the medieval age. Yet soon a few will live in ways so new that it is now difficult to imagine their social and individual ramifications. If the developed world takes a leap—as seems inescapably the case—into a reality that is even more different from ours today than ours is from an Indian village, the gap and its accompanying strains will not narrow.

On the contrary, the instantaneous electronic intermeshing of mankind will make for an intense confrontation, straining social and international peace. In the past, differences were "livable" because of time and distance that separated them. Today, these differences are actually widening while technetronics are eliminating the two insulants of time and distance. The resulting trauma could create almost entirely different perspectives on life, with insecurity, envy, and hostility becoming the dominant emotions for increasingly large numbers of people. A three-way split into rural-backward, urban-industrial, and technetronic ways of life can only further divide man, intensify the existing difficulties to global understanding, and give added vitality to latent or existing conflicts.

The pace of American development both widens the split within mankind and contains the seeds for a constructive response. However, neither military power nor material wealth, both of which America possesses in abundance, can be used directly in responding to the onrushing division in man's thinking, norms, and character. Power, at best, can assure only a relatively stable external environment: the tempering or containing of the potential global civil war; wealth can grease points of socio-economic friction, thereby facilitating development. But as man—especially in the most advanced societies—moves increasingly into the phase of controlling and even creating his environment, increasing attention will have to be given to giving man meaningful content—to improving the quality of life for man *as man*.

> Man has never really tried to use science in the realm of his value systems. Ethical thinking is hard to change, but history demonstrates that it does change.... Man does, in limited ways, direct his very important and much more rapid psycho-social education. The evolution of such things as automobiles, airplanes, weapons, legal institutions, corporations, universities, and democratic governments are examples of progressive evolution in the course of time. We have, however, never really tried deliberately to create a better society for man *qua* man....[8]

The urgent need to do just that may compel America to redefine its global posture. During the remainder of this century, given the perspective on the future I have outlined here, America is likely to become less concerned with "fighting communism" or creating "a world safe for diversity" than with helping to develop a common response with the rest of mankind to the implications of a truly new era. This will mean making the massive diffusion of scientific-technological knowledge a principal focus of American involvement in world affairs.

TO SOME EXTENT, the U.S. performs that role already—simply by being what it is. The impact

[8] Hudson Hoagland, "Biology, Brains, and Insight," *Columbia University Forum*, Summer 1967.

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of its reality and its global involvement prompts emulation. The emergence of vast international corporations, mostly originating in the United States, makes for easier transfer of skills, management techniques, marketing procedures, and scientific-technological innovations. The appearance of these corporations in the European market has done much to stimulate Europeans to consider more urgently the need to integrate their resources and to accelerate the pace of their own research and development.

Similarly, returning graduates from American universities have prompted an organisational and intellectual revolution in the academic life of their countries. Changes in the academic life of Britain, Germany, Japan, more recently France, and (to even a greater extent) in the less developed countries, can be traced to the influence of U.S. educational institutions. Indeed, the leading technological institute in Turkey conducts its lectures in "American" and is deliberately imitating, not only in approach but in student-professor relationships, U.S. patterns. Given developments in modern communications, is it not only a matter of time before students at Columbia University and, say, the University of Teheran will be watching, *simultaneously*, the same lecturer?

THE APPEARANCE of a universal intellectual élite, one that shares certain common values and aspirations, will somewhat compensate for the widening differentiation among men and societies. But it will not resolve the problem posed by that differentiation. In many backward nations tension between what is and what can be will be intensified. Moreover, as Kenneth Boulding observed:

> The network of electronic communication is inevitably producing a world super-culture, and the relations between this super-culture and the more traditional national and regional cultures of the past remains the great question mark of the next fifty years.[9]

That "super-culture," strongly influenced by American life, with its own universal electronic-computer language, will find it difficult to relate itself to "the more traditional and regional cultures," especially if the basic gap continues to widen.

To cope with that gap, a gradual change in diplomatic style and emphasis may have to follow the redefined emphasis of America's involvement in world affairs. Professional diplomacy will have to yield to intellectual leadership. With government negotiating directly—or quickly dispatching the negotiators—there will be less need for ambassadors who are resident diplomats and more for ambassadors who are capable of serving as creative interpreters of the new age, willing to engage in a meaningful dialogue with the host intellectual community and concerned with promoting the widest possible dissemination of available knowledge. Theirs will be the task to stimulate and to develop scientific-technological programmes of co-operation.

International co-operation will be necessary in almost every facet of life: to reform and to develop more modern educational systems, to promote new sources of food supply, to accelerate economic development, to stimulate technological growth, to control climate, to disseminate new medical knowledge. However, because the new élites have a vested interest in their new nation-states and because of the growing xenophobia among the masses in the third world, the nation-state will remain for a long time the primary focus of loyalty, especially for newly liberated and economically backward peoples. To predict loudly its death, and to act often as if it were dead, could prompt (as it did partially in Europe) an adverse reaction from those whom one would wish to influence. Hence, regionalism will have to be promoted with due deference to the symbolic meaning of national sovereignty—and preferably also by encouraging those concerned themselves to advocate regional approaches.

EVEN MORE IMPORTANT will be the stimulation, for the first time in history on a global scale, of the much needed dialogue on what it is about man's life that we wish to safeguard or to promote, and on the relevance of existing moral systems to an age that cannot be fitted into the narrow confines of fading doctrines. The search for new directions—going beyond the tangibles of economic development—could be an appropriate subject for a special world congress, devoted to the technetronic and philosophical problems of the coming age. To these issues no one society, however advanced, is in a position to provide an answer.

[9] Kenneth Boulding, "Expecting the Unexpected," *Prospective Changes in Society by 1980* (1960).

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Dennis Silk

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A Puppet play in 10 Scenes

THE board says: THE CHRISTENING.

(Gurdjieff with several disciples, including Ouspensky. He writes his name on a blackboard.)

GURDJIEFF: George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff—that not my real name. Before that the Black Greek —that not my real name. And when I was the nephew of Prince Mukransky? I no longer remember my real name. Sometimes I go into the chalk of this name, to be here. What you think sound of your real name? Heavy, light? How many syllables to your real name? Don't tell me. Later.

Now I experiment, you watch, maybe learn something, a little. You now, Piotr Ivanovitch, you sit in that chair, and you, Piotr Dimitrovitch, in that chair. Now I put you both to sleep. When you wake up, tell me who you are.

(He makes a little cloud, perhaps with incense. When it clears, the two Piotrs sit with eyes shut. Gurdjieff shakes Piotr Ivanovitch, who opens his eyes and sits up.)

What you want, Piotr Ivanovitch, you tell me true now.

PIOTR IVANOVITCH: I think I should like some raspberry jam.

GURDJIEFF: Here you are, Piotr Ivanovitch, you good boy, lick, maybe get another. You, Piotr Dimitrovitch, what you want? Who are you?

OUSPENSKY: I don't want to say anything, just to watch.

GURDJIEFF *(addressing other disciples)*: He now woke up, more himself, his real twin, than I. He teach Mr. Gurdjieff, now. Tomorrow not remember this, but he inside remember.

And you, and you? Who remember, who want to be himself, not dirty hand in raspberry jam? Who willing pay to be man, wipe sleep from eyelids just once? Who keep me company?

THE board says: THE CHRISTENING.

Mr. Ouspensky throws his dart
At Price-Taylor's frightened heart.

(Ouspensky and several other disciples, among them Price-Taylor. The disciples all wear masks; Price-Taylor's has the shape of a blank dart-board whose inner and outer circles are gradually chalked in by Ouspensky during the course of the scene.)

OUSPENSKY: The place, Mr. Price-Taylor, the place. Very difficult to aim at.

PRICE-TAYLOR: It's all a swirl of circles to me, Mr. Ouspensky. Perhaps you could start again.

OUSPENSKY: A piece of chalk, Mr. Price-Taylor.

PRICE-TAYLOR: Here you are. I do hope it won't break like the last piece. We seemed to have arrived at essence.

OUSPENSKY: Here is the place, Mr. Price-Taylor, the dry place. It is before baptism. Before you were christened, and baffled, you had no name. You were called essence. Here is the place of essence. It is this dot. You had your eyes shut in those days, were holding hard to yourself. Your mother carried you to your baptism.

PRICE-TAYLOR: You make it sound like a blood-letting, Mr. Ouspensky, not a name-giving.

OUSPENSKY: In the water your enemy waited— that strong swimmer, your name. It smiled reasonably, it pulled you down. Wet, and in the world, you became the one your mother knew. She plumpened you, plumpened your name. But there was a dry one, a thin one, she never

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named. That is the older twin she never knew, that is essence, that is the place. Very difficult to aim at.

PRICE-TAYLOR: Then how are we to arrive, Mr. Ouspensky?

OUSPENSKY: How many Price-Taylors there are between you and me. Here are the terrible circles: here's Mr. Price-Taylor lying or cringing and calling himself I. And again Mr. Price-Taylor, being affable or foolish. We have a dart-board of Mr. Price-Taylor. We throw the dart and say Bull's-eye, but it's not, it's only the child they found in the baptismal font. And we throw the dart again, and again there's the sadness of Price-Taylor. The outer rim, wailing and gnashing of teeth. There the damned ones lodge, the bluntheads.

THE board says: THE ZOO OF IDIOTS.

The animal starts to shrink
But the angel starts to drink.

(*Gurdjieff with guests at table.*)

GURDJIEFF: Brother Fox, you drink Calvados, it good for tail, deceive many, trick mother, brother, other idiots, maybe me, too. I can see fox's tail growing and growing.

THE GUEST: I've not been thought of as a fox before, Mr. Gurdjieff. Most people think of me as too open.

GURDJIEFF: That your foxiness, but good to be fox. Everyone here beast, question to be good beast, good mule, lion, crow. You not drinking, Miss Crow?

MRS. BOWEN: My name's Mrs. Bowen, forgive me, Mr. Gurdjieff.

GURDJIEFF: Here always from now, Miss Crow. You think well why I call you this. You tee-totaller, Miss Crow?

MRS. BOWEN: I've always been on my guard against liquor, Mr. Gurdjieff.

GURDJIEFF: Here I on guard, everyone else forget claws. You drink, the whole zoo of idiots drink.

THIRD GUEST: What's the toast, Mr. Gurdjieff?

GURDJIEFF: Ah! Mr. Buffalo Bill shooting with all how you say six-shooters at once. Here we all laugh and eat and drink, it one great Christmas tree, but outside long corridor and you all walk out. Cold there after here. If you listen hard and watch hard, here, maybe I make you coat against that cold. If not, die. Your own skin not enough, beast skin not enough, in that cold. You drink, I make coat, maybe, for Miss Crow and Mr. Buffalo and Mr. Fox. But now we all drink most heavenly Calvados to those about to perish like beasts and the others who perish like men. You stare at me, Mr. Hyena?

THE GUEST: A hyena that tears only himself, Mr. Gurdjieff.

GURDJIEFF: That, too, murder, maybe worse than other. You not lay head on table. Here man learn to hold head up, even after twenty Calvados. You all think I cellar here for your convenience, talk talk, and toasts for sixshooters and aspirins for heavenly headaches and scissors to cut foxes' tails. I invite for my reasons, not yours. I have particular reason. Great turnover of idiots at my table, every evening another Miss Crow, a new Mr. Fox, and I look and look and drink and drink and laugh. But I not inside laugh. Inside pain not all aspirins in Paris take away. I shuffle cards, look for king queen every night at table but only knaves. Not good for Mr. Gurdjieff to drink in evening with knaves.

THE board says: THE DANCERS.

Mr. Fox and Miss Crow
To dance do not know.
They dance like an ox,
Miss Crow, Mr. Fox.

(*Mrs. Bowen and the foxy guest dance round in stylised fashion to Gurdjieff's whip.*)

GURDJIEFF: Dance crow, dance fox. From your filthy nest, your nasty hole, under the moon. The genuine Mr. Gurdjieff, the one and only Mr. Gurdjieff, whips you. If you can't be a pie, then at least be the pie-crust. I'll crumble you for me, I'll have your wings, crow, your tail, fox, in my special parlour for non-sleepers. Be my menagerie, my delicious cage, my three-ringed and stinking circus. Stumble for me, be humble for me, I'll suck your eggselves dry and build a shelter for friends from the eggshells. But as for you, you prinking slinking not even white of eggs, not even a yolk, I'll devise a double yoke for you, a moon-prison, a starry concentration-camp, a little hole in the solar system, where you can stink and laugh and tell me you're free. You can have your own religious hencoop there, a monastery for the damned. And I'll know what to do with the yawns and melodious teardrops. I'll fill a sleeping-bag and a tear-bottle with them, and build a church for

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idiots round them. But I'll save my own, and let the dormitory-class save themselves. Dance crow, dance fox.

THE board says: THE DANCERS.

Mr. Gurdjieff living in France is
At the end of his life a teacher of dances.

(*Gurdjieff arranges his dancers.*)

GURDJIEFF: Kings queens knaves. You all dance and think only of your bodies. You find out king in yourself, queen, leave the knaves outside dance-floor. You king returning to your throne, you queen now, not chambermaid, not concierge with dirty knitting. You on top floor of yourselves now, but top floor needs body, you not outside body like someone listening outside window, you inside body, you learn its numbers, count, one two three, you listen to brain of your body. You like child coming from sickroom after long illness, measles, you into air now, you learn the sky. Anyone who walks with Mr. Gurdjieff, learn to dance for him, that music maybe hurt you rest of your life. This dancefloor not for always. You learn everything has a certain time, then goes. Goes. But what I teach with you you carry you walk down street, hear children at school, dancing, and you remember top floor, and it shame you to be again with concierge always outside, watching those going up to real rooms on top floor. Now listen to music.

THE board says: THE REVOLUTION STIRS UP MUD.

Nicholas nods, Lenin's lucky,
Gurdjieff hides in Essentuki.

(*Gurdjieff sits at side of stage, talking to pupils.*)

GURDJIEFF: It is Lenin outside. Everything fall. Lenin is snow. Now is the fox, the crow, the buffalo, not the angel waiting to get out. The fox, the crow we all have, like army-blankets in hut. And the mirror at the gate of the camp show everyone the same. But the angel, few have, or know they have, that take work to dig out. And the work finished now, in Moscow, in Essentuki, in Russia. Russia now khaki trudging across snow.

(*At stage-centre, the lieutenant, harrying his privates, who mime the gathering of leaves.*)

LIEUTENANT: Pick up those leaves, pick up those leaves. You, there, why did you wait till that leaf fell? Couldn't you get there sooner?
PRIVATE: The wind changed, lieutenant.
LIEUTENANT: Well, now, which way is it blowing, now?
PRIVATE: That way, lieutenant.
LIEUTENANT: Well, follow that wind, man. Haven't you the sense to see those leaves are covering the whole ground?
PRIVATE: Here you are, lieutenant, a whole bundle.
LIEUTENANT: All right, which way is the wind blowing?
PRIVATE: That way, lieutenant.
LIEUTENANT: Then pick up those leaves, pick up those leaves. Do you want them to cover the whole ground?

(*He scatters the leaves again, after the repetition of "Pick up those leaves," then continues in unemphatic narrative style.*)

And the young lieutenant scattered the whole bundle of leaves. He stood there in the stupor of khaki. There are men in improvised hundreds to be marched round camp by the young lieutenant. They form and reform. They gather the leaves as they fall.

(*The privates have run off in pursuit of the leaves, after the lieutenant scatters them. Following the narrative passage, he marches round stage in a dazed and clockwork fashion, watched by the Gurdjieff group at the side. He describes his progress round the stage.*)

The young lieutenant, the young lieutenant. Clickety clock, clickety, the young lieu-clock, clickety clock. The young lieutenant, the young lieu-clickety clock, clickety clock. Pick up those leaves, that bundle of leaves; pick up that bundle of leaves. I'll have you stripped, and torn, and bound, I'll tie up the tent-flap and scatter you in the wind. Squad, about turn. The young lieutenant, the young left right, left a clickety clock a click left clock.

(*He marches off the stage, leaving it to the Gurdjieff group.*)

GURDJIEFF: They not see this house. The sleepers pass every day and no one see this house. They pass the house, hair well-parted, cheeks shining, arms going together, legs going together. A hundred army-tailor shops swing past this house every day. Sleeves brush the door. No one shivers. Not everyone know this door.

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Cracked coat of paint tell stories to some. They all gone, the old ones of this house. Now you here, new tenants, and the old tenants gone, burnt their diaries. Behind door we watch armies, goose-stepping sleepers, and not be too frightened. I ask you in for one reason only, to find staircase, climb it. Not meant for everyone, some only find it, few climb. Many sleep on the stair going down. Few climb. You now, Piotr Dimitrovitch, you try.

(Ouspensky, at appropriate moments, mimes climbing man.)

OUSPENSKY: I am climbing a glass mountain in which I see my own reflection. My body is a little ponderous, I see my serious self in the glass, the absurd *pince-nez* wincing at myself. What a laugh! a stuffed straw schoolmaster, the master of the fourth dimension, ridiculous at this height. But now that devil has gone I see this mountain is a great cracked glass, and every crack a wound. I have climbed so far I am on an island with a tapering glass top, and there are reports from below of an army that has landed, but I do not hear. It is terribly cold up here, if there were windows I would shut them. Every thousand years a bird, a bird quite unlike the usual garden or sky of birds, sees itself reflected in the glass top of this mountain. But by then there is no garden or sky at all and if there were it would die. But I think it has already died. I am very cold, G., I think I should come down.

GURDJIEFF: Then come on down.

THE board says: GREGORIEV.

Brother and son, they say it's for your good
Mother and sister hunt you through the wood.

(Gregoriev, his sister and mother. They blunder around him but don't see him. Gurdjieff watches from the side.)

MOTHER: Gregoriev, Gregoriev.

SISTER: If we link hands, mother, we can beat the woods till we find him.

MOTHER: Everything's so clear. Then what can have happened to your brother?

SISTER: He's hiding, I can hear him holding his breath, I can hear him not breathing.

GREGORIEV: They can't see me. Mother and sister, the scavengers of this wood, can't see me.

MOTHER: Give me your hand. Your wrists are white with anger.

SISTER: Oh, what I will do when I catch him.

GREGORIEV: They are playing blind-man's-buff for Gregoriev who has died. They can light candles for him, cover him with flowers, a beautiful family-occasion. The Gregorievs are looking for their invisible son.

SISTER: Perhaps he is not in the wood at all. Perhaps he is quite safe, in some high room, laughing at us from a window. My brother is laughing at us from a window.

GREGORIEV: A window. I am looking out, through my eyes, into the wood, at sister and mother. The retrievers run ahead, yelp through the undergrowth. Can't you see me, taste me, sniff the blood of the invisible hare? Here I am, your undutiful son. I would like to be dutiful at last. But I'm cruel for you, cruel for the beaters of this wood.

MOTHER: Gregoriev, Gregoriev.

SISTER: Oh, what I will do when I catch him.

THE board says: THE UPSIDE-DOWN MAN.

It's strange to find a man upon a tree
Whose feet stare up from where his head should be.

(An ex-disciple, from an earlier scene, finds Gurdjieff hanging upside down, suspended by a cord attached to one foot.)

EX-DISCIPLE: You look like an upside-down snow-headed thistle, your hair's gone before you to ask the way, do you see better like this? Maybe after all the pupil's outrun the master, got there first. I've been running along a shrinking road all day, and it only puzzles me to find you here, at the end of it.

(He twirls Gurdjieff around. G. is silent, just stares up at him.)

Rockabye baby on the tree-top,
If the wind blows the cradle will rock.

At least I'm mobile and don't get bored, swinging between earth and sky. And the sky's an overrated experience, only turnips look at it all day. If I were a real admirer of yours, and not just someone who's paid you good money for better men's ideas, I'd maybe cut you down. But I know your kind of pride, Your Turnip-hood. You'll swing here all night with that vacant look, and your pride's not to be cut down, to wait for the sky itself to cut you down.

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And now something else strikes me. Mr. Gurdjieff, you frighten me. The road ends here. What's all your talk worth now, Mr. Gurdjieff? You're worse off than a silly cowman. Thank God, I've got two feet. Mobility, mobility, mobility. What trudged me here will trudge me out.

THE board says: MOON.

We carry them too long upon our back
Who are at last moon-people in a sack.

(*A wicked moon shines down. Trussed-up people in sacks, only heads showing above the necks of the sacks, jerk themselves across stage. Gurdjieff inspects them as they pass.*)

GURDJIEFF: Teeth, too. Then downhill, sack.

(*Pushes it into distance.*)

Sacksouls, semiquaver souls, semidemiquaver souls, down into the river. And the moon playing them all, queer tunes, free and flying tunes, playing their souls. But they not fly, not free, not even good jute.

(*Inspects new sack.*)

You good jute? Not answer, but good teeth also. Shine in the moon, very beautiful, credit to dentist and mother. You moon-soul. Go back down, soul.

(*Gives it a push. Another sack lurches by.*)

Another soul. Grand Army of souls, retreat from Moscow. Each string round neck, idiot grin. Who tied, who tied? You want me untie? Moon-teeth smile, you under law of moon, feed it, give it half a candle more. No one here want me untie sack?

(*The sack passes, another approaches.*)

Who tie you? Wicked silly grin, you tie yourself, not need moon to help.

(*Gurdjieff, left alone, addresses the moon.*)

Moon, moon, I not your dancer, not salute you, maybe trick you. Not drown in water, corpse-trail back to you, not food for your stomach. But I mourn congregations of the religious, prayerful Christians, pious Jews, all sleepyheads, dropping to tide. Moon, moon.

THE board says: A LAST DRIVE ROUND.

Mr. Ouspensky says goodbye
To his friend, goes home to die.

(*Ouspensky dictates a letter which a disciple takes down.*)

OUSPENSKY: Dear G., After all, there is no one. I am lost among the English, they are like polished rice, dirt and goodness gone. They shine for extinction. Extinction. Dear G., does anyone ever learn anything? Did I learn anything at Essentuki, did you? I wear a heavy overcoat to keep off the weather. I am dying. Every day I get my Englishmen to drive me round, I stare at hedges, at fields, I try to remember.

(*He mounts disciple's back. They make circuit of stage.*)

Stop here.

DISCIPLE: Why here, sir?

OUSPENSKY: Because I want to remember when I come back next time, and here is where I told you to stop last time. Drive on.

(*Another circuit of stage, then he dismounts, continues to dictate letter.*)

Dear G., if only we were back in Essentuki, in Moscow, and could sip a little Russian tea, and watch the steam on the window-pane. Then you could draw our salvation on the glass with your finger. I will try very hard, before I pull the counterpane up to my neck, to remember, to connect. Dearest G., remember me, laugh at me gently, in all the lives to come.

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Luigi Barzini

The Anatomy of Expertise

Letter from Italy

IT IS NOW just about becoming worthwhile even for the people born and living in the countries concerned to read the "whither" and "inside" books, the data-studded resumés of current history and future prospects in foreign lands written by American experts (or by foreigners for American readers, which comes to about the same thing). Only a few years ago such surveys could easily be overlooked. They were literary trapeze acts, too risky for reputable authors to undertake: while the manuscript was being printed venerable régimes toppled, seemingly insoluble problems vanished, and robust personages in the prime of life suddenly passed away. Only devil-may-care journalists attempted such *tours de force*, working as fast as they could, hoping their intuition, experience, and luck would save them from disgrace. They wrote fast but lightheartedly; there was a good chance their books would be forgotten within a few months anyway; and nobody, except perhaps grandchildren and some compiler of a Ph.D. thesis, would one day care to check the accuracy of their diagnoses and prophecies.

Responsible authors understandably preferred to dedicate themselves to the immutable past. They could contemplate *faits* which were definitely *accomplis* and personages who were irrevocably dead; they could safely rake the cold ashes of old controversies and determine who took what wrong turn, at what time, and for what reasons, without fear of being contradicted. Only in the last few years have the men venturing to describe events even before *rigor mortis* sets in become more and more authoritative and qualified. Has this kind of work become safer? Are they no longer afraid of being made fools of by future developments? They seem undaunted. They appear to have more time, access to more authentic and verifiable data than the old journalists. They sprinkle reassuring footnotes everywhere, with learned quotations in several languages, carefully omit the amusing anecdotes, character sketches, and eye-witness accounts of the superficial observer, but pay a great deal of attention to all-embracing bibliographies.

THERE ARE OBVIOUS REASONS for this innovation. Times change and we change with them; rule of thumb empiricism is losing ground to the scientific approach in every field; events move at more and more breakneck speed from the present to the remote past; the interval necessary to turn palpitating headlines into inert historical facts is becoming shorter every year. More important is, perhaps, the new anxiety in contemporary society which craves a special and continuous reassurance. The intellectuals have somehow become the augurs who read omens in the entrails of economic, sociological, and statistical compendia, the oracles without whose nod statesmen do not go into battle. The universities, foundations, and occasionally the secret services have unprecedented funds to finance erudite research. Only academic studies, couched in reassuring professional prose and supported by an impressive scholarly apparatus, seem to have the power to placate frightened men.

In a way, the impatient can no longer bear to wait for the future to determine who was right and who was wrong. They expect specialists to provide instant-posterity, and these men do what they can. Their books, of course, rarely achieve the magic tranquillising powers required. They are about as infallible as—and always less readable, and less perceptive than—the best work of the old-time journalists. Yet they are extremely useful. They are obviously indispensable to enlighten the great numbers of young correspondents, diplomats, and technical experts parachuted daily into incomprehensible and explosive situations in alien countries, as indispensable as the synopsis of past instalments

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to the man who starts reading a serial novel at midway. No praise is sufficient for the tidy summaries and chronologies of past events, the reliable statistical tables, the thumb-nail sketches of principal problems. These probably are preventing at this very moment many beginners from committing a number of minor and even a few catastrophic errors.

IT IS MY CONTENTION that these books, properly read and interpreted, can now be even more useful to the native of the country described, the man who knows the facts at first hand and possibly took part in the events described. He naturally finds there are discrepancies between what he knows and what he reads, but he learns to disregard them. All people are resigned to the occasional differences between what they have seen and what the newspapers print the next day. Everything, he discovers, has been touched-up and simplified, often as unrecognisable to him as the picture taken from a plane of an intricate jungle, filled with wild beasts, colourful birds, and monstrous flowers, is to the traveller on foot. This, too, must be overlooked: everybody knows all books are over-simplifications of sorts, otherwise they could not be contained within two covers. The real benefit one gets from reading these surveys is not the confirmation of known facts or the discovery of minor errors and differences of opinion. One realises soon enough that the most eloquent passages are the omissions, the vast empty spaces left here and there in the story.

Most of them, of course, are invisible to foreigners, but to the native reader they are as evident as the large white spots in ancient maps where the cartographer wrote: *Hic Sunt Leones*. They are not as easy to explain away. They surely cannot be due to ignorance or neglect: unlike the map-makers of old, the contemporary expert knows practically everything knowable and has an array of all-embracing authoritative sources to draw from. He is fully aware of historical precedents, geo-political problems, or meteorological imperatives, and the conditioning national characteristics. What, then, made such a thorough and diligent man omit data without which the picture is incomplete or meaningless? Is his negligence deliberate or unconscious? Is it a compulsive attachment to symmetry and coherence, the fear to see contradictions destroy the formal garden-like arrangements he has patiently composed? Or is the author a weakling, unable to force himself to look disagreeable or frightening truths in the face?

In a way, these omissions, whether conscious or unconscious, manage to reveal the author's mind more plainly than the printed pages. The empty space is where one can catch the scrupulously objective scholar off guard. One discovers that he uses silences not only to hide unsavoury realities for himself and his readers, but also to give vent to prejudices and preferences. One discovers that one is not only looking at a cold, reliable, business-like survey, but also at a subtly distorted image, a passionate portrait of a land the writer wished to believe existed or would have liked to see emerge, often the dream country he would fashion if he were granted the powers of a demiurge. The last point is of extreme importance today, because most of these scholars belong to the American foreign affairs establishment and either have the powers of demiurges or could unleash demiurges with little difficulty. It is well known that Americans not only have the moral, political, technical, and military might, but also the will, the philanthropic, experimental, and missionary spirit to improve foreign nations according to an ideal pattern, designed possibly to suit the wishes of the local population but always the interests of the United States.

TO BE SURE, THIS MAY NOT be a bad thing if it succeeds. It succeeds rarely. Even the United States have not entirely managed to make themselves into the kind of country their best intellectuals prefer. The feat is infinitely more difficult abroad. Primitive countries in distant continents find it impossible to mould themselves into the prescribed shape; they not only lack the embryo of a dependable middle class but also have little in their religious beliefs, ways of thinking, habits, wants, and inclinations to help them become affluent bourgeois democracies. There are societies which are sometimes tempted to enact Potemkin-like representations of the prescribed model, and hide their old shabby reality behind the façade. This, too, can be a good thing, better than nothing, to be sure, but only in the short run. The trouble is, both the Americans and the natives often delude themselves that obstinate century-old afflictions have been cured, that everything is definitely changed for the better, and stop worrying. The old ills fester in secret and get worse. Such make-believe constructions are necessarily flimsy, good only in fair weather, and collapse in historical hurricanes. At such critical times, the Americans, faced by reactions they had not foreseen from a people they do not recognise, are baffled, embittered, and utterly unprepared to meet the emergency. As Chesterton puts it: "What really produces trouble between peoples is when one is quite certain it understands the other—and in fact doesn't. . . ."

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FOR MANY REASONS ALL, or almost all, the surveys dedicated to contemporary Italy by American experts land sooner or later on my desk. There are two at the present moment.[1] The first is addressed to a virgin public which may want to acquire quick superficial knowledge without effort; the second to more sophisticated but not particularly well informed readers; both books are clearly and economically written, well ordered, and well edited. There are few misspelled Italian words and practically no mistakes.[2]

Both books are definitely inspired by Left Wing views, or, more precisely, what seem to be Left Wing views in Italy. This is by no means a controversial stand. It is the policy of the Vatican's Secretariat of State, and, for different reasons, the policy of the State Department, the CIA, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Economist*, and the Ford Foundation, among others. It is the natural position for foreigners who believe Italy to be backward, her progress slowed down by reactionary capitalists, her liberty threatened only by the Communist Party, and know that the cure for such ills is almost everywhere a good stiff Left-Wing non-Communist government. Mammarella does not think it necessary to define his standpoint, though he does not hide it. For instance, in his book all important Italian privately-owned concerns, which at best have provincial dimensions when compared with their European market competitors, are called, in Lenin's polemical language, "monopolies." Kogan bravely admits "I am constitutionally incapable of withholding my opinions.... The basic orientation could be characterised in Italy as falling within the democratic lay Left." (It is definitely within what the Italian political commentators call Left but scarcely within what they call "lay," if by "lay" one means a tendency to separate Church and State with a sharp line of demarcation.)

For the sake of clarity, both authors classify the principal parties into two Manichaean camps. The good, as it should be in a well-ordered world, are all in the government, and all the bad in the opposition. The Fascists and the Communists are bad, for analogous though opposite reasons; the Communists a little less bad, as their intentions are praiseworthy but the means of achieving them deplorable. Only the Liberals are very bad. They are accused of being "in the pay of the industrialists" (all parties in Italy, including the Communists, have at one time or another accepted contributions from the industrialists, the Christian Democrats more than all others). The Christian Democrats and the Socialists are good, but the very best are the Left-Wing Christian Democrats and the Right-Wing Socialists. The exemplary citizens, therefore, are implicitly either those who vote Socialist but believe in the democratic process and the recent Papal encyclicals, or the Christian Democrats who believe in the class struggle and the gradual nationalisation of the means of production.

POLITICAL LIFE, ONE LEARNS, has been extremely difficult from the end of the war until the early 1960s, but in what parliamentary democracy has it been easy? Nevertheless the Italian people can proudly look back to some significant achievements. They established a democratic republic, which assured the people fundamental liberties; they have amazingly reconstructed their economy and developed it beyond all expectations. "In the ten years between 1952–1962," Mammarella accurately notes, "Italy has made more progress in the economic field than in the entire preceding span of the 20th century." (The governments of the time were *Centre* coalitions formed by Liberals, Christian Democrats, Social Democrats, and the Republicans.) The *Problema del Mezzogiorno* was tackled energetically in those years, if not without some difficulties, delays, and waste. New industries were built in the southern provinces, old ones were enlarged and modernised, the cities spruced up and developed; ports widened and deepened; many roads built. The people as a whole achieved a moderately fair standard of living, not much higher than that of Great Britain in the early 'twenties, but still better than they had in the preceding millennia, and all this was made possible by government interventions on an unprecedented scale.

Now, of course, the situation is still difficult, in some respect more difficult than before, but the road is finally open for vast future improvements. The Centre-Left coalition was formed to tackle the fundamental problems once and for all, and it did not come about easily. Even at the last minute, Kogan recalls, there was a danger that the more conservative Christian Democrats would vote against the government (as the Left-splinter Socialists did):

[1] *Italy After Fascism, A Political History, 1943–1965*, by Giuseppe Mammarella (University of Notre Dame Press). *A Political History of Postwar Italy*, by Norman Kogan (Frederick A. Praeger, New York; Pall Mall Press, London).

[2] Kogan thinks (p. 9) that General Cadorna's first name is Giuseppe. Cadorna, the military commander of the resistance, was named after his grandfather Raffaele, the general who entered Rome at the head of the Italian troops in 1870, and not his father Luigi, the general who commanded the Italian Army at the beginning of World War I. This is one of the few minor errors of fact to be found in either books.

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> They [the conservative Christian Democrats] controlled approximately thirty deputies. In justifying their insubordination, they claimed that too many reforms had been conceded to the Socialists without any guarantees that the Socialists would split from the Communists.... On December 16, however, a sharp editorial in *L'Osservatore Romano* condemned any breach of Catholic party discipline and unity. The potential dissidents retreated immediately.

Obviously Kogan's "lay" preferences are stronger when the Vatican supports non-Left governments.

The blueprint for the future is contained in a vast programme agreed upon by the allied parties before the formation of the Government. A loose plan was drawn up, containing all the desiderata, which would take several generations to be translated into law. It is designed to furnish the authorities with a guide-line for action and the powers necessary to assure a more orderly economic growth, regulate the proportion between public and private expenditures and investments, spread investments more thickly in the South than in the Centre and North, and encourage government ownership. The plan has now been submitted to Parliament for approval. Regions will be established as soon as possible, each with its own tiny capital, little Parliament, minute Government, and all the bureaucracy necessary, in order to end the hegemony of Rome. All this is designed to transform the State that was formed in the 19th century. It is well known that the Catholic masses and the proletariat were hostile to the *Risorgimento* (and the liberal democratic revolution it represented at the time).

WHY SHOULDN'T FOREIGN political observers be confused by Italy, when the vast majority of Italians are too? Strangers often fall in love with the country and its inhabitants (they would not spend so much time travelling and studying if they did not) and see everything through a sentimental mist. Almost all are mesmerised by the abundance, or the apparent abundance, and multiformity of the problems. Italy, in fact, can boast of practically every problem associated both with the archaic and the ultra-modern industrial worlds; most of those typical of backward underdeveloped countries, plus a vast number of her own, like the costly preservation of ancient archives, palazzi, and art treasures, and the defence of world-famous landscapes.

Cold-hearted and clear-minded scholars, on the other hand, know that almost all Italian afflictions can be considered the infinite effects of one single pathological condition, a monstrous and frightening one. This is the discrepancy between the energy, vigour, feverish activity, zest for life, adaptability, resourcefulness of the people, most of whom refuse the miserable living conditions they had resignedly accepted for centuries, and the growing paralysis of a decrepit and decaying State machinery. The Italians are visibly transforming their country, by hook if possible, and by crook if there is no other way, into what looks like from the outside a modern country not very dissimilar from the *Mitteleuropa* model, namely, Belgium, Switzerland, Western Germany, or Eastern France. They are trying to move away from the pastoral, patriarchal and archaic Mediterranean on a generally North-west course. At the same time, the public administration is sleepily dragging itself in almost the opposite direction, with Byzantium as its ideal resting-place.

Obviously this contradiction cannot go on for much longer without provoking the complete collapse of organised collective living. Something will have to give, the State or the people. As the people cannot be dissuaded from their enthusiastic activities, it is hoped the State will sooner or later be brought into line. Nobody in Italy expects utopian perfection but everybody, or almost everybody, agrees that it should not be difficult to set up, in a short time and without much trouble, a relatively business-like and responsible administration, government departments which do not wage incessant wars against each other like feudal barons, offices manned by reasonably competent and honest civil servants, adequately trained and paid, ably led by selected officials, to administer streamlined laws according to simplified legal procedures. It should not be impossible to equip this with what it needs, which does not mean science-fiction gadgets and wonder computers, but chairs, tables, filing-cabinets, telephones, typewriters, all of which are at present very scarce, and capable secretaries.

Superficial observers think all this simply cannot happen in Italy. On the contrary, nothing could be easier. Many Italians have a natural inclination for State employment and enjoy the security and the authority connected with it. They like nothing better, in fact. And they can be satisfactory, if not always exemplary, bureaucrats whenever the system requires it. They were impartial and efficient under Giovanni Giolitti before World War I, and perhaps better than that under the Austrians in Trent and Trieste at about the same time. They are expert administrators today in the Canton Ticino and the Swiss Federal bureaucracy. They have successfully created and run for about twenty centuries the greatest bureaucratic masterpiece of all, the

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most subtle and complex organisation devised by man, bigger and more far-reaching than the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the Roman Curia. There are a few sectors of the Italian State which still function impeccably, even today, the *Banca d'Italia* and the *Carabinieri* among them.

Of course, government responsibilities were less exacting and less specialised in the old days, and distinctly more suitable to the Italians' native qualities. But they have also proved themselves resourceful and skilful in the intricate organisations of the contemporary industrialised and scientific world: they are doing well, for instance, in the European market, EURATOM, and the Coal & Steel bureaucracies. In other words, they love the jobs, possess the necessary qualities, and are good whenever they are enclosed within well-defined rules and entrusted with precise powers and duties. For these reasons many believe the Italian State could be made to function in an adequate manner within a short time with substantially the same men already employed, give and take a few thousand, and at approximately the same cost.

SHOULD ITALY ACQUIRE a relatively efficient administration, nobody doubts she would be able to advance more speedily and with less impediments on the road to progress, and manage to cure most of, if not all, her ancient ills. They can be reduced to three main ones, the first results of the State's impotence (and first causes of all other problems), namely, Illiteracy, Poverty, and "The Communist Menace." The first, illiteracy, should not be difficult to liquidate in a country in which practically the entire school system is run by a Ministry of Public Instruction. Additional teachers could be recruited or trained, the necessary funds obtained by the use of various devices: *e.g.*, a part of the six hundred billion lire spent yearly for the dubious advantage of running railways at a loss could be saved, or money collected from tax evaders by more resolute offices and the abolition of superfluous exemptions and discriminations. Within a few years a better instructed citizenry could decidedly find it easier to achieve a durable affluence.

A prosperous and reasonably educated electorate, in a country served by an adequately modern public administration, could then more easily resist the fascination of Communist promises. At present, it is well known that one-fourth of the voters, or about eight million, vote for the Party, and their number grows steadily at every election. Many Italians, being hopelessly destitute, dream of turning the tables on the rich; being illiterate they cannot fit into an increasingly technological world and do not have the elementary knowledge to protect themselves from demagogy. As only the smart and well-connected now manage to be served by the State, or to obtain favours from it, many of the others live in the hope of establishing an impossible utopia, a workers' paradise, organised solely for their comfort and welfare.

I WANT TO NOTE, at this point, that a radical modernisation of the State should be the aim of both the Right and the Left. Conservatives in Italy as elsewhere pine for law and order, the protection of life and property, and the certainty of well-defined rights and duties; they enjoy seeing crooks and grafters end in jail and public affairs smoothly and economically managed. The Left, however, should want an energetic, refurbished bureaucracy and stream-lined legal procedures even more. Their avowed policy is "the intervention of the State in the economy for the advantage of the collectivity." (To be sure, they did not invent the formula. Every Italian government since the days of Cavour did just that. Only the ideas of what constituted the advantage of the collectivity varied with the times.)

In order to intervene effectively one must have suitable instruments, *i.e.*, bureaux manned by trained experts who gather the necessary information, watch the diastole and systole of the economy, and try to formulate effective measures to produce predetermined results and avoid unwanted side effects. As most of the laws passed by the Left encounter obstinate resistance from powerful groups, the need for impartial and energetic enforcement agencies is particularly evident. If, some day, the country should be divided into regions, a well-run administration will be found indispensable to harmonise local initiatives into a coherent system, and avoid chaos. Finally, the many impatient nationalisers among the Socialists must know that only a good central administration can keep powerful State-owned monopolies (as well as private industries) working for the common good and not (as they are tempted to do) in their own interest and for their own aggrandisement. Nobody forgot the time when Enrico Mattei, the president of ENI, mainly to serve the interests of his organisations, dragged reluctant and protesting governments into compromising foreign alliances.

That the State should be modernised without delay is universally recognised. It is admitted by the first victims of the administration's disorder, paralysis and decay—the civil servants. For the last twenty years, their unions have been putting an anguished request for a total overhaul of the

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system at the head of their lists of demands, when negotiating with the government, even before higher wages and more tolerable living conditions. The minor parties—the Liberals, the Republicans, and (when they still existed autonomously) the Social Democrats—considered reform a preliminary to all other political action. The Liberals, who insist that the "rule of law" is a prerequisite of liberty in a country which has always been tempted by dogmatic paternalism, made the renovation of the State machinery their principal electoral issue since 1946. Many Socialists have now come around to the same idea. Pietro Nenni (Vice-Chairman of the Council of Ministers) has lately pointed out to journalists what he should have said to his Cabinet colleagues, that "one cannot entrust more and more intricate, technical, and delicate new tasks to offices so disorganised they cannot even face their old ones. . . ." In short, the *aggiornamento* of the public administration is the first and most vital task. If it is not faced, the Italian people will probably survive, as they have done through centuries of decay, disorder, and calamities; they may occasionally manage to have good times and prosperity; but the Italian State will fatally wither away.

ONLY THE LARGEST PARTIES, the Communists and the Christian Democrats, appear to be apathetic. The Communists understandably watch with dry eyes the growing ineffectiveness of the bourgeois liberal State and impatiently look forward to its final collapse. The Christian Democrats, who have governed the country practically single-handed since 1947, never thought the problem urgent. They made feeble efforts, from time to time, to tackle it, more to humour their occasional allies and to silence the opposition than to change things. Seventeen years ago they set up a special office, in charge of an Under-Secretary. Later they made it a Ministry, headed by a full-fledged Cabinet Minister, *Ministro per la Riforma della Pubblica Amministrazione*, and even allowed Social Democrats to run it at times. Fifteen such Ministers followed each other, immense quantities of data were gathered, intricate problems were eviscerated, experts consulted, bottlenecks identified, suggestions sifted, and, a few years ago, complete and realistic plans made ready, which everybody, including the opposition, agreed were what the country needed. The plans were never presented to Parliament for debate and approval. Somehow they were never awarded a high enough priority.

IT WOULD BE pointless for me to dwell at length upon an obvious and self-evident topic were it not for the fact that most foreigners, especially Americans, writing the "whither Italy" books, scarcely consider it worthy of attention. Like honest Dr. Watson, they seem unaware of what almost everybody else knows is the revealing clue. Professor Mammarella, for instance, seems to accept the chaos in the public administration as an irremediable family disgrace which polite people do not mention. Professor Kogan skims lightly over the matter when he must explain why the many ambitious projects dear to him seldom produce anything resembling the desired results. He sadly writes, for instance, that a "cause of the ineffectiveness (of the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno*) lay in the behaviour and action of the traditional government departments." To justify the fact that one of the early Centre-Left Governments could find no way to resuscitate the building industry it had inadvertently caused to collapse, he explains:

> The delays and inefficiencies of the public bureaucracy, the complicated procedures and systems of review, the legal requirements of codes that were a half century to a century out of date, all served to slow down the actual application of policy decisions made at the top.

This forgetfulness, the curious disregard for what others think, is the most significant fact of all, the most glaring of all omissions, the largest of the large white spots where the biggest lions dwell. The experts' blindness is difficult to explain. It cannot be due to ignorance: everybody knows that the best laid economic plans can only be as good as the offices that must apply them, and that it would be madness to entrust the destiny of fifty-three million people in the heart of Europe to the least responsible organisation among them. Clearly the Centre-Left programmes, which are presented to Parliament from time to time, interminable lists of all possible problems and their proposed legislative solutions, which would take at least two generations to pass, could be compared to a vast menu, containing everything from *antipasto* to *zabaglione*, presented to customers in an *osteria* without cooks and without kitchen. Such plans obviously must not be taken literally. They are rhetorical devices, the pathetic lists of *desiderata* the poor sometimes draw up for their consolation, *trompe l'oeil* decoys designed to attract and reassure innocent people and those who badly want to deceive themselves.

This, of course, is the heart of the matter. Why is nothing ever done for the renovation of the public administration? One must deduce there are forces in Italy which, consciously or unconsciously, consider even a moderately efficient State with fear and deep hostility, and are strong enough to prevent the mildest reform plans from being adopted. These forces probably

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find it convenient not to fight what they probably think is unrealistic and abstract legislation (as they did not oppose the manner in which the electricity industry was nationalised in 1962, which everybody now agrees was the most expensive and politically ruinous possible), but merely see to it that the machinery necessary to enforce it, in the attempt to make Italy a quasi-modern country, is left in its Byzantine condition. At the risk of disturbing the neat Manichaean arrangements dear to foreign experts on Italian affairs, those forces should be called reactionary.

WHAT ARE THEY? Who works for the perpetuation of confusion, chaos, corruption, anarchy, the waste of public money in insensate electoral projects, the preservation of obsolete laws and the proliferation of inapplicable new ones? Obviously it is not a diabolical conspiracy. There are powerful men, groups, organisations, institutions that encourage and exploit a favourable situation, a condition they did not create but which is the spontaneous product of recent and remote history, national inclinations and propensities. One vainly looks for a clear identification of these forces in Italian publications. The local Marxists simply accuse private *entrepreneurs* of blocking progress. These might want to do so, as they always found a little confusion in the public administration good for business, but are not strong and resolute enough to promote it. The State controls the most important 50 per cent of the national economy and can easily intimidate them. Most of them now support the Centre-Left Government anyway.

Wisdom from abroad is no more illuminating. I am afraid English and American correspondents do not dig very deep. They reflect official views and report the glittering surface of things. The scholars, who not only have leisure, money, confidential sources of information, but also the detachment from local prejudices and passions, practically ignore the subject. They unquestioningly classify parties in power according to what they say and print, and parties in the opposition according to what the Government says they are. What stops the experts from going deeper?

I WOULD BE THE first to admit that confusion is not difficult to promote in Italy today. The times are propitious: even in virtuous countries, where the civil service has always been an impersonal and well-oiled machine, inefficiency and corruption are beginning to spread. The Italian administration has been further dislocated by a series of appalling catastrophes. World War I caused the first erosion; then the Fascists disrupted what was left of the only good bureaucracy united Italy ever had; they imposed strictly partisan criteria for recruiting and promoting personnel. Then came the ravages of World War II, the defeat, the collapse of the old structures, the tumultuous reconstruction which swept everything before it, the inevitable errors of an experimental and inexperienced democracy.

Parties in power for the first time had little respect for the laws passed by their predecessors and did not resist the temptation to use the power of the State for their private ends. They financed party machines and electoral campaigns; they filled Ministries, municipalities, and publicly-owned enterprises, including social security organisations, with herds of impecunious and incompetent followers. Civil servants could no longer be sure of quick promotion by joining the right party and wearing the right uniform. Now they had to guess to which party the next Minister would belong, to which faction in his party, to which clique in his faction. I must admit, furthermore, that there are many cautious Italians who prefer confusion to the rule of law as a safeguard of their liberty. The law can be unjust and cruel. In the past it was imposed by foreigners to serve their interests, and later by compatriots who often preferred the triumph of their ideologies and the humiliation of their opponents to the public good.

Why should confusion not triumph, these people ask, when it is well known that the national genius thrives in it? Discipline, they say, paralyses Italians who, when left to their own initiative in utter chaos, function at their best. Political scientists have proved that if all laws on the books were firmly applied, Italy would come to a stand-still and the people would theoretically starve to death; this is probably why they achieved the highest standard of living at the moment when their public administration was at its lowest level.

In confusion, it is true, the native navigates with circumspection and usually gets what he wants with the help of relatives, accomplices, and friends. But it would be misleading to think love of anarchy is a permanent twist in the national character. It is not. To be sure, the Italians enjoy the exciting hazards of an orderless world in which anybody can win the jackpot, at any time, but they do not have an inborn taste for risk. If they did they would now be happy. They are not. They are among the most wretched, desperate, and frightened people in the Western world. Confusion breeds injustice. They watch the cunning and unscrupulous, the friends of powerful people, gain their ends with ease: the vast majority of citizens is unprotected, hopeless, often robbed of its rights;

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the gap between persons, classes, and regions increases every year. Fundamental problems are neglected and become almost insoluble. Even superficial observers should notice some of the most visible signs of this: the unprecedented floods, for instance, which each year dramatically submerge larger and larger parts of Italy, including famous cities, are encouraged by the long neglect of the most elementary measures for soil conservation and river control.

CONFUSION, FOR MOST ITALIANS, is by no means a deliberate choice. It is a *pis aller* at best, accepted with resignation or bitterness, a subterfuge devised to survive somehow under bad governments in difficult times. In reality, the people's preference has always been for a well-ordered, static, decorous, paternalistic society, as tidy and symmetrical as one of their baroque regulations. This is why they have always pined for *"il buon governo."*[3] They always dreamed of a *"Principe,"* from Dante's Veltro to Cola di Rienzo and Mussolini. This is why today, as well as in centuries past, there is little social stability. A large part of the lower classes are in an endemic state of revolt, and vote Communist (Gramsci believed the contemporary impersonation of Machiavelli's *Principe* was the Communist Party). The upper classes are wary, suspicious, and haunted by fears.

UNFORTUNATELY, any Italian government dominated by a Catholic party must find almost insurmountable difficulties in fighting anarchy and confusion for well-known century-old reasons. One of them is the fact that there is no Italian Church. Non-Italian Catholics have occasionally been efficient and honest rulers; where schismatics, heretics, materialists, or atheists prevail, the local clergy with their flocks have fought, often heroically, in the defence of liberty and for a clean-cut separation of Church and State. In each country the faithful form the National Church, led by its Bishops, almost always headed by a Primate, who stands up against an overbearing Prince or an arbitrary government, and respectfully defends national views also against the Holy See when there is a difference. History is filled with such conflicts. Nothing like this happened in the old Papal States or can happen in contemporary Italy. The people do not have a Church of their own. There is only one Church in the country, the Universal Church. The Primate of Italy, Bishop of Rome, is the Holy Pontiff, whose only divine duty is to promote the welfare of Catholics in all parts of the world. Where there is a conflict with the aspirations of the Italian people, it is obvious that the interests of the Holy See must take precedence.

To be sure, this difficulty is purely theoretical most of the time. It can, however, become a serious hindrance to the conduct of affairs at critical periods. In 1848, for instance, when Pius IX gave a constitution to his subjects, he granted liberal institutions, an almost modern bureaucracy, a government responsible to an elected Parliament, but could not make any concessions on one essential point: he could not allow the creation of a lay Foreign Ministry. No way could be found to distinguish between the interests of the citizens of the Papal States and those of the Holy See; the conduct of foreign affairs had to be left in charge of the Cardinal Secretary of State.

The difficulty re-emerged one hundred years later in 1948, when the Christian Democratic party took over the national government with an absolute majority. It owed its overwhelming electoral victory to the parish priests, the lay and clerical organisations of the Church, and the powerful help of the hierarchy. It timidly struggled at first to defend its autonomy but without much success. Its deputies, chosen (or approved) by the Bishops, knew they had to be pliant and understanding. They were resigned to accept orders in matters pertaining to particularly sensitive sectors, like censorship, the divorce law, birth-control propaganda, the financing of Catholic schools, etc.—in which their opinions did not differ from the Vatican's anyway. But they soon discovered they had to harmonise most other policies with those of the Church, including foreign affairs.

Under Pius XII, Italy became the stalwart of the Atlantic Alliance and the stern enemy of Communism. Under John XXIII and Paul VI, as the international situation gradually changed, the official Italian stand was attenuated. Some commentators believe the Communist Party will soon enough be persuaded to participate, directly or indirectly, in the Government with the Christian Democrats, and Italy will gradually establish more and more intimate relations with the Soviet Union and the Communist countries. This may turn out to be in the interest of the Italian State; but it certainly is in the interest of the Holy See, which must defend millions of Catholics across the "Iron Curtain" from persecution and obliteration. Inevitably, the Vatican is tempted to use Italy as a demonstration model. Just as what is good for General Motors might not always be good for the United

[3] *"Il Buon Governo"* is the title of a famous fourteenth-century fresco by Lorenzetti at Siena, and also the title of a well-known book by Luigi Einaudi, the economist who was the first president of the Republic.

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States, what is good for the Holy See might not always be good for the Republic of Italy.

ANOTHER REASON WHY the Christian Democrats find it difficult to increase the authority of the State lies in the very nature of the Church. Churchmen admit States run by the Church have never been efficient (just as Churches run by Princes have always lacked vigour). The government of Papal Domains in the 19th century was notoriously among the least efficient in Europe. Finances were in a confused state; nepotism was rampant; the laws were innumerable and irksome but universally disregarded; the few roads infested by bandits; public services practically non-existent, or entrusted to the benevolence of religious orders and good people; industry and commerce were discouraged; arts and culture kept under strict surveillance. It could not be otherwise: priests were not educated to run worldly affairs; the Church did not really believe in the possibility, or necessity, of improving material conditions.

The Church always knew man is naturally inclined to sin and it is pointless as well as almost impossible to prevent him from committing crimes. Other countries were proud of their modern sciences, industries, railways, telegraphs, and inventions. The Roman clergy looked upon such things with amused diffidence: they deluded man, made him think of worldly things, and distracted him from his spiritual life. Likewise, the priests lacked enthusiasm for the many political improvements of the century, and ignored economic trends, liberal institutions, democracy. They knew injustice could not be defeated easily. After all, only patience, hope, and charity could really alleviate man's earthly sufferings: alms, free soup at the doors of convents, the sheltering of the destitute and old in suitable homes. For the rest the foremost duty of the Church was to defend and increase its power for the greater glory of God.

Of course, the Church has changed greatly in the last century, since it was liberated from the burden of governing the Papal States. It has gained in authority. It has learned to make use, for its purposes, of many contemporary inventions and techniques. Churchmen have become admirable experts in practically all mundane activities, active in all kinds of pursuits their predecessors thought were the inventions of the Devil. Priests no longer seem to think the improvement of man's lot on earth a secondary task, and have developed up-to-date political and social theories of their own, to counteract the iniquitous teachings of materialists, atheists, and agnostics. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, the Church has definitely not become a worldly institution. Its very nature makes it still consider mere human organisations and man-made laws with detachment. It prefers political régimes run by good Catholics, naturally, but any other can be equally acceptable, of the Right or of the Left, on condition that men are treated with reasonable justice and the Church is left free to carry on its work unimpeded. Finally, it pursues its own fundamental aim, which, now as in the past, is the consolidation and expansion of its own institutions.

How could this be otherwise? Should it stop one day considering Heaven its real home, stop believing in the *au-de-là* as infinitely more important than the *ici-bas*, and stop working for the salvation of souls, it would evidently cease being the Catholic Church. It has lasted two thousand years because it was always stubbornly faithful to its fundamental creeds. If it modified them, it would probably become a worthy, benevolent, ethical organisation, respected, rich, and powerful, but would slowly fade away. Therefore, it is still not the best institution in the world to run a State. Why should it use its powers for purposes it does not understand, *e.g.*, promoting the efficiency of the public administration and prosecuting corrupt officials? Why should it fortify the authority of the State when it knows that in a weak State the Church flourishes best and in a strong State it must continually be ready to defend its rights and privileges? Which, after all, is the higher aim: a well-fed, well-read, well-administered citizenry, or a holy one?

THE CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS are the heirs of several Italian Catholic movements, formed after the unification of the country, at the end of the century. The Church had strongly disapproved of both unification and the way it was achieved. It would have preferred the gradual and bloodless formation of a God-fearing and submissive League of the existing principalities, headed by the Pope (just as it now favours the division of Italy into regions). It could not help being horrified by the many acts of banditry and the violations of international law perpetrated by the patriots, shocked by the unprovoked aggression on the Papal Domains, or angered by the occupation of Rome by force. It considered the leaders of the *Risorgimento* impious, sacrilegious, blasphemous men, and excommunicated them all. Catholics furthermore disliked the new unified Italian State because it was up-to-date and secular; it confiscated the land of religious orders and made the life of all Church organisations difficult; tried to monopolise the education of young people,

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and embraced all the errors of the century, summed up by Pius IX in his *Syllabus* against the Liberals.

Many Catholics at first were in favour of a return to the *status quo ante* and allied themselves to legitimists; later they occasionally joined forces with all the enemies of the new kingdom, both reactionary and revolutionary. The State, *voilà l'ennemi!* Many of them (and their fathers) had besieged the new centralised administration for so long that, when they finally conquered it, they could not easily shed their old mentality. The older Christian Democrats never could remember that the hated walls, moats, ramparts, and bastions should be kept in good repair and reinforced if possible, as they were now their own defences.[4] This hostile sentiment is still strong among the rank-and file. Even among the bright young men who are now trying to run the country, some of whom show exceptional qualities of leadership, there is still a vague feeling that the *Rechtstaat* ideal is impious. The weakness of the public administration, to be sure, is not the fruit of a deliberate plan, but the result of that vague and incredulous mistrust all good Catholics have for worldly legal mechanisms.

MANY OTHER FORCES, of course, collaborate consciously or unconsciously to keep the State as impotent as possible. The job is not difficult, as most of the time it merely requires inaction. Big business concerns (both private and State-owned) find a loose and flexible administration, manned by timid and frightened bureaucrats, helpful for the conduct of big business. Powerful trade unions, which have succeeded in preventing the passage of legislation regulating their status, the right to strike, and other related matters, would equally be hindered by efficient offices applying modern laws. Medium and small concerns, the middle classes, the poor and disinherited people, and the South should all want to see their rights defended by the law. But the mass parties to which most people give their votes also find a weak State advantageous to their interests. For one thing, some of them would probably lose a substantial part of their financial backing if all the laws were applied impartially and it were suddenly impossible to persuade responsible officials to close their eyes to irregularities. Modern mass parties are extremely expensive organisations. The list of forces co-operating to keep the State weak could easily be continued.

[4] It is significant to point out that Alcide de Gasperi was not among these men; but he was a Catholic of a different breed, brought up in the Austrian Empire.

WHY IS IT, then, that this vital point is so rarely raised? Why is it the experts do not dedicate a few extra days and a few extra paragraphs to it? All the facts rapidly summarised in the preceding pages are accessible to newspaper readers, or to anyone listening to the conversation going on at the next table in any café. Anybody who has an Italian friend (and what foreigner does not acquire one after a few days?) cannot help hearing endless lamentations, backed by case histories, of the injustice prevailing and the disorder in the administration. The Church's hostility to the State is nothing new; it is studied in the schools; Machiavelli and Guicciardini wrote eloquently about it, in terms which could almost be applied to contemporary events. The conflict between the Liberal and Catholic conceptions of the *Risorgimento*, the State, and Society is well known, part of the living memory of older Italians. There are whole libraries dedicated to it. The fact that all political parties, whatever their real aims may be, use vast social programmes as noble fronts is true in many other parts of the world and should not deceive shrewd observers.

In reality, Western and especially American experts often seem frightened not to take things at their face value. They believe official hand-outs and Government statements, that are no more reliable in Italy than in many other countries. This curious propensity to think the surface of things is good enough, which is in contrast with their academic and scientific pretensions, is revelatory. Obviously these people are not as interested as they believe in the welfare of the Italian people, their economic, social, political, and cultural progress. What really interests them is to prove to themselves and their readers that the Italian problem has now been settled once and for all and that no surprises are expected or will be tolerated. This is what they want to believe: Italy is now a stable country, reasonably well run by a seemly coalition of parties with quotable programmes; the American establishment, which is backing this formula and has definitely financed its victory, has therefore not made a mistake; the Communists are definitely on their way out; nobody will henceforth raise uncomfortable new issues and really try to improve conditions.

The most significant aspect of this view (and the proof of its fragility) is the irascibility with which these experts consider all kinds of dissenting opinions. To maintain their own tranquillity and to pacify their readers, they even abandon a long-held enlightened belief, that no champion of democracy can be worthy of his name if he does not respect the opposition, believe in its utility, and uphold its rights.

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Michael M. Postan

A Plague of Economists?

On Some Current Myths, Errors, and Fallacies

INQUISITIONS BY economists and economic journalists into Britain's predicament are in no danger of running out of indictable culprits. The Trade Unions, the working class as a whole, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Bank of England, the international monetary authorities, and, of course, Harold Wilson, each of them separately and all of them in combination have been named as the guilty ones. At no time, however, has any guilt been imputed to the inquisitors themselves, the economists of England. Yet on any impartial allocation of blame a share must attach to the economic experts.

It is not that the quality of British economics, or economists, has sunk and now stands lower than in the past or than in other, less afflicted, countries. On the contrary, judged by the numbers of its professional practitioners and its lay addicts, economics was never more flourishing. The voice of academic economists was never louder and was never heard with greater awe. Nor is there much wrong about the quality of the economists themselves. In recent years Cambridge may have yielded the leadership in pure theory to M.I.T., Stanford, or Chicago, but the University which still boasts of Joan Robinson, Nicholas Kaldor, J. R. N. Stone, Piero Sraffa, and a multitude of gifted youngsters, has every right to be as immodest about its intellectual standing as it apparently is. The same is to a large extent true of the reconstructed Department of Economics at L.S.E. or of Oxford or Colchester. It is also true of the intellectual quality of the economists in government service. The economists at the Department of Economic Affairs are led by a man of the highest intelligence and experience, who is well matched by several economists in the same and other departments. Above all, there is Professor Kaldor, whose qualities of near-genius—originality, mental vigour, and a capacity for inspired hunches—will be admitted by his worst enemies. In short, judged by professional standards, the quality of British economics still ranks very high and is not in question.

What is more questionable are the standards themselves, or to be more exact, the professional qualifications and attitudes which the economists bring, and are expected to bring, to their governmental and journalistic jobs. Are the contents of modern economics, the ideas with which the economists operate as relevant to the economic problems of our age as they and their public believe? Have they with their models, measurements and forecasts, helped the economic recovery, or have they, on the contrary, aggravated Britain's predicament by misdirecting the attention of the government and the public?

I AM AFRAID MY ANSWER to these questions must go against the economists. It may well be that the very quality of post-war economics, the greater sophistication of its theoretical constructions, its much refined statistical and econometric methods, have put it out of touch with real economic situations. If modern economics is frequently irrelevant to Britain's economic

PROFESSOR M. M. POSTAN *is the author of the recent* Economic History of Western Europe, 1945–64 (*Methuen*) *and is at present on leave from Cambridge at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is the author of many scholarly studies in economic history including* Studies in English Trade in the 15th Century (*with Eileen Power, in 1933*), *and is the editor of the* Cambridge Economic History of Europe.

This continues a series of papers exploring WHAT HAS GONE WRONG? *begun last month with Arthur Seldon's study of "The Crisis in the Welfare State." Other contributors will include Colin Clark, Edward Mishan, David Marquand and John Vaizey.*

Professor Postan has added a post-devaluation post-script, published on p. 96.

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problem, the failure has been largely due to some of its most recent achievements—to certain conceptual features of the Keynesian theory and to the statistical classifications of economic activities and factors.

In this context it is the methodological frame of the Keynesian doctrine, not its main design, that is in question. Nobody now can or will doubt the significance of the theoretical revolution brought about by John Maynard Keynes, or disparage the immensity of its practical contribution. Of all the influences which have shaped the post-war economy, propelled the growth of national products and inspired the welfare state, full employment has obviously been the most potent; and of the influences behind the policy of full employment, the Keynesian prescriptions have been by far the most effective. The Keynesian medicine is not, however, to be had free of charge. The payment with which the man-in-the-street is most familiar and dislikes most is inflation; but the payment of which the man in the street is least conscious, but which concerns us most here is the compulsive preoccupation of economists with aggregates cast on a national scale, and their neglect of the more detailed, more concrete, more (so to speak) personal and social problems of modern economy.

THE AGGREGATE VIEW of the economy is Keynesian *par excellence*. Tradition will have it that the concept of aggregate demand came to him from his disciples; but having acquired it, Keynes built upon it his entire structure. And demand is not the only economic variable which Keynes treats solely in the aggregate. As the very title of his famous treatise indicates, its entire approach is generally macro-economic, as distinct from the micro-economic concern with individual enterprises and persons. The entities it operates with are all conceived as country-wide totals or as national averages. In its scheme savings, investment, labour force, the price levels, the rate of interest, are generalised holistic concepts, detached from their local and specific circumstances. Its prescriptions are therefore similarly general and holistic, or to use the biologists' jargon, "systemic." They are meant to be administered to the economy at its centre, so to speak by the mouth, and to be ingested and reacted to by the economic system as a whole. The principal instrument for regulating aggregate demand is fiscal measures, whether taxes or government outlays. The most powerful regulator of aggregate propensities—those to consume, to save and to invest—is the rate of interest. Employment itself is to be controlled on the same scale on which statisticians measure it, *i.e.*, globally; and full employment is not full if it does not match all jobs with all workmen right across the economy.

It is not, therefore, surprising that in the recurrent post-war crises the Keynesian remedies advocated by economists and adopted by their Whitehall or Threadneedle Street clients should also have been mainly aggregate and holistic. All the painful dilemmas of the economy—whether to inflate or to deflate, whether to reduce comparative costs by devaluation or by universal wage freeze, whether to stimulate national investment by tax concessions or by curbs on alternative uses of savings—are posed and debated as if they affect in equal measure and in the same way all and every branch of the economy. Similarly, special surcharges on imports, higher bank rates, restrictions of credit are prescribed as general medicines, expected to work their effects through the system as a whole.

It is equally to be expected that the remedies, being systemic, should have failed to act at the points of the body economic which ailed most. Deflation did *not* stop costs and prices from rising. In 1966–67 they may have risen somewhat less steeply than in 1965, but what has held them back was not the general deflation, but the administrative and political action of the D.E.A. and the Prices and Incomes Board. Similarly, deflation and wage freeze notwithstanding, the main drives behind the rising wage trends—the organisation and policies of some Trade Unions and the ability of some industries (especially the nationalised ones) to pass on the higher costs to consumers—have remained unabated.

It is also apparent that the resources freed by deflationary curbs on consumption have not moved, as they were expected, into export industries. Exports increased slightly in 1966, but they had also been increasing in some years of comparative inflation; and it may well turn out that the most recent increases owed more to political and administrative pressures and urgings than to the spontaneous reactions of exporters to economic regulators.

As for private investment, it has not risen, but on the contrary declined, in spite of all the fiscal privileges and concealed subsidies; and the de-

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cline has been mainly due to the unpropitious psychological climate generated by deflationary measures in the industries most in need of modernisation. The industries whose investment has remained buoyant are not those which government and economists would have chosen had they been able to discriminate between them, but those which happen to be relatively insulated from deflationary measures—such consumption trades as supermarkets and food industries or such nationalised industries as railways and gas.

THE REASON WHY SO MANY of the prescriptions have failed must not be sought in their pharmacological make-up. They no doubt are the remedies appropriate to the complaints they are intended to treat. Unfortunately, the complaints they are capable of treating are *not* those which afflict British economy most painfully. The latter have as often as not been not general, not organic, but local, and not always purely economic. If the British balances of payments have been ailing, this is *not* because British exports have been relatively lower and imports relatively higher than before the war or in most other countries, but because, for reasons which are mostly political, some of the British outlays abroad are unbearably high. If the British exports have not grown sufficiently fast or consistently to eliminate all deficits in payment accounts, this is not because comparative costs and comparative prices of British export goods as a whole are higher than those of, say, German exports. They happen to be higher for some goods and not for others. The proportion of British manufactured output as a whole going into exports is higher than in any other major industrial country, with the exception of Germany. But they happen to be uncomfortably low in certain strategically situated industries, such as shipping or electrical appliances. Even where the general indices, such as rates of investment of improvement in productivity or capital-output ratios, may at first sight appear to be less favourable in the U.K. than in most other advanced countries, they will on further inspection turn out to be worse than abroad in some industries and firms, and better in others. And for many (perhaps most) of these local ailments the morbid causes will be found not in the malfunctioning of the life processes in the body economic, such as the low rate of savings, or the high level of prices, or the insufficient allocation of national resources to research and development, but in specific failures of its individual cells—management, design, salesmanship, or the behaviour of groups of labour.

For these morbid causes systemic medicines are an irrelevant, and sometimes even a harmful, prescription.

THE INSUFFIENCIES, the irrelevancies, and the unforeseen side-effects of an economic advice preoccupied with the general and the overall and indifferent to the specific, local, technical and human nature of economic problems are obvious: and they are frequently acknowledged by the economists themselves. This does not, of course, mean that statesmen, officials, and business leaders can dispense altogether with it. The most common-sensical decisions on matters of practical economic detail can go awry and can have distorting effects if not considered from the point of view of the economy as a whole. Above all, the theoretical aggregates of modern economics—indices of national products, rates of growth, savings ratios, and all that—are thermometers without which the patient cannot possibly do. They measure, however crudely, the well-being of the body economic and keep it aware of its own capricious humours. What they do not and cannot do is to locate the points at which the body ails and to suggest the proper treatment for the ailment. For this a wider range of *expertise* and a wider choice of experts are needed: technicians in industry and in contact with it, industrial consultants, sociologists, and those business men who happen to know their businesses, as well as economists.

This in fact is the set-up of the French planning bodies; and even in this country this is how the "Little Neddies" and the Prices and Incomes Board are supposed to function. In functioning bodies so set up, economists are indispensable, if only in order to save the other experts from the economic *sottises* to which non-economists are always prone. But though required to keep the other experts out of economic harm's way, economists do not hold the exclusive patent for relevant wisdom and must not claim the monopoly of advice. In matters micro-economic their role should be more cautionary than motive, though it may be more than that in matters macro-economic.

YET, HOWEVER LIMITED in their professional role in micro-economic matters, their time and

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attention must be shifted bodily to them. In fact some such shift may have taken place invisibly and inaudibly. In numerous government departments, economists operate not *qua* economists, but as ordinary intelligent men, and busy themselves with the day-to-day issues of practical economic administration. We are told that of late even the topmost economists in government service (indeed Mr. Kaldor himself) have gone over to concrete and detailed problems of economic and industrial policy and have shown themselves more reticent about macro-economic issues than hitherto.

UNFORTUNATELY, very little of this concrete and reticent mood has reflected itself in the visible manifestations of government policy. It has been little seen in the leading articles of the financial press, and it has raised no audible echoes in the corridors of power. In these influential quarters, economic problems are still posed on the same aggregate scale and the solutions are still cast in the same generalised unspecific form as the academic solutions regularly on offer in the after-war years. Moreover, some of the economist-inspired remedies which at first sight appear wholly specific (*i.e.*, are meant to apply only to some branches of the economy) have nevertheless turned out to be too indiscriminate and too closely related to the general theoretical concept to produce the beneficent effects expected of them.

Thus, the new corporation taxes—ostensibly a highly discriminating device—have done little to induce companies to distribute a smaller share of their profits and to increase the flow of corporate savings. Their main effect has been merely to reduce the cover for distributed profits and to make companies rely more on new issues of fixed interest stocks, than on issues of equities. The supply of equities has also been reduced and their market prices enhanced by the unforeseen effects of Capital Gains Tax. The higher taxation of companies operating abroad may have yielded higher revenue to the Exchequer, but it has not redirected resources into the domestic investment, as its authors expected it to do. Moreover (as the Reddaway Report recognised), this particular bit of economic legislation was not sufficiently discriminate to give special treatment to firms and industries capable of employing British capital abroad with greater advantage to British economy than that to which it could be put at home.

However, the main vices of the few avowedly specific and micro-economic measures inspired by economists, come not from the aggregative and holistic preoccupations of economic theoreticians, but from the classificatory devices favoured by statisticians. Since the very early days of statistics as a social science, statisticians have adopted a "sectoral" classification of economic activities which has now become sanctified by academic usage. They have always distinguished the so-called primary occupations, mainly agricultural, from secondary occupations, mainly manufactures. More recently, another category, that of tertiary occupations, has been constructed to accommodate the services, the liberal professions, and the various categories of national and local officialdom.

ON THE EVE OF THE WAR this classification of economic sectors was given great publicity by Colin Clark's famous *Conditions of Economic Progress* (1940). In Clark's formulation the tripartite order of sectors was transformed from a mere classification into an itinerary of economic progress. The lesson he taught was that economic progress had been achieved in the past and was to be achieved in the future by transferring resources first from primary occupations to secondary ones and, finally, from secondary to tertiary ones.

This sectoral itinerary is now out-of-date. That its last leg—the transition from secondary to tertiary occupations—is often a symptom and a consequence of economic growth, rather than its cause, is now generally understood. Some nations have large tertiary occupations simply because they are rich enough to afford them. What is not generally understood by economists and by laymen is the optional nature of the first leg—that of growth through transfer from primary to secondary occupations.

ONCE UPON A TIME there was an obvious justification for separating agriculture from secondary occupations and for treating it statistically and theoretically as a branch of the economy radically different from the rest. Until recently the agriculture of most European countries employed so large a share of national resources—and did so in conditions so different from those prevailing in industry—that its separate treatment offered some obvious didactic and book-writing conveniences. But, as agricultural occupations contracted and as social distinction

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between agricultural countryside and urban industry gradually faded, the convenience of reserving for agriculture a separate statistical and conceptual category and of treating it as an occupation radically different from other industries, has become less obvious. In these circumstances, the continued adherence to the old classification has involved economists and statesmen in an obvious "realist" fallacy—the fallacy of assuming that the differences in words represented differences in real things.

The "realist" fallacy has been greater still in the case of the tertiary occupations. In their essence and in their bearing on the national economy, the various tertiary occupations cannot possibly form a single and a separate category, since, in these respects, they differ more amongst themselves than they do in combination from the various secondary or primary occupations. Yet the statisticians and the economists insist on treating the distinction between industries and services as a real and a clear-cut demarcation of economic realities.

This particular "realist" fallacy might, however, have been condoned and forgiven had it not inspired a number of questionable policies. Some of the policies thus induced have turned out to be not only questionable but positively harmful. And some of them have caused harm at one of the most sensitive points of the world economy, *i.e.*, in relation to economic development of the poorer, under-developed nations.

THE HARM HAS COME MAINLY from the prescription for economic growth confined solely to transfers of resources from primary occupations to secondary ones. The origin of this particular doctrine and its justification are largely historical: a badly understood lesson of England's Industrial Revolution. In its popular version, the lesson postulates that all that happened to Britain's economy in the 18th and early 19th centuries was industrialisation: a process whereby manufactures grew at the expense of agriculture.

This piece of historical misconstruction—it neglects the immense development of British agriculture both before and during the Industrial Revolution—has inspired a recipe for the economic growth of under-developed territories in which growth has been similarly identified with industrialisation. The country first to accept the recipe, unmitigated and undiluted, was Stalin's Russia, and under Russian inspiration it has now become the sovereign remedy Communists prescribe for all backward countries. But it is not so much the Communist example as the advice of the economists which has been responsible for the same recipe being applied equally universally and equally undiluted to India and other countries of Asia and Africa. For all their lip-service to agriculture and rural industries, the Indian planners, until very recently, devoted to industrial projects the lion's share of the country's scarce capital flow and almost the whole of its supply of intellectual and administrative talent. As a result, India has now equipped herself with a number of the most up-to-date and immensely costly (even if under-used) steel complexes and sophisticated engineering and electro-technical industries, while its agriculture remains unreformed, the country periodically undernourished, its villages poverty-stricken, and untold millions of its rural population unemployed or underemployed.

The Indian pre-1966 example has been reproduced and Indian penalties have been paid in a number of other countries. In fact Mexico has been the only great under-developed country to shake itself free of the "realist" fallacies of sectoral classifications and to try and foster its economic development by devoting a large share of its resources to agriculture. Most of the other under-developed countries continue to follow the Economist-Communist route. Needless to say, their failure to develop faster than they have done can be put down to a number of unfavourable factors, such as the insufficiency of foreign aid, the ruinous cost of armaments, the low prices for the commodities under-developed countries produce for export. But the misuse of their meagre supplies of indigenous capital and of the capital aid they received on over-ambitious, premature, and capital-intensive industrial projects is one of the main reasons why the poverty of the poor nations still remains largely unrelieved.

And for this misuse, the sectoral fallacy is largely to blame.

OTHER EXAMPLES OF SECTORAL FALLACY will be found at home. None of them is more blatant or more familiar to the public than the Selective Employment Tax. Its underlying presuppositions and its avowed objects betray all the "realist" illusions of sectoral classification and all the irrelevancies of theoretical aggregates. Its authors have apparently assumed that services, taken together, possess economic characteristics

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and have effects on the economy which are sufficiently common and *sui generis* clearly to differentiate them from manufacturing occupations. Yet, while in this respect the authors of S.E.T. follow the letter of Colin Clark's scheme, they have in other respects run counter to its very philosophy. For it is contrary to that philosophy to conclude that the economy would prosper more and grow faster if its services were prevented from expanding.

The authors of S.E.T. also believe that services —all services—contribute less to exports than manufacturing industries, that they are also less productive, or less able to increase their productivity by investment and technological improvements. These beliefs find no support in either experience or sense. The relative contribution which such services as the hotel industry, or City finance, make to current trade balances is greater than the relative contributions of such manufacturing industries as electrical appliances, bricks, or even coal and steel. As for productivities, it has recently been argued (by Professor Matthews and Mr. Feinstein, with much evidence to support them) that the increases of productivity per head in the United Kingdom since the War could be largely accounted for by the increasing productivity of labour in the services. In respect of both exports and productivities some services and manufactures have performed better than other services and manufactures; and in all of them, some individual firms performed better than others. To group, for purposes of legislative encouragement and punishment, all services apart from all industries is to be guilty of the worst crimes of irrelevant classification.

S.E.T.'s errors of excessive aggregation are equally blatant. In the first place, it assumes that factors of production (including manpower) are wholly general and unspecific, so that by reducing the employment of labour in some occupations it would automatically augment the supply of labour to other occupations. In actual fact the reservoirs of manpower available to such services as the retail trade or banking are largely self-contained and uncommunicating—with the result that the labour released from offices and shops would not easily and spontaneously flow to engineering works and building sites. But what is most surprising is that the economists, of all people, should have taken so little account of the differing elasticities of the demand for labour in different industries. So inelastic has been the demand for labour, as well as the demand for services, in the retail trade and catering and hotel business, that the sole response to S.E.T. has been to pass on to the consumer the higher costs of the labour these businesses employ and to continue to employ that labour in the same numbers as before.

However, S.E.T. is only one instance of statistical concepts misapplied. Other instances, not so well known and not so generally disliked, could be cited by the dozen. So can also be the instances of the harm done by irrelevant economic aggregations.

DOES IT THEN mean that Britain's economy would have been healthier and Britain a happier country to live in had its economists been less influential than they are?

Some observers, even some economists, would be inclined to answer this question in the affirmative. Recently a company of officials and economists, taking their coffee at the Reform Club, were provoked by the sight of a group of government economists, filing out of the luncheon room, to try and fit them with a collective noun. Naturally enough "a pride of professors," "a school of specialists," "a gaggle of experts" were suggested. But the collective noun which found most support was "a plague of economists." In my view the implied opprobrium is excessive. As I have already suggested, the function which the advice of economists can and must perform, even if cautionary in the main, is still very important and cannot be dispensed with. Moreover, their function sometimes transcends their professional qualifications. Such is the nature of the subject and of the academic training it requires, that it is difficult nowadays to be a good economist without also being an intelligent person. Many an economist in the government service is therefore able to do good simply by being sensible in a non-professional way. On issues which might otherwise have been decided by the rule of thumb, traditional thinking, and muddle-headed *non sequitur*, economists can very frequently be relied upon to be rational and coherent. The incipient swing among economists towards the micro-economic problems of government might be a sign of their being after all a collection of sensible men.

If so, the evil of economic advice in post-war Britain may turn out to have been not only less lethal than a plague, but also less endemic, more *passagère*. In which case "a catarrh of economists" is perhaps a better appellation.

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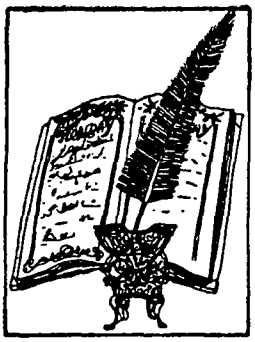

Column

IT WAS just a year ago that the floods had descended on Florence, in a maelstrom of swirling waters such as Leonardo loved to draw, as if he had already envisaged the catastrophe which, so many centuries later, so nearly engulfed his own city. Now, after twelve months, under a blazing sun and a flawless sky, it seems impossible to believe that it had come so near to inundating the whole city and all its incomparable treasures. For the casual visitor there is very little to remind him of what came so close to total disaster; the missing panels, still under repair, of Ghiberti's bronze doors, the scale which marks the height of the flood in the Piazza del Duomo, the gaps in the buildings lining the Ponte Vecchio, which now allow one a marvellous vista of the Arno and its bridges.

In the evening, swimming in waves of golden light, the Ponte Vecchio was swarming with pedestrians, many of them American, buying mementoes and gazing at the jewellery and leatherwork displayed in the little shops. None paused to look at the two posters on the scaffolding above their heads, showing a bearded visionary face looking down the river through the gaps in the masonry: *"Long live Ernesto Ché Guevara, guerrilla fighter for the oppressed peoples of America against the United States imperialists!"* "CHÉ GUEVARA IS DEAD, BUT HE STILL LIVES!"

One was issued by the Communist Party of Italy, the other by the Communist Party of Florence (which has a Communist Mayor), and one can see them, or their like, in all the towns and villages of Tuscany and Siena, and, I imagine, throughout Italy. They come as a sharp reminder that in France or Italy, as opposed to Britain or West Germany, or the United States, the Communist Party is an integral part of the established political structure of the country, in some places exercising effective political power in local affairs and still able to aspire to a share in government or even, under favourable circumstances, to control of it. Only it is perhaps a sign of their frustration, of their *embourgeoisement*, that they no longer look to the Soviet Union, or even to the Chinese People's Republic, for their saints and heroes, but to the lonely struggle of a romantic visionary in the mountains and jungles of Bolivia.

They are no longer revolutionaries, except in dreams and words. They are a part of the normal structure of local administration, a pressure group like any other, interested primarily in protecting and advancing the interests of their members, and hoping to achieve power, if at all, through the interminable series of compromises, bargains, concessions which make up the political life of a parliamentary democracy; no wonder a Ché Guevara is needed to give them some revolutionary glamour. A Communist Mayor of Florence is as anxious as any other to preserve its art treasures that are the basis of its tourist trade, and there is very little in common between him and Ché Guevara as he gazes down the Arno. Communism is no longer a spectre haunting Europe; it looks more like a respectable alderman.

WAS IT ONLY the sunshine that made Italy so blessed a relief after the sodden skies and teeming rain of London? I do not think so. There is now in Italy so sharp a contrast between old and new, that each seems to enhance the appeal of the other and produce an air of exhilaration which is immensely stimulating. I know of course that Italy suffers from many evils, political, social and economic, that government and administration are frequently ineffective and corrupt, that the problem of poverty, especially in the South, is urgent and acute, and that economic advance sometimes only seems to take the form of increasing the glaring contrasts that exist between the rich and the poor. And often, in face of these evils, the Italians display a fecklessness which, though it has its own charm, would be shocking if we ourselves did not show certain signs of it at the present moment. The city of Rome, one of the greatest of all the works of man, now staggers under so huge a load of debt that its income no longer suffices even to service the interest on it. It is quite literally bankrupt, and no one quite knows what to do about it; and I am told that the Roman love of personal display, of presenting the handsomest possible face to the world, ensures that the burden of private debt is even greater.

Eppur si muove! In spite of all this, there is in the air a sense of rapid change and progress which, if they continue, may soon transform Italy and rid her at least of those problems which are primarily an inheritance from the past. And this, to one who loves Italy, is part of the pleasure of being there today; most of all, perhaps, if it helps her to overcome those divisive forces which are so deeply rooted in her history and have contributed so much to her weaknesses.

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From Florence we drove to what seemed the very heart of Tuscany, to a converted farmhouse on a hillside facing a wooded valley divided by a narrow stream, whose stony bed was still dry after the summer. In the middle distance rose a rounded hill, girdled by the ochre roofs and pale washed walls of a village, and crowned by an ancient tower ringed by trees. Across the valley, the slopes were covered by terraced vineyards and olive groves, and there, on one of the lower terraces, tiny figures were breaking up the soil with hoes before the winter, while their milk-white oxen stood patiently by. Beyond, the valley opened on to ranges of hills which rose to the far blue ridge of the Apennines.

The morning mist had melted from the valley, and in the sunshine every detail of the scene was startlingly clear; everything had that sharp and crystal clear outline which Blake demanded of a work of art. I had never seen the valley before and yet I had so strong a sense of *déjà-vu* that for a moment I was at a loss to account for it. Then suddenly I understood; what I was looking at, the hill with its village and its tower, the peasants with their oxen, the blue and distant mountains, was what I had seen so often before in the background of innumerable Renaissance paintings in which, behind a flower-strewn foreground where some pale Virgin smilingly adores her child, there rises, unchanging and unchanged, the same fabulous Tuscan landscape.

In the scene before me there was hardly a detail that would not have fitted into the same frame; all the more, perhaps, because the *contadini* labouring on their patch of earth held their land by a system of tenure that has not changed since the Middle Ages. And yet there was an exception. Along the foot of the nearest range of hills ran a short and narrow strip of white which was the *autostrada* which now proceeds continuously along the whole length of Italy from Milan to Palermo and will shortly be extended to Brindisi.

The *autostrada* is a magnificent feat of engineering, opening up the whole of Italy both to the native and the tourist. From where I sat on that enchanted hillside, it is now possible to be, with ease and comfort, in Florence, over seventy miles away, in an hour, and in Rome in two, and anywhere along the road one can eat excellently, or buy anything one could reasonably desire, from household necessities to antique furniture, at one of the service stations which punctuate the route and are really small, new, completely modern villages built for the comfort and pleasure of the traveller.

The contrast between the *autostrada*, a masterpiece of advanced technology, and the timeless Tuscan landscape through which it passes, is so great that it spans centuries, two entirely different stages in man's evolution, yet existing side by side. This kind of contrast adds immensely to one's pleasure at being in Italy today, and now there is hope that both the new and the old will continue side by side. The whole of the valley has been placed under the protection of the Italian equivalent of our National Trust, so that for future generations its beauties will remain as perfect as they have been now for so many centuries.

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IN PARIS, in the first bookshop I came to in the Rue de Rivoli, I was delighted to find a copy of Malraux's *Antimémoires*. It seemed an appropriate place to find it, as I had just been walking through the Louvre and admiring the splendour of those newly cleaned and washed façades which are due to Malraux's initiative as Minister of Culture. But the *Antimémoires* have had such a success in France that the first printing, of over 100,000 copies, was sold out almost immediately, and the book was exceedingly hard to come by; so I thought myself lucky to be in Paris at the moment when the second printing had become available.

The success of the *Antimémoires* is not surprising. After all, Malraux is not only both a great writer and a Minister (a combination which is almost impossible to conceive of in this country); he is also a living legend, a man who like Byron has become a myth in his own lifetime. It was only natural that the *Antimémoires* should have been awaited with the same kind of anticipation as the *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*.

But why *Antimémoires*? What *are* antimemoirs? The title puzzled me when I first heard it, and I was glad to find an explanation of what Malraux intended in his introduction. By his title he wished to distinguish his book from that characteristic, even typical, modern form of autobiography, deriving equally from Rousseau and from Freud, which is always in some sense a personal confession, revealing all those intimate, and usually discreditable, secrets of the psyche which normally would remain unknown to all except the author himself, his confessor, or his analyst. Gide, says Malraux, was the last illustrious exponent of autobiography of this kind.

As against this, Malraux has aimed at an autobiography which will be a record, not of events which are purely private to the author but of those which have a public significance, not only for himself, but for other men; if possible for all other men, and in this he reveals how much the Gaullist Minister still retains the habits of

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André Malraux :

In the course of a long conversation, by the radio station "Europe No. 1" recently, André Malraux was asked about Revolution, God, General de Gaulle, Europe, and a number of other subjects.

"AM I STILL *at heart a revolutionary—at the age of sixty-six and now a Minister? I could have remained one only in the government of General de Gaulle. I don't know how it would have been under M. Mitterand. Socialism doesn't enter into it any more. As a matter of fact the Russian revolution was the last nineteenth-century revolution. What does one mean by fighting on the barricades? What are barricades? Something you put up to stop horses. We all know that they raised barricades in Budapest and they lasted exactly one hour. Then the tanks came in....*

"Today, one might say that the revolutionaries who count are often not active revolutionaries. They are thinkers or writers. The revolutionaries who counted because they actually thought out the revolution are, taking them in order, first Marx and second Lenin. Lenin had a genius for action but he was nevertheless an ideologist. There are also some who are important because of their personal magnetism: there is really no other word for it. As I see it, Castro is far more of the magnetic type than an ideological original....

"The most important difference between Régis Debray and myself is that the places to which I was drawn were those where the vital questions were being decided. I went to Asia, you remember. It was the crucial point at the time. Otherwise I would have gone to Russia. Destinies were being made there too, but the world's destiny is not being decided in Bolivia. Régis Debray will settle nothing, he is living in the past....

"It is certainly true that those who have never fought cannot speak with the same authority, for to fight for a cause is to be part of it. It sounds easy to say, but it means a degree of identification with a cause which is not known in the Café Deux Magots, and this means that you must actually go where the fighting is if you want to talk about it. Otherwise you had better keep quiet. If you want to talk about Bolivia do you go to Bolivia, or to the Café Flore? It is one thing or the other....

"Does an artist always know what sustenance he really needs? Given his emotionality he always tends to think that his real need is for something else and goes on to rationalise this effectively. But it is not intellect that feeds genius, it is passion....

"THE THING WHICH REALLY *interested President Kennedy was the rediscovery of what he called an over-all policy, by which he meant a grand strategy. He felt that the Marshall Plan had been such a grand strategy. The U.S.A., victorious in the war, found itself face to face with a Russia whose power was steadily mounting. A decision had to be made about Europe before it was swallowed up. It was then that the Marshall Plan was devised. It distressed him to see that, at the moment when he came to power, the U.S. had only* une petite politique, *plans and tactics which were often ingenious and skilful enough for day-to-day problems, but he was looking far beyond 'the new frontier' for something like* une grande politique, *something which, like the Marshall Plan, should be a world strategy, clearly understood by the Americans and by the rest of the world. It was just at this time that he was killed....*

"SPEAKING OF THE *'Third World,' as I see it the essential point is this: the Nation is winning out everywhere. The 19th century believed that internationalism would emerge triumphant, but it is clear that internationalism is doing nothing of the sort.* C'est la Nation qui triomphe. *However, this brings with it its own curious problems. For Senegal at the outset the fundamental issue was Communism; today, the important problems are those which are peculiar to Senegal. I don't just mean ground-nuts but intellectual problems. It is the same more or less all over Africa. The more a country becomes absorbed in its own particular problems, the less it is interested in the solutions to those problems which have been adopted elsewhere....*

"GENERAL DE GAULLE NEVER *spoke of* l'Europe des patries. *It is always assumed that he did, but what he really said was infinitely more complex....It comes to something like this. First of all Europe must be united economically, and in order to do this we must first decide whether or not to accept Britain into the Common Market. But the entry of Britain into the Common Market is not, as many people seem to think, just a matter of accepting or not accepting England. Everybody would be willing to do that straight away. The problem is that in accepting England we would have to accept at the same time a great many other things and people, and then what is the situation—no longer a Common Market at all, but something totally different: a large free-trade area. This might be good or bad, but the Common Market would be dead and buried. You take your hopes and desires, and if what you want is to help to build a united Europe, go ahead and do it! In any case, it is the only truly important matter which must be accomplished in our time. Once Europe exists almost everything I have said would be changed. But at the same time, do not at all imagine that this can be done by bringing together men calling themselves delegates or representatives, either at Strasbourg or anywhere else, because nothing at all will be achieved by such means. They will do what they have already been doing for years: create an illusion*

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of Europe, a false Europe. And the illusion of Europe will settle nothing, not even the entry of Britain into the Common Market....

"A GENUINE PHENOMENOLOGY OF RELIGION *must begin by presenting the word 'God' as a question. Kant was led to think by thinking itself. I myself have been led to think a great deal about religion by having lived in many different parts of the world. If anyone had said to Kant, 'By God do you mean the creator?' he would naturally have replied, 'Of course.' But remember that for half the world God is not the creator at all. To Buddhists, Buddha is not the creator of the world, and for India in general it is very doubtful what the answer would be....*

"As for me, I want above all to know what I am talking about. What exactly do we mean by 'God'? And I confess that when I try to give the term an exact significance I am confronted by the impossibility for the human intelligence of ever coming to grips with the conception of God. Remember what one of the great authorities on the sacred (Otto) said, 'God is not the all-powerful. He is the totally other.' If we start with God as the totally other it is clear that he has nothing to do with the question of creation, nor with the question of charity. So the nearer I come to knowing what I am talking about the more clearly it appears that human intelligence can only get farther and farther away from the point at issue. It is a logical impasse....

"LIKE ALL CHILDREN, *I read the Gospel when preparing for my first communion. To tell the truth I understood very little of it, only that there is a great tenderness in this work which I did not find in any other. But that was about all. Then, very much later, I read it seriously and was greatly struck by its great prophetic power. I do not mean by that the power to foretell the future, but to show you your own inner truth. It is not good enough to say 'These texts have been elaborated over three hundred years. None of this was there in the original.' You have only to be a writer yourself to see that this is not true. It was there in the original because, in the Sermon on the Mount and in other things, there is the voice of the prophet absolutely unmistakable. Then I had a great passion for Dostoevsky. T. E. Lawrence had said that the* Brothers Karamazov *was the fifth gospel, and I re-read the gospel more or less as a Dostoevskian work. In* Crime and Punishment *the murderer and the prostitute read the story of Lazarus together. This time I rediscovered certain passages (the woman taken in adultery) which are really works of almost literary genius, but there is more to it than that, of course. If Dostoevsky had thought of the bit about throwing the first stone I am sure that he would have been delighted. In the end it amounts to three quite different* données. *Later I was brought back to the gospel by the fact that I had been an orientalist by training when I first considered Buddhism, and in the end Buddhism is one enormous negation. The one point in common is compassion. Finally, as you may have read in my Antimémoires, when I was condemned to death, or rather when I thought that I was condemned to death, I asked (I was in a convent) for the Gospel of St. John. I re-read the Gospel of St. John face to face with death and found it rather disappointing. I had thought that I was going to find there what I felt that Dostoevsky would have hoped to find, a sort of equivalent of the Sermon on the Mount, and St. John is the most profound of the gospels. Nevertheless, in the face of death, there seemed to be a certain superficiality about it which I might not have found in some other texts. No, not the Sermon on the Mount, because 'Love one another' has not much meaning in the face of death, but Lazarus....*

"The word 'God' makes me think of a matchbox, in which you can either put a large number of matches, or take some of them out. When we say "God" do we mean the creator? Or do we not mean the creator at all but simply ultimate human ends, or whatever gives the world meaning? Do we perhaps mean the transcendental form of fraternity? One thing is certain: that there is in the human heart a feeling of ultimate powerlessness. What I mean is, whether you like it or not you are going to die, whether you like it or not you are going to grow old and fall ill and so on. Everything in the human situation which does not depend on human beings is what I call this feeling of powerlessness. Modern civilisation is busy trying to drown this feeling of powerlessness, but it refuses to drown, even in whisky. It is much stronger than civilisation, and we cannot face going on like this indefinitely....

"In fact, I am quite sure that we shall not have to go on like this indefinitely. Either humanity will rise to the height of the problem and manage to make some sort of reconciliation between this powerlessness and what we may call the cosmos (whatever you call it, we shall no longer be alone with our powerlessness) or else a new religion will arise, which will amount to almost the same thing. I believe that our present way of thinking about the fundamental problems of reality is entirely provisional and can only satisfy us in so far as science, which hoped to provide a complete explanation, can offer us a little ray of hope....

"And it is by this ray of hope that we manage to live. No one in our civilisation thinks that he really understands life, but many feel that they shall come to understand it. And there are still some of us who think that we shall never understand...."

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thought of the young Marxist and revolutionary. *Qu'est ce que m'importe ce que m'importe tout seul?* he asks; of what interest to me is anything, if it only interests me? And he quotes a conversation between two characters in one of his novels (I think *La Condition Humaine*), in which the contrast is clearly exemplified. "What is a man?" says one of them. "A wretched heap of secrets." And the other replies: "*Un homme est ce qu'il fait*—a man is what he does."

As examples of one kind of *antimémoires*, Malraux quotes those which, like the memoirs of General de Gaulle or *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, are on the whole the record of some great purpose successfully achieved; he might equally have quoted the war memoirs of Winston Churchill. But what kind of "truth" can we find in such writings; that is to say, the "psychological" truth, dragged up from the lower depths, which we have learned to regard as the only valid criterion of value either in autobiography or biography? And what other criterion of truth can we apply here than truth to "life," in all its most obscure and mysterious recesses?

Not at all, says Malraux. "No one now believes, after the funeral effigies of Egyptian sculpture and the paintings of the Cubists, that a self-portrait or even a portrait has no other object than to imitate its original, but we still believe this to be true of the literary portrait. ... Yet Joinville's St. Louis, Bossuet's portraits, are certainly no less valuable than the characters in the Goncourt Journals, even though they are idealisations. Truth must come first? I doubt whether Michelet's *Napoléon*, a rather inferior pamphlet, is any truer than his *Jeanne d'Arc*, an admirable panegyric. We know how sensitive Stendhal was to the *petits faits vrais*; but why not to the great ones? To show what Napoleon was like at Austerlitz is certainly as much worth while as to describe his mania for smearing the King of Rome's face with jam. And perhaps there are other reasons for the victory of Marengo than Josephine's adultery."

Thus in the *Antimémoires* we must not look for the *petits faits vrais* of Malraux's life and character; we shall find more of them, set down with malice as well as admiration, in the memoirs of his first wife, Clara Malraux. For this reason, perhaps, some readers will complain that his book tells us very little of the real motives and forces which have inspired his wildly adventurous and colourful career. But what Malraux is interested in is, not himself, however we may interpret the self, but the great, high, moments of his life which he feels have a significance which extends far beyond the confines of his own personality, like the moment when in 1925 on board ship to the Far East, he read the news-flash which, he says, "announced Asia's return into history"; THE GENERAL STRIKE HAS BEEN DECLARED IN CANTON. It was, he says later, the first general strike; and the words of the bulletin were the first words of his first novel.

ANOTHER OF THOSE MOMENTS, for Malraux at least, was his first meeting with General de Gaulle. One hopes that those who are leading, or trying to lead, us into Europe will read Malraux's account of it, because in some ways it expresses better than anything else I have read some of the fundamental ideas which inspire the General in his attitude both to Europe and our entry into it. One is surprised somehow to learn that the meeting did not take place until as late as 1946; one had felt that the acquaintance was of longer standing, but in fact when Malraux was fighting in the Resistance he was fighting under the flag of a leader he had never seen. Thus the General's first words to Malraux were: "First of all: your past." A strange begining, thought Malraux; but perhaps it was no more surprising than Malraux's reply, coming from a future Minister of Culture.

"It's very simple. I engaged in a struggle, for the sake, let us say, of social justice. Perhaps, more exactly: to give men a chance.... I was president, with Romain Rolland, of the World Committee against Fascism, and I went with Gide to Hitler—who did not receive us—to protest against the trial of Dimitrov and the other alleged incendiaries of the *Reichstag*. Then there was the Spanish war, and I went to fight in Spain. But not in the International Brigades, which did not yet exist, and to which we gave the chance of coming into existence; the communist party was making up its mind. ... Then there was the war, the real one. Then there was the defeat, and like many others, I married France.... When I returned to Paris, Albert Camus said to me: Must we then choose one day between Russia and America? In my case, the choice is not between Russia and America, but between Russia and France. When a weak France faces a strong Russia, I no longer believe a word of what I believed when a strong France faced a weak Soviet Union. A weak Russia wants popular fronts, a strong Russia wants popular democracies.

"Stalin said in my presence: 'At the beginning of the Revolution, we waited to be saved by the European Revolution, and now the European Revolution waits for the Red Army'.... I do not believe in a French Revolution made by the Red Army and sustained by the G.P.U.—any more than I believe in a return to 1938...."

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This short passage summarises the experience of an entire generation and no one has lived that experience more intensely and more fully than Malraux, and no one perhaps has it touched less than General de Gaulle. Yet his own experience, so different from Malraux's, had led him to strangely similar conclusions; both, in Malraux's phrase, had "married France." When Malraux left, he tried to analyse what it was in de Gaulle that had so strangely impressed him, what it was that "made him equal to his myth." But "the only character General de Gaulle called to mind at that moment, not by likeness but by contrast, as Ingres calls Delacroix to mind, was Trotsky. . . ."

YET HOWEVER DEEPLY ENGAGED Malraux is by politics, we are never able to forget that he is primarily a writer, an artist, an intellectual. In those experiences he has recorded here, of storm over Asia, of political struggle, of war and civil war, it is not so much their political or even their historical significance that he values, but something of the same profound mystery in them which one feels in looking at works of art, at Egyptian sculpture, the statues of Angkor-Wat, a French cathedral. Why should I take the trouble to remember? he says, and replies: "Because, having lived in that shadowy country of the mind and of fiction which is the country of the artist, and later in that of struggle and that of history, having known at the age of twenty an Asia whose agony brought into the light the meaning of the West, I have many times met with those moments, sometimes insignificant, sometimes spectacular, in which the fundamental enigma of life appears to each of us as it does to almost any woman looking at the face of a child or almost any man looking at the face of a corpse. In all the appearances which surround us, in all that I have seen of struggle against humiliation, and even in you, sweet spirit, of whom one asks what you are doing on this earth, life like the gods of vanished religions has shown itself to me like a strain of an unknown music."

"I have called this book *Antimémoires*," he says, "because it answers a question which memoirs do not ask, and does not answer the questions which they do ask."

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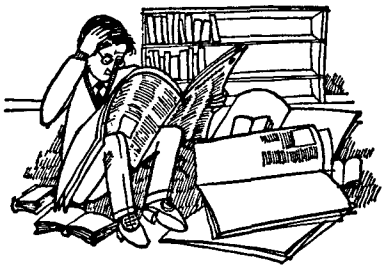

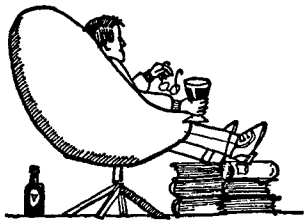

Geopolitics can seem
Unnerving to the student
In a world where reign supreme
Not nice men, nor prudent.
Never shirk it! Face the worst!
Evade the news no longer,
Simply have a Guinness first;
Soon you'll feel much stronger!

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Pragmatic Anarchism

By Herbert Read

. . . while it is true that the conclusion of a syllogism follows from the premisses in quite a different sense from that in which a knee-jerk follows from the doctor's tap, it seems reasonable to say that, just as I cannot help jerking my knee once I have been tapped, so I cannot help assenting to the conclusion once I have grasped the premisses.

D. H. MONRO: *Godwin's Moral Philosophy*

THE APPEARANCE of a comprehensive collection of writings on the anarchist tradition[1] gives me an opportunity to review my own anarchist convictions, which have now lasted for more than fifty years. I date my conversion to the reading of a pamphlet by Edward Carpenter with the title *Non-Governmental Society*, which took place in 1911 or 1912, and immediately opened up to me a whole new range of thought—not only the works of professed anarchists such as Kropotkin, Bakunin and Proudhon, but also those of Nietzsche, Ibsen, and Tolstoy which directly or indirectly supported the anarchist philosophy, and those of Marx and Shaw which directly attacked it.

I use the word "conversion" to describe the experience because it was undoubtedly quasi-religious; I was at the same time slipping away from the Christian faith I had acquired from a pious family background. And yet my new beliefs were not idealistic—in spite of all appearances to the contrary, I am not an idealist, but rather, in the sense defined by Unamuno, a quixotist, and a practical rather than a speculative or meditative quixotist. Unamuno tells us that "the philosophy of Don Quixote cannot strictly be called idealism: he did not fight for ideas. It was of the spiritual order; he fought for the spirit." In exactly the same way the type of anarchist I am does not fight for ideas: he is not an ideologist of any kind, but rather a pragmatist. The editors of *Patterns of Anarchy* recognise this: "The positive goal of anarchism, then, can be regarded as a consistently individualised pragmatism." Philosophically anarchists are nearer to deflaters of idealism such as John Dewey and Karl Popper than to Utopian socialists such as Karl Marx or Lenin. All forms of historicism are profoundly repugnant to the true anarchist.[2]

Nevertheless, anarchism is a social or political philosophy, and the editors of this anthology, as they proceeded, became "more and more amazed at how many perceptive social theorists have spoken in the anarchist tradition." They present 57 selections from 41 writers, including 8 critics of anarchism. There are many other writers they might have quoted, including some who have made important contributions to anarchist thought, such as H. B. Brewster, Gustav Landauer, and Martin Buber, and they perhaps rightly exclude those many writers who have expressed an anarchist philosophy though they may never have used the word anarchism —Zeno, Lao Tse, Chuang Tse, Thoreau, Shelley, Nietzsche, Morris, Ibsen, Gandhi, Vinoba, Wilde, Camus, Silone, A. S. Neill, and Lewis Mumford. Personally, just for the fun of it, I would have included Marx's famous statement about "the withering away of the state."

THERE IS PERHAPS only one belief or dogma common to all professed anarchists, the fundamental one that is indicated by the word itself in its literal meaning—a way of life *without government*. But this is a negative definition, a fact from which the movement has always suffered, though its critics should have recog-

[1] *Patterns of Anarchy*, edited by Leonard I. Krimerman and Lewis Perry (New York, Anchor Books).

[2] Bakunin made this clear in his criticism of Marx's "idealism." The only universal law in human history, said Bakunin, is the struggle for existence. Historicism arises from the fallacy that thought is prior to life, and abstract theory prior to social practice.

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nised that the assertion of a negation always implies, not only a prior thesis, but a leap forward to a synthesis, which in the case of anarchism is the "consistently individualised pragmatism" mentioned by our anthologists. This positive doctrine requires far more explanation than will be found in *Patterns of Anarchy*, and my present intention is to contribute to such further explanation. But before doing so I would like to mention some legitimate points of difference among anarchists, all of which, however, are resolved in the final synthesis.

THE ANARCHIST is committed to the decentralisation of power in the political sense. Does this also imply decentralisation in the economic sense, the reversal of those processes that have led to the big city, the giant factory, the multiple store, and other concentrations of human activity? I believe it does, for reasons not essentially anarchist, reasons which are given in one of the contributions to *Patterns of Anarchism*, namely, that such a tendency is

> much more in consonance with the basic trends of modern technics than the centralised State economics of the Marxists.... Specialisation of industry and gigantic units are a liability under conditions demanding flexibility and ease of adaptation. And they will become superfluous with the growing mobility of power, its wider distribution from central energy stations.

The writer ("Senex") gives many other reasons which favour this process of decentralisation, and in this respect architects such as Frank Lloyd Wright, sociologists such as Lewis Mumford, and contemporary planning experts generally, have come to conclusions similar to those that have always been advocated by anarchists.

But do anarchists accept what is in effect a technological civilisation, or are they, as so many people suspect, instinctive Luddites, opposed to the whole concept of mechanisation, yearning for a return to a more primitive pattern of life?

There is a certain justification for this suspicion if one confuses anarchism with the medievalism of William Morris and the romantic distributivism of Catholics such as Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton. But actually most of the leading anarchists have been scientific in their outlook—Kropotkin, who did so much to establish anarchism as a political philosophy, notably so. For Kropotkin (as Krimerman and Perry point out) the justification of anarchism is primarily an empirical task,

> to be carried out by close and comprehensive observation of such facts as might be gathered by a biologist or anthropologist. Human culture manifests an evolving pattern and direction, which it is the function of the anarchist philosopher to record, much as celestial motions and patterns are recorded by the astronomer. And when this is accomplished, so Kropotkin maintains, it will be clear that anarchist communism is the conclusion towards which all the data of biology, anthropology, and history are directed.

As political "gradualism" this seems to lag behind even the extreme Fabianism of Karl Popper. Kropotkin's ultimate appeal as a scientific anarchist, according to Krimerman and Perry, is not to what ought to be, but to what is or what is steadily evolving. Kropotkin himself renounced all forms of utopianism. The following extract from one of his little-known pamphlets makes this clear:

> The anarchist thinker does not resort to metaphysical conceptions (like "natural rights," the "duties of the state," and so on) to establish what are, in his opinion, the best conditions for realising the greatest happiness of humanity. He follows, on the contrary, the course traced by the modern philosophy of evolution.... He merely considers society as an aggregation of organisms trying to find out the best ways of combining the wants of the individual with those of co-operation for the welfare of the species. He studies society and tries to discover its *tendencies*, past and present, its growing needs, intellectual and economic, and in his ideal he merely points out in which direction evolution goes. He distinguishes between the real needs and tendencies of human aggregations and the accidents (want of knowledge, migrations, wars, conquests) which have prevented these tendencies from being satisfied. And he concludes that the two most prominent, although often unconscious, tendencies throughout our history have been: first, a tendency towards integrating labour for the production of all riches in common, so as finally to render it impossible to discriminate the part of the common production due to the separate individual; and second, a tendency towards the fullest freedom of the individual in the prosecution of all aims, beneficial both for himself and for society at large. The ideal of the anarchist is thus a mere summing-up of what he considers to be the next phase of evolution. It is no longer a matter of faith; it is a matter of scientific discussion....

THIS DOCTRINE MIGHT NOT seem to differ in any respect from the aims of *laissez-faire* liberalism or democratic socialism, but the anarchist differs profoundly from these political parties in his conception of means. Any form of government, and particularly representative government, he sees as a perpetuation of class-rule, and therefore as conflicting with the necessary evolution of the individual towards greater potentialities of consciousness and fullness of life—what Kropotkin called "the natural growth of altruis-

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tic feelings, which develop as soon as the conditions of life favour their growth." That this prospect involved profound problems of ethics and individual psychology was evident to Kropotkin: his last work, unfinished, was a treatise on ethics. Its purpose was to demonstrate that "the moral sense is a natural faculty in us like the sense of smell or of touch." This moral sense arises in the course of evolution, even within the animal kingdom, and can be expressed by the one word *solidarity*, that instinct without which, in times of danger, society would perish.

Kropotkin's insights into the origins of morality have been powerfully reinforced by the scientific observations of Dr. Konrad Lorenz, one of the most distinguished of contemporary ethologists. The following passage from his most recent book, *On Aggression* might have been written by Kropotkin:

> Left to itself, reason is like a computer into which no relevant information conducive to an important answer has been fed; logically valid though all its operations may be, it is a wonderful system of wheels within wheels, without a motor to make them go round. The motor power that makes them do so stems from instinctive behaviour mechanisms much older than reason and not directly accessible to rational self-observation. They are the source of love and friendship, of all warmth of feeling, of appreciation of beauty, of the urge to artistic creativeness, of insatiable curiosity striving for scientific enlightenment. These deepest strata of the human personality are, in their dynamics, not essentially different from the instincts of animals, but on their basis human culture has erected all the enormous superstructures of social norms and rites whose function is so closely analogous to that of phylogenetic ritualisation.

The phylogenetically determined principle of mutual aid has been perverted again and again in the course of history, always in the name of some abstract principle—"the abstract trinity of law, religion, and authority." The anarchist recognises the danger of all such abstractions. I repeat, he is a pragmatist, or more specifically, a pragmatic realist. He does not believe in any philosophical or political doctrine (not even in anarchism) except in so far as it results in actions that are in accordance with the creative or positive tendencies in human evolution. Ideas and knowledge are instruments in the service of a communal solidarity: aspects of mutual aid. Mutual aid is the only "phylogenetically adapted mechanism of behaviour" (Lorenz) of a progressive and self-preservative tendency in an evolutionary situation that otherwise is predatory and destructive. It is the predatory tendency, regressive from an evolutionary point of view, that is expressed in the capitalist and *laissez-faire* philosophies of politics.

ANARCHISM, nevertheless, is highly critical of the scientific attitude as it is usually expressed in politics, which is seen as a threat to liberty. A distinction is made, already by Bakunin, between the exact or natural sciences and "such sciences as history, philosophy, politics, and economic science, which are falsified by being deprived of their true basis, natural science." With uncanny prescience Bakunin saw the future development of a State in which the scientist would be enthroned as a despot far more restrictive of the people's liberties than any military despot of the past. "A scientific body entrusted with the government of society would soon end by devoting itself not to science but to quite another interest. And that, as in the case with all established powers, would consist in its endeavour to perpetuate itself in power and consolidate its position by rendering the society placed in its care even more stupid and consequently ever more in need of being governed and directed by such a body." In this connection Bakunin makes an interesting comparison of science and art:

> Science cannot go outside the realm of abstractions. In this respect it is vastly inferior to art, which, properly speaking, has to do with general types and general situations, but which, by the use of its own peculiar methods, embodies them in forms which, though not living forms in the sense of real life, none the less arouse in our imagination the feeling and recollection of life. In a certain sense it individualises types and situations which it has conceived; and by means of those individualities without flesh and blood —and consequently permanent and immortal— which it has the power to create, it recalls to our minds living, real individuals who appear and disappear before our eyes. Science, on the contrary, is the perpetual immolation of fugitive and passing, but real life on the altar of eternal abstraction.[3]

Much that Bakunin wrote about science seems to anticipate Orwell's *1984*. He accepted science, but he feared scientism, which he saw as almost a branch of Marxism. "So long as it forms a separate domain, specially represented by a corporation of savants, this ideal world threatens to take the place of the Eucharist in relation to the real world, reserving for its licensed representatives the duties and functions of priests." This danger could only be avoided

[3] Bakunin's writings are not easily accessible in English. Unless otherwise stated my quotations come from the excellent anthology compiled and edited by G. P. Maximoff: *The Political Philosophy of Bakunin: Scientific Anarchism* (Glencoe, Illinois, The Free Press, 1953).

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"by means of general education, equally available to all, to dissolve the segregated social organisation of science, in order that the masses, ceasing to be a mere herd, led and shorn by privileged shepherds, may take into their own hands their historic destinies." But writing in 1871 Bakunin did not foresee the immense distance that, nearly a hundred years later, would separate any conceivable form of general education from the specialised arcana of modern science. The sinister combination of scientism and statism can now be broken only by the abolition of the state.

In spite of Bakunin's deep interest in science Kropotkin remains the greatest exponent of a scientific anarchism, but since Kropotkin's time his ideas have been immensely reinforced by the development of individual psychology. To appreciate the relevance of this psychology to anarchism we must return to the philosophical foundations of anarchism and to certain "stated or assumed premisses" of anarchism. They occupy "a pivotal position" in the Krimerman-Perry anthology, and they are nothing less than the perennial problems of ethical and political philosophy.

THESE PROBLEMS—questions of what sort of life men *ought* to live and the sort of society that will permit them to live a life that is both morally imperative and intrinsically desirable—all resolve into the one question of personal freedom. (Questions of rights and duties, of authority and coercion, are all subordinate to this one concept.)

Our anthologists begin by pointing out that Hobbes' definition of liberty as the absence of external impediments would not be acceptable to the anarchist thinkers they present in this section of their book (they include Godwin, Kropotkin, Max Stirner, Nicholas Berdyaev, Adin Ballou, and Stephen Pearl Andrews). The anarchist standard of what is ultimately desirable, and of what society should preserve,

> resides in a more constructive ideal which they alternatively designate as "the sovereignty of the individual" (Andrews), "personality" (Berdyaev), "independent judgment" (Godwin), "self-ownership" (Stirner), and so on. Correct or not, this unanimous rejection of the Hobbesian notion of freedom for a more positive chief good provides a unifying theme in anarchist thought.

None of the writers quoted in this section of the anthology is specifically a psychologist, unless Max Stirner's deep and original analysis of the ego is to be called psychological (Freud may have owed something to it). *Der Einzige und sein Eigentum* (*The Ego and his Own*[4]) is a work of considerable power and originality. Marx was so impressed by its threat to his position that he devoted hundreds of pages in *The German Ideology* to its refutation. His attack was so effective that the work has been unjustly neglected ever since, except in Germany (in the margin of Marxist studies) and in France where Victor Basch devoted a comprehensive study to it and, more recently, Albert Camus paid tribute to it in *L'homme revolté*.[5] Stirner attacks all ideologies, all concepts and abstractions, all of which without exception demand a surrender of the individual will. The state, of course, above all, for whatever its constitution it is always a despotism, above all when it assumes power in the name of "the people." Even freedom is a delusion. "Who is it that is to become free?" Stirner asks. "You, I, we. Free from what? From everything that is not you, not I, not we.... What is left when I have been freed from everything that is not I? Only I; nothing but I. But freedom has nothing to offer to this I himself." Why not proclaim your own identity without further ado? "Freedom" merely awakens your *rage* against everything that is not you; "egoism" calls you to *joy* over yourself, to self-enjoyment. "Freedom" is and remains a *longing*, a romantic plaint, a Christian hope for unearthliness and futurity; "ownness" is a reality, which *of itself* removes just so much unfreedom as by barring your own way hinders you. What does not disturb you you will not want to renounce; and, if it begins to disturb you, why, you know that "you must obey yourselves rather than men!"

AGAIN WE SEE the realism, the anti-idealism that is at the base of the anarchist position. Stirner's attack on the State, which is fierce and sustained (and the source of Nietzsche's similar attack) is motivated by this intense feeling that it establishes and legalises a mythical entity that deprives the individual of his uniqueness, of his very self.

> What is called a State is a tissue and plexus of dependence and adherence; it is a *belonging together*, a holding together, in which those who are placed together fit themselves to each other;

[4] A translation by Steven I. Byington was originally published in 1913. It was reprinted by the Libertarian Press, New York, in 1962.

[5] A new work on Stirner has been published in Germany: *Die Ideologie des anonyme Gesellschaft*, by Hans G. Helms (Cologne, Dumont Schauberg Verlag). It runs to more than 600 pages, including a bibliography of 90 pages. Helms sees in Stirner an "apostle of the middle classes" and a forerunner of fascism, a point of view which can be maintained only by ignoring what is most fundamental in Stirner—his rejection of every kind of ideology. A more balanced view of Stirner's significance may be found in Martin Buber's *Between Man and Man* (Collins, Fontana Library, 1961), pp. 60–108.

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> or in short mutually depend on each other; it is the *order* of this *dependence*.... The State seeks to hinder every free activity by its censorship, its supervision, its police, and holds this hindering to be its duty, because it is in truth a duty of self-preservation. The State wants to make something out of man, therefore there live in it only *made* men; every one who wants to be his own self is its opponent....

What remained in Stirner an affirmation of selfhood and a stubborn opposition to the State in all its collective and repressive aspects has now become a characteristic of the good bourgeois. The modern anarchist tends to ignore the State as an anachronism which, powerful and intrusive as it is, is destined not so much to wither away, but to become the obvious and indefensible instrument of tyranny, and in this sense it is no longer worth arguing about. The millenary statists, the scientific "experts," the professional economists and career politicians, will continue to support it and to extend its powers, but by the people at large the State is now universally hated and from the State's point of view we are all impenitent criminals, tax-evaders and delinquents, or witless citizens waiting to be penned in various social categories or houses of correction—municipal estates, comprehensive schools, hospitals, defence corps, peace corps, collectives of every kind. Against this conception of man has arisen (or rather, has been revived, for in the East it is an ancient doctrine) the conception of man as an individual who becomes whole and even "god-like" by deliberate dissociation from the collective psyche.

THE LITERATURE of individual psychology is now immense, and none of it, from Freud and Adler to Jung, Piaget, Rank, Burrow and Fromm can be neglected if we would arrive at an appreciation of its range, its therapeutic pretensions and its effectiveness. It would serve no purpose to discuss here the therapeutic aspects of individual psychology; what is relevant is the description of the personal psyche in relation to the collective psyche, and the distinction which Jung in particular makes between the undifferentiated ego instincts and the achieved personality or "Self." For the sake of simplicity I shall take Jung's description of the process of "individuation," which is that part of individual psychology that has most relevance to a philosophy of anarchism.

The individual has, of course, always stood in opposition to the group—to the family group, the environmental group, the tribe, and the nation. All psychologists agree that most if not all of the individual's troubles come from maladjustment to one or more of these groups, and psycho-therapy has been concerned largely with techniques of reconciliation.

In one direction an extreme maladjustment leads to complete alienation and narcissism; in the opposite direction to loss of identity and participation in various forms of mass hysteria. The ideal to be achieved is not so much an uneasy balance between these two tendencies as the achievement of a separate indivisible unity or "whole," with firm foundations in education and creative activity.

Jung is the best guide to the process because his knowledge is the most eclectic and his exposition the most detailed. An acceptance of the hypothesis of the unconscious (which is the basis of all contemporary psycho-analytic theory and practice) is of course necessary, but the evidence for this is so manifest (in dream activities, for example) and has for so long been the common assumption of all religions and philosophies that we need not pay particular attention to those few mechanists or behaviourists such as H. J. Eysenck who deny its realities. I believe it could be shown that they are merely using a different language to describe identical phenomena.

Jung wrote many (not always consistent) descriptions of the individuation process. The following,[6] long as it is, is the shortest that gives an adequate account of it:

> For the development of personality, then, strict differentiation from the collective psyche is absolutely necessary, since partial or blurred differentiation leads to an immediate melting away of the individual in the collective. There is now a danger that in the analysis of the unconscious the collective and the personal psyche may be fused together, with, as I have intimated, highly unfortunate results. These results are injurious both to the patient's life-feeling and to his fellow men, if he has any influence at all on his environment. Through his identification with the collective psyche he will infallibly try to force the demands of his unconscious upon others, for identity with the collective psyche always brings with it a feeling of universal validity—"god-likeness"—which completely ignores all differences in the personal psyche of his fellows. (The feeling of universal validity comes, of course, from the universality of the collective psyche.) A collective attitude naturally presupposes this same collective psyche in others. But that means a ruthless disregard not only of individual differences but also of differences of a more general kind within the collective psyche itself, as for example differences of race. This disregard for individuality obviously means the suffocation of the single individual, as a consequence of which

[6] From *Two Essays on Analytical Psychology*, trans. by R. F. C. Hull, §240. New York (Bollingen Series); London (Routledge & Kegan Paul), 1953.

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the element of differentiation is obliterated from the community. *The element of differentiation is the individual. All the highest achievements of virtue, as well as the blackest villainies, are individual. The larger a community is, and the more the sum total of collective factors peculiar to every large community rests on conservative prejudices detrimental to individuality, the more will the individual be morally and spiritually crushed*, and, as a result, the one source of moral and spiritual progress for society is choked up. Naturally the only thing that can thrive in such an atmosphere is sociality and whatever is collective in the individual. Everything individual in him goes under, *i.e.*, is doomed to repression. The individual elements lapse into the unconscious, where, by the law of necessity, they are transformed into something essentially baleful, destructive, and anarchical. Socially, this evil principle shows itself in the spectacular crimes—regicide and the like—perpetrated by certain prophetically-minded individuals; but in the great mass of the community it remains in the background, and only manifests itself indirectly in the inexorable moral degeneration of society. *It is a notorious fact that the morality of society as a whole is in inverse ratio to its size; for the greater the aggregation of individuals, the more the individual factors are blotted out, and with them morality, which rests entirely on the moral sense of the individual and the freedom necessary for this.* Hence every man is, in a certain sense, unconsciously a worse man when he is in society than when acting alone; for he is carried by society and to that extent relieved of his individual responsibility. Any large company composed of wholly admirable persons has the morality and intelligence of an unwieldy, stupid and violent animal. The bigger the organisation, the more unavoidable is its immorality and blind stupidity (*Senatus bestia, senatores boni viri*). Society, by automatically stressing all the collective qualities in its individual representatives, puts a premium on mediocrity, on everything that settles down to vegetate in an easy, irresponsible way. Individuality will inevitably be driven to the wall. This process begins in school, continues at the university, and rules all departments in which the State has a hand. In a small social body, the individuality of its members is better safeguarded; and the greater is their relative freedom and the possibility of conscious responsibility. *Without freedom there can be no morality. Our admiration for great organisations dwindles when once we become aware of the other side of the wonder: the tremendous piling up and accentuation of all that is primitive in man, and the unavoidable destruction of his individuality in the interests of the monstrosity that every great organisation in fact is.* The man of today, who resembles more or less the collective ideal, has made his heart into a den of murderers, as can easily be proved by the analysis of his unconscious, even though he himself is not in the least disturbed by it. And in so far as he is normally "adapted" to his environment, it is true that the greatest infamy on the part of his group will not disturb him, so long as the majority of his fellows steadfastly believe in the exalted morality of their social organisation.

I have italicised three passages in this long quotation which seem to have a particular relevance to anarchism—indeed, they might have come from the writings of an anarchist, as might many other passages in Jung's works.[7] There are just one or two further points that need emphasis if we are to understand the process of individuation.

For example, the emancipated individual cannot wholly escape from the collective psyche, nor is it desirable that he should. Jung confesses that he is always astonished to find how much of so-called individual psychology is really collective—"so much, indeed, that the individual traits are completely overshadowed by it. Since, however, individuation is an ineluctable psychological requirement, we can see from the superior force of the collective what very special attention must be paid to this delicate plant 'individuality' if it is not to be completely smothered." But this is just to admit that the process of individuation is a long and severe discipline.

Secondly, it should be emphasised that individuation does not imply isolation. Jung himself has said: "Since the individual is not only a single entity, but also, by his very existence, presupposes a collective relationship, the process of individuation does not lead to isolation, but to an intenser and more universal collective solidarity." This brings us back to Kropotkin and to mutual aid (and to Martin Buber and his concept of "dialogue"). The ego, we might say,

[7] Indeed, Jung sometimes seems to echo Stirner's very words—*e.g.*: "Individuation means becoming a single, homogeneous being, and, in so far as 'individuality' embraces *our innermost, last, and incomparable uniqueness*, it also implies becoming one's own self. We could therefore translate individuation as 'coming to selfhood' or 'self-realisation.'" (*Two Essays*, §266.) The similarity is, of course, all the more striking in the original German of both writers.

It is also interesting to observe that Kropotkin used the word "individuation" (or "invividualisation") long before Jung. Man in an anarchist society, he wrote, "would be enabled to obtain the full development of all his faculties, intellectual, artistic, and moral, without being hampered by overwork for the monopolists, or by the servility and inertia of mind of the great number. He would thus be able to reach full *individualisation* which is not possible either under the present system of *individualism*, or under any system of state-socialism in the so-called *Volkstaat* (popular state). . . ."

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achieves his own in order to offer it, in mutual trust to "the other."

THE PSYCHOLOGIST (more particularly the psycho-therapist) thinks in terms of a situation that needs correction: his concern is "the cure of souls." From a more general sociological point of view the anarchist must think of the process of individuation as an educational one. Krimerman and Perry recognise that anarchism has distinctive and revolutionary implications for education and, indeed, assert that "no other movement whatever has assigned to educational principles, concepts, experiments, and practices a more significant place in its writings and activities." Tolstoy is seminal in this respect, but the eleven extracts on education make the most impressive of all the contributions to this anthology, from Godwin to Paul Goodman.

Education has been my own particular concern. It is not often realised how deeply anarchist in its orientation a work such as *Education through Art* is and was intended to be. It is of course humiliating to have to confess that its success (and it is by far the most influential book I have written) has been in spite of this fact. I must conclude that I did not make my intention clear enough, but I still hope that the message has been most effective in the degree that it has been most innocently received. My stress in that book was precisely on the individuation of a self—a whole chapter was devoted to "Unconscious Modes of Integration" and in the first chapter I stated that in my view an answer to the question: *What is the purpose of education*? could only be given within the terms of a libertarian conception of democracy. (I should have said "of socialism," for democracy implies a governmental exercise of power.) I then went on to define this purpose as the concurrent development of the "uniqueness" and the "social consciousness or reciprocity" of the individual. "As a result of the infinite permutations of heredity the individual will inevitably be unique, and this uniqueness, because it is something not possessed by anyone else, will be of value to the community." Uniqueness, I declared, has no *practical* value in isolation. "One of the most certain lessons of modern psychology, and of recent historical experiences, is that education must be a process, not only of individuation, but also of *integration*, which is the reconciliation of individual uniqueness with social unity."

I STILL BELIEVE that individuation must proceed *pari passu* with integration, and that an anarchist philosophy must include this concept of reconciliation. Both processes are implicit in Kropotkin's concept of mutual aid, and in Buber's concept of reciprocity (the instinct for communion, *Verbundenheit*). Stirner would have rejected a word like *Verbundenheit*, with its implication of a bond, of a chain on the ego's liberty. Anarchism owes much to Stirner's realism, and we feel that his philosophical importance has been ignored. (Krimerman and Perry point out that it offers "a possible, and largely ignored, approach to the philosophical problem of free will. . . . If a man does not own the acts he performs, can these be counted as voluntary actions or are they simply responses to factors over which he himself has no control? Can one be held to account for conduct which stems from beliefs and goals, or ideals and interests, of which one is not the owner?") Nevertheless, we must recognise that the individual is inexorably compelled to find a place in society and undergo some process of integration simply because otherwise he will lapse into schizophrenia. The individual may possess his self, become his "own," only to find that the result is an intolerable sense of isolation.

ALL OBJECTIONS to anarchism reduce to the one of impracticality. But none of its critics has considered anarchism as a long-term process of individuation, accomplished by general education and personal discipline—that is to say: from a socio-psychological point of view. I have already noted that Krimerman and Perry come to the conclusion that anarchism must now be regarded as *a consistently individualised pragmatism*, and objections on the score of innate human depravity or selfishness are thus obviated by the anarchist's insistence on reformative education and environmental transformation.

The new interpretation of anarchism now put forward may not seem to differ much from the rational liberalism of Karl Popper, but I think it does so in two ways. In the first place, the anarchist cannot abandon the revolutionary myth, much as he may realise with Popper that revolutionary *methods* can only make things worse. Rebellion, as Camus has said, is still today "at the basis of the struggle. Origin of form, source of real life, it keeps us always erect in the savage formless movement of history." But rebellion, Camus argued, always demands, defends and re-creates moderation. "Moderation, born of rebellion, can only live by rebellion. It is a perpetual conflict, continually created and mastered by the intelligence." We cannot do without that tension, that dynamic equilibrium.

In the second place, anarchism differs profoundly from liberalism in its attitude to in-

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stitutions. The liberal regards institutions as the safeguard of personal liberty. Popper points out, quite truly, that Marxists have been taught to think in terms not of institutions but of classes. "Classes, however, never rule, any more than nations. The rulers are always certain persons. And, whatever class they may once have belonged to, once they are rulers they belong to the ruling class." True enough. But what guarantee do we have that the same persons will not exercise a stronger and more tyrannical power under the cover of institutions? Is not that precisely the kind of tyranny we are experiencing now, the tyranny of "the back-room boys," the faceless "experts" who control our institutions, our civil service departments, merchant banks, economic councils. Institutions in the modern world are megalomanic, self-perpetuating, and viviparous. They do not protect personal liberty: they legalise tyranny and spread its invisible tentacles into every cell of life.

That is why anarchism, however much it may have changed its methods or strategy, remains committed to the non-governmental principle, which implies the breakdown of all centralised institutions—of nations, of federations, of constitutions, of conglomerations of every kind. Not only does the anarchist believe that that government is best that governs least; he does not accept any form of external coercion that prevents the free development of the fully integrated personality.

My own belief is that such a development of the personality will never conflict with what Popper calls "the authority of objective truth." But finally I must insist with Paul Goodman ("no other contemporary anarchist rivals Paul Goodman in imagination and scholarship") that freedom is not the same thing as *laissez-faire*. Freedom must be understood in a very positive sense: "it is *the condition of initiating activity*. . . . The justification for freedom is that initiation is essential to *any* high-grade human behaviour. Only free action has grace and force." But free *action*! There is nothing in the anarchist philosophy to justify indifference, complacency, or anything but a pragmatic activity patiently and consistently directed to a revolutionary end.

Gathering Sticks

Snow in the wind and pinesmoke blown back
Down the awkwardly patched-up chimneystack
On her house that's at home by the wood.
Gathering sticks in the frosty dell
I stop to watch that smoke I know well
Which has come from the fire of her mood.

Sticks will be chopped and new water drawn
From the spring in the side of a winter dawn
By others, that's understood.
But will they turn back with cleaner hearts
Through snow and wind to where the smoke starts,
And with better fire in their blood?
Perhaps they'll just turn, as I turn now,
Not knowing why, and not caring how,
With a love that does no one much good.

Robert Nye

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NOTES & TOPICS

The Politics of Forster's India

By Andrew Shonfield

OCCASIONALLY a novelist tells one what prompted him to choose a particular nationality or religion or race for one of his key characters. It can be revealing information which illuminates suddenly the author's view of a wide expanse of the world in which he lives. Thus, Conrad on Nostromo, a hero who steals a shipload of silver in a Central American republic and then with enormous caution refrains from exploiting his booty except in the most secret and modest way, says:

> I did not hesitate to make that central figure an Italian. . . . I needed there a man of the People as free as possible from his class conventions, and all settled modes of thinking. This is not a side snarl at conventions. My reasons were not moral but artistic. Had he been an Anglo-Saxon he would have tried to get into local politics. But Nostromo does not aspire to be a leader in a personal game, he does not want to raise himself above the mass. He is content to feel himself a power—within the People.[1]

But sometimes the lack of explanation for the choice of nationality for some key character in a novel forces on the reader's attention a problem about what Conrad calls the "moral reasons" of the author. This is the experience that I have on re-reading *A Passage to India*. A writer who sets out to pose the great questions raised by the intrusion of British imperial power into Indian life and to do so in terms of intense personal relationships with heavy symbolic overtones, would surely, one might have expected, have found it necessary to place one or more Hindus at the very centre of the drama. Instead Forster chose to make the main character, Aziz, a Moslem. Not only that: the social life of Indians described in the novel, the main group of Indians who figure in the story, and even most of the subsidiary characters who play a part in the conflict with the British community are Moslem. "Why," asks Lionel Trilling,[2] "so many Moslems and so few Hindus?" The Hindu characters who do appear, like Godbole (the Professor) and Das (the Judge in the trial of Aziz) are puppets made of clockwork—albeit clockwork of an inscrutable design, whose inner working is never revealed except in so far as it serves to ensure certain mechanical notions in the plot.

I find Professor Wilfred Stone's recent attempt,[3] in an otherwise perceptive study of Forster, to treat *A Passage to India* as a work centred on Hindu thought and feeling wholly unconvincing. It would indeed have been extraordinarily wilful to choose as the vehicle for a Hindu book of this sort a long story about the friendship that failed between a Moslem and an Englishman. There is, in any case, no evidence that Forster, at the time that he was writing, was especially concerned or influenced by Hindu mythology. The connection between the symbol of the Indian cave-temple and his story of the Marabar Caves occurred to him, according to his own account, sixteen years after the novel was published—in 1940 when he visited a photographic exhibition of Indian cave temples at the Warburg Institute. The notion that the "Godbole vision" is the key to what Forster was trying to say at the time is simply eccentric: in fact Godbole is, during most of the action, a slightly more articulated version than usual of that stock character of English fiction, the Inscrutable Oriental. His static, opaque quality serves as a foil to the impulsiveness of Aziz and to the openness of Fielding, the English liberal. Indeed, the trouble with Mr. Stone's approach to *A Passage to India* is that he crams it so full of symbolic meanings that

[1] *Nostromo* (1904), Author's Note (1917).
[2] *E. M. Forster, A Study* (Hogarth Press, 1944, revised edition 1967).
[3] *The Cave and the Mountain* (O.U.P., 1966).

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there is no room left for the ordinary purposes of speech or action. Aziz cannot even say "Madam! Madam! Madam!" in remonstration to Mrs. Moore without having this related to "the Hindu invocation to the three-in-one." It is a help in resisting Mr. Stone's extraordinarily erudite and sustained effort to bemuse the reader of the novel to remind oneself of Lionel Trilling's insistence that its essential pattern is consistently "simple and entirely easy to grasp." Indeed it is. Part III of the novel, entitled "Temple," which ventures a little into the field of Hindu thought is, except for the set piece of the Hindu Festival, rather insubstantial and in places positively banal.

WITHIN THE NOVEL the imbalance between Moslem and Hindu points, I believe, to a wider lack of balance. This was, after all, an important political novel, and must have been recognised as such by the author. It is not entirely clear what Forster meant when he said many years after that "political views" in *A Passage to India* are of "secondary or tertiary" importance. If he meant that particular statements about political policies made by the characters are relatively unimportant, there is no difficulty in following him. But it is surely clear that the drama of the book revolves round a conflict of political attitudes. It was written at a turning-point in Indian history, when the Congress Party under Gandhi's leadership had emerged after World War I as the first serious political challenge ever to be presented to British authority, and it carries a harsh message to the rulers about the consequences of their methods of government. It exercised a powerful influence on the thinking of a whole generation of British liberals from the mid-1920s until the grant of Indian Independence in 1947. And it continues to be celebrated today as a great literary work with a political theme of enduring significance —the struggle of the liberal British conscience with the realities of British imperial power. That is my excuse for re-examining its politics in the twentieth anniversary year of Indian independence.

The book, it is true, is primarily about personal relations. But its theme is about how these personal relations are distorted by politics. The distortion provides a measure of the size of the political problem. "Why can't we be friends now?" says Fielding to Aziz at the end of the book. The two men are on horseback arguing with one another furiously as they ride across some open country. Aziz's attitude, for all his anger, is ambivalent: he "half kisses" Fielding. "But," the novel concludes,

> the horses didn't want it—they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it... the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House... they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, "No, not yet," and the sky said "No, not there."

Of course it is true that with British rule in India over, a friendship between an Englishman and an Indian of the type that Forster dependence as the most sophisticated democratic of the book is surely much stronger than that. It is that the British community in India is not prepared to give way an inch to accommodate the Indians in a tolerable human relationship, and secondly that after the mistakes already made, it is almost certainly too late for the Indians to respond to any new initiative. There is no hint in the description of life at Chandrapore either of the germ of an Indian political society, which has emerged since Independence as the most sophisticated democratic system in Asia, or of a civil service manned by Indians, which has in fact provided during the past twenty years the most competent administrative apparatus in the Third World. Forster leaves one with no hint that the upper-class Indians in his story might conceivably be capable of forming an effective government which would actually run the place. They are too frivolous, too facile in their emotions. They burn themselves out too quickly.

The British, on the other hand, are curiously lacking in emotion—except on the one subject of hostility to the Indians. They are able to maintain their power and rule successfully, it seems, because they lack any deep feeling. There is an exaggeration of spoilt childishness on the Indian side, particularly in the behaviour of Aziz, and this is matched by a kind of bleak *adultness* in the English. The latter are only half mature but, perhaps on that very account, are rigid, brave, and narrow in an emergency. More remarkably there is not the slightest trace of humour shown by any member of the British community (other than the Exceptional Man, Fielding), even of humorous kidding. As Mrs. Moore says of her son, who has become one of the group, the characteristic behaviour is that of "an embittered schoolboy." By contrast the Indians around Aziz—but Moslems only—are full of fun and jokes and horseplay.

THE QUESTION that one is bound to ask oneself in retrospect is whether people as insensitive and stiff and ingrown as the British community of Forster's novel could have adapted themselves fast enough in the subsequent twenty-odd years to make possible, indeed to nurture, the steady growth of Indian administrative authority which led to the transfer of power in 1947. There must have been more

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give somewhere than Forster was able to detect. This is not to say that the details of his picture of the British Club and of the collective reaction of its members in a particular situation of strain were false. But as an account of something which purports to be typical of Imperial India, the picture distorts: something essential has been left out—some sensitiveness to Indian feelings and conventions, some attachment on the part of at least a significant minority of the rulers to the people whom they ruled. Otherwise how explain the remarkably smooth transition from this lot of administrators to their successors when Independence came in the late 1940s? And how explain, later on, the feeling which one could hardly miss as an Englishman in post-Independence India that the élite of the country, in particular inside the government machine, assumed there existed a special shared understanding with the British about the problems of India—with the British more than with anyone else. The assumption continues to be made by many of the surviving members of the old Indian Civil Service who manage the administration of India today. It is highly improbable that the attitudes and relationships arose suddenly out of the single act of decisive abdication by the Attlee government in 1947. To illustrate the case at the other extreme—the equally decisive withdrawal of the Belgian government from the Congo in 1960 never helped the Belgians much.

Nor does the contemporary evidence about the attitudes of British officials, when Forster was writing, support his picture of total intransigence, immobility standing pat on established privilege. Thus, to take an example quoted by Philip Woodruff in *The Men Who Ruled India* (1953), Sir Evan Maconachie, a senior official, wrote in the mid-1920s, after his retirement, that the majority of the Indian Civil Service by then shared his view that

> It is absurd to suppose that a handful of foreigners from across the seas can continue to rule indefinitely hundreds of millions of orientals on the patriarchal lines pursued . . . down to the time of the recent reforms [the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms of 1919].

It was of course true, as Woodruff points out, that many of these men, who contemplated the ultimate abdication of their power, could not bring themselves to believe that the Indians would succeed in running their districts as well as they did themselves. But this is a very different view from that which ruled the feelings of Forster's British Club, the view that the only language which the local inhabitants would understand was the language of force or the threat of force backed by its visible presence. The Englishmen who were reluctant to hand over to people who, they assumed, would be less competent than themselves, have, in fact, quite a lot in common with Forster's lonely and enlightened hero, Fielding. See, for example, Fielding's irritated answer to Aziz in the argument about the future of British imperial rule in the final passage of the book: "Away from us, Indians go to seed at once." Apart from Fielding, no Englishman appears who has any vision of, or indeed interest in India's future. The spirit of improvement is entirely absent. Nor is there any sense of the remarkable project on which the British embarked after World War I and which occupied them steadily, with short interruptions for bouts of impatience or arrogance, until the end of World War II, of involving Indians in the actual business of government so that an increasing range of power passed into their hands. Of course this process did not occur smoothly and many Englishmen objected to it at the time; but it is strange that there is no hint in Forster's novel that the process was even seriously considered.[4]

One is inclined to suspect that it was the desire for artistic neatness rather than lack of knowledge which led Forster to ignore these political complications which ought to have had some effect on the postures of his characters. They would merely distract the reader from the simplicity of the central issue. But the trouble is that the central issue is about politics. The simplification may make the artistic landscape more tidy, but it subtracts some flesh and blood from the personal relationships about which the story revolves. The symbols hang too heavily on the people as they move from one scene to the next.

Was the choice of the Moslem instead of the Hindu at the centre of the story a simplification too? Hardly. Even on Forster's terms, the Hindus were stranger, more alien to the British, more distant from Western civilisation than the Moslems. If he wanted the novel to play out the drama of the clash between east and west, the Hindu would clearly serve his purpose better. Moreover, he was writing just at the time when the Hindu middle classes had emerged as a political and commercial force.

[4] See the account by Professor D. A. Low of the remarkable stubbornness with which the central government of India, during the crisis of public order in 1921–2, persisted with its programme of political reforms, in the face of hesitations in London and open protests from the provincial governors. Some of the governors wanted to close down the dialogue with the Indian politicians and resort to simple force. But the Viceroy, Lord Reading, and his Council successfully resisted them. ("The Government of India and the first non-co-operation movement." *Journal of Asian Studies*, February, 1966.)

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Professor C. H. Philips describes the situation in the 1920s as follows:

> Throughout India the contrast between Hindu wealth and progress on the one side and Muslim poverty and backwardness on the other was becoming plain.[5]

The challenge to the British, it was evident, was coming from the Hindus. Observing Forster's failure to register this fact, Nirad C. Chaudhuri suggested, in a highly perceptive essay published in these pages back in 1954,[6] that what largely determined the choice of subject-matter for the novel was the accident of whom Forster happened to get to know while he was in India.

> As an Englishman paying a short visit to India, he naturally saw far less of Indians in general than of his own countrymen, and of the Indians with whom the latter had official business or perfunctory social relations.

And Chaudhuri adds that Forster could not have arrived at an understanding of "the more important area" of British relations with India "without going considerably out of his way and making a special effort." There is something in this: a certain intellectual indolence probably played some part in the result. But I cannot believe that this by itself would have sufficed in an observer with as wide a range and as keen a political sensibility as Forster, unless there had been a more wilful element in the process. He could understand very complicated politics when he wanted to—see, for example, his essay on "The Mind of the Indian State" from which I quote below—but he preferred, for the purposes of this novel, not to bother with the complications. Chaudhuri comes nearer the mark, I believe, when he comments on Forster's eagerness to "appeal in a political case to the court of humane feelings," and to do so directly, impatiently, with no allowance made for the need to study the less obvious facts of politics. The moral conclusion is all—and it must be arrived at quickly.

It may seem an unsatisfactory reason, but it does seem that one of the reasons why Forster chose to put the Moslems in the centre of his Indian story was simply that he liked them. Chaudhuri suggests that in this he was merely following the conventions of the British ruling class: "he shares the liking the British in India had for the Moslem." But there were other more specific grounds for his preference: he liked them, he has explained, because he found them intelligible. He makes the point in a letter written from India in 1921. "I do like Islam, though I have had to come through Hinduism to discover it. After all the mess and profusion and confusion . . . it was like standing on a mountain." And again, in another letter a couple of months later, sent from the Moslem-ruled state of Hyderabad:

> I have passed abruptly from Hinduism to Islam and the change is a relief. I have come too into a world whose troubles and problems are intelligible to me: Dewas [the princely state where Forster was private secretary to a Hindu Maharajah] made much ado about nothing and no ado where a little would have been seemly.

Considering how much of Forster's time, especially during his second visit to India in 1921, was spent among Hindus—for a large part of it as an Englishman on his own, mixing energetically in the life and pleasures of the provincial palace society where he was employed—it is remarkable how little he seems to have to say about these people when he comes to construct his work of fiction about India. The Hindu characters in it are either inscrutable or wooden, and sometimes both. They are people who are quite incapable of inspiring interested emotion in the reader, largely no doubt because they are also incapable of expressing any genuine emotion themselves. When they act in a private sense it has the air of a drawing-room charade. Yet the letters which Forster wrote during his visit and his subsequent commentary on them in *The Hill of Devi* leave one in no doubt that his residence at Dewas was a major emotional experience. "It was," he says, in the introduction to the book, which is dated Cambridge, 1953, "the great opportunity of my life." As to the Maharajah, with whom he formed a close and exciting friendship, his judgment, also written in 1953, has the authentic ring of Bloomsbury extravagance. "He was certainly a genius and possibly a saint, and he had to be a king." This echoes the spirit of the 1921 letter from India where he describes him as "one of the sweetest and saintliest men I have ever known" and goes on to add that his goodness "goes with deep insight into character and knowledge of the world." This, incidentally, is the same letter in which he speaks of his escape from the Hindus to Islam as "a relief."

What is one to make of this curiously unsorted mixture of emotion? Perhaps there was a disappointment and a reaction. It is true that as one reads the account of Forster's growing attachment to the young Maharajah one almost expects to come across a sentence like that tossed out in a kindred context by Keynes, another Cambridge-Bloomsbury man of the same vintage, when telling the story of a similarly formal yet intense relationship which arose, at

[5] *New Cambridge Modern History*, Volume XII (1960), p. 216.

[6] "Passage To and From India," ENCOUNTER, June 1954.

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a date not far distant in time from Forster's experience with his Maharajah, in the course of a long negotiation with a member of the German Armistice Commission in 1919. Describing a particularly strained interview with this man, Dr. Melchior, a Hamburg banker who was trying to induce the Allies to send food supplies into defeated and hungry Germany, Keynes remarks, "We both stood all through the interview," and adds: "In a sort of way I was in love with him."[7] But there is no evidence that could support the hypothesis that a comparable emotion, if indeed it existed in Forster, was converted by some unhappy event into a feeling of revulsion towards the Maharajah.

On the contrary, he continued for the rest of the Maharajah's life to take a close and friendly interest in his doings. It is evident that Forster was still brooding over the detail of this man's attitudes and behaviour when he was writing *A Passage to India* after his return to England. The Maharajah's experiences push their way into the novel, though they come up in a curiously distorted form. There is, for example, the story of the ghost who tried to kill the Maharajah. In *The Hill of Devi* Forster makes the incident the occasion for saying that he had on more than one occasion "wondered whether the Maharajah might possess super-normal faculties." What had happened was that two people in a motor car had been charged by an animal as they were crossing a bridge near Dewas, so that the car swerved and nearly hit the parapet of the bridge. Forster describes the Maharajah's reaction to the story as follows:

> His Highness sat up keenly interested. "The animal came from the left?" he asked.
> "Yes."
> "It was a large animal? Larger than a pig but not as big as a buffalo?"
> "Yes, but how did you know?"

[7] "*Dr. Melchior: A defeated enemy*" in *Two Memoirs* (1949).

Past

LOVING *all of it even while he had to hate some of it because he knows now that you don't love because: you love despite; not for the virtues, but despite the faults.* WILLIAM FAULKNER

THE IDEA OF FINALLY SEEING *my five Berlin broadcasts in print appeals to me. You would have thought that by this time, taking into consideration the fact that I am on excellent terms with the British, French, and American Governments, and that the B.B.C. and I are like Héloïse and Abélard, people would have realised that there could not have been anything very subversive in them. But not so. There was a review of a recent book of mine in one of the papers over here (i.e., the U.S.A.) which said: "... Gone are the memories of the nightmare which was visited upon him in World War II, when his Nazi captors persuaded him to broadcast from his Upper Silesian prison appeals to his British countrymen to surrender to the Madman of Berchtesgaden."*

Twelve years ago, when I was a slip of a boy of sixty, a crack like that would have cut me to the quick, but one advantage of being a septuagenarian is that you don't cut easy. When there is so little time left and one may cease ticking over at any moment, it seems silly to worry about anything. Nowadays I'm like the fellow who said he didn't much mind what people wrote about him in the papers, so long as they spelled the name right.

Still, if that is the story that is going the round of the clubs, it might be as well to print the broadcasts just for the record.

P. G. WODEHOUSE

DIFFERENT CULTURES DIFFER WIDELY *in the degree of effectiveness of their schooling in submissiveness. Yet, in history up to date, there has been no schooling that has been able to guarantee to tyrants that their subjects will not revolt at last at some intolerable turn of the screw. The revolting-point may be reached sooner in Irishmen than in Germans, and sooner in Germans than in Russians or in Chinese; but in all human beings, hitherto, there has always been a point at which the worm has turned. Even when we have made all allowance for the application of new psychological techniques in the service of tyranny, past experience seems to make it unlikely that human tyrants will ever succeed in taking mankind right out of history, so long as human life—and, with it, Man's mulish nature —continues to survive on Earth.*

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

A CIVIL WAR OCCUPIES *in the life of a nation somewhat the place that a nervous collapse occupies in the life of an individual. It signifies a breakdown of the patterns of response and control; and it creates a great tormenting perplexity which lingers and exhausts until it can be finally resolved. If psycho-analysis can be the means of resolution for the individual, when memory, sufficiently provoked and confronted, passes from aggravation to healing, so history in a rough way can be a means by which a nation comes to terms with the agonies of its past. As therapy, history is no doubt even less reliable than psycho-analysis. Still, case histories are often interesting even when they do not conclude in a cure; and the permutations of historical inter-*

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"You couldn't be sure what animal it was?"
"No, we couldn't."
He leant back and said, "It is most unfortunate. Years ago I ran over a man there. I was not at all to blame—he was drunk and ran on to the road and I was cleared at the inquiry, and I gave money to his family. But ever since then he has been trying to kill me in the form you describe."
The three of us were awestruck. *But he had told the story in an ordinary tone of voice and went on to ordinary things....* [my italics]

Compare this with the fictionalised version which emerges in *A Passage to India*. There it is a Moslem, the Nawab Bahadur, who is involved in a motor car accident near a place where he had run over and killed a drunken man nine years previously. The ghost who is held responsible, in almost identical circumstances to those of the real life incident, becomes a very special and exclusive fact.

The man continued to wait in an unspeakable form close to the scene of his death. None of the English people [who had been with him in the car] knew of this, nor did the chauffeur; it was a racial secret communicable more by blood than speech.

What has happened here is that the whole emphasis on the everyday quality of the experience, its ordinariness, in the original Hindu version of a human spirit in an animal's body, has become overlaid with a thick Moslem mystery. The Englishmen, indeed all the persons of alien blood, are excluded from the communion. The story is then used as one more in a whole series of symbolic sequences in the novel to express the separateness of the Indians and the failure of communication with their British masters. It also leads into a passage where Aziz, alone of the Moslems present, expresses his modernity by refusing to be impressed by the ghost story. "I want you to promise me," he says to another young man who is present, "not to believe in Evil Spirits and if I die... to bring

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pretation may cast light on a nation's inner tensions, even if the tensions survive.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

"CAN A MACHINE THINK *as well as a human being?" There is an imitation game which might provide a satisfactory answer to this question. Basically the game is for the computer to try to make its human opponent believe that it is a human being. In order to remove irrelevant considerations, such as its shape, all communication with the machine is to be by a teleprinter. The player is then at liberty to ask the machine any question he likes and, after a suitable interval, a reply comes back over the teleprinter. The problem is for him to decide, from the answers, whether the teleprinter is being operated at the far end by a man or by a machine. The game might go as follows:*

QUESTION: *Add 17 and 49.*
ANSWER: *66.*
QUESTION: *Multiply 314159 by itself.*
ANSWER *(after about five minutes): 98696034011 (this is incorrect).*
QUESTION: *Let's start a game of Chess. 1. P-K4.*
ANSWER: *P-K4.*
QUESTION: *Write me a sonnet.*
ANSWER: *Come off it, old man, you know I can't do that sort of thing.*
QUESTION: *What is your favourite food?*
ANSWER: *Strawberries and cream.*

If the humanity of the operator was still in doubt after half an hour of this sort of question and answer, it would be impossible to deny that the machine was capable of imitating human thought processes to a very large extent.

No machine at present can play this game at all, but the type of programme required is relatively simple (though immensely long) and in the next ten years or so we shall see machines which can keep half of their opponents in doubt for five minutes. I think this may be a rather optimistic estimate, but I have no doubt that ultimately it will be possible to produce such a machine.

CHRISTOPHER STRACHEY

THERE IS NO DENYING *that all military training teaches all soldiers that their duty may require them to commit abominable actions. The crime of the SS was not that they were the first to depart from the moral standards acknowledged by our civilisation, but that they followed accustomed and tolerated departures to lengths not dared before them by people of civilised tradition, or people who took pride (as they did) in being civilised. Their crime was not in their originality but in their excess. They took certain normal patterns of behaviour to their logical conclusions, and it may have been that in many cases they were surprised when they found that the highway of normalcy ended in crimes whose vastness and horror are almost beyond imagination. It remains to say that in less civilised lands those crimes are still being committed today, as they always have been, and that no one today should feel quite certain that civilisation and barbarism are the separate things of common belief.*

CHRISTOPHER SYKES

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up my three children to disbelieve in them too." Thus the event, which in its original Hindu form had made Forster wonder about the possibility of "super-normal faculties" is converted by the context to which it is transferred into a piece of vulgar Moslem superstition.

THE PROCEDURE IS, I believe, characteristic of the unconscious method of distortion which Forster adopted in his novel about India. He seems to have preferred to look at the scene from the wrong end of a telescope. Perhaps he felt it was a necessary simplifying device. He has recounted the difficulty that he experienced with the writing of the novel, which he had begun before his 1921 visit to India.

> I used to look at them [the pages] of an evening in my room at Dewas, and felt only distaste and despair. The gap between India remembered and India experienced was too wide. When I got back to England the gap narrowed and I was able to resume.

One of the means that was used to bridge the gap was evidently to get rid of the awkward Hindus, with whose ways Forster had become familiar, and to replace them with manageable Moslems. Considering that he was trying to present the conflict between Indians and British at the very moment when the Hindus had just emerged as a revolutionary force under the leadership of Gandhi, towing a small company of Moslems behind them, this version of the story was bound to be misleading. It ignores altogether the reality of the politics of opposition to the British—just as the account of the attitudes on the British side leaves no room for the reality of the major shift of authority which had begun to occur during these early years of the 1920s.

The key decision on the locus of authority was the start in turning the Indian Civil Service over to the Indians. Under the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, one-third of the posts in the I.C.S. were reserved for Indians. Although they had been theoretically free to compete on equal terms with the British, the actual number of Indian appointments had reached a bare five per cent before the First World War. The proportion rose to 40 per cent by the beginning of the Second World War, and to nearly 50 per cent by the date of Indian Independence.[8] In the transfer of effective responsibility for the business of government the British in India moved much faster and further than the French or any of the other European colonial powers.

IT WAS NOT ONLY that the British themselves were engaged between the wars in a novel political exercise; the Indians who were affected by it, including those who were bitterly opposed to British rule, took the aspirations and ideals of their masters far more seriously than could be guessed from Forster's novel. There was a genuine ideological interchange, a recognition by Indians that the British had created for themselves at home a political society which merited respect and imitation. The interchange was often heated and sometimes bitter, particularly so when the Indians argued that some action by the British in India was an affront to British political principles. It was not the dialogue of the deaf which is the theme of *A Passage to India*. The independence struggle itself, particularly Gandhi's shrewd insight that British political methods were peculiarly vulnerable to the technique of non-violence, to the mere withholding of consent, was based on a clear recognition of British virtue as well as weakness.

However, one gets the impression that Forster had little understanding and no sympathy for the complicated and courageous politics of the Indian independence movement. He was aware of it all right, but insisted on treating it like noises off. Thus, the one brief reference in the letters of his 1921 visit to India (published in *The Hill of Devi*) records: "...under our feet were crowds of the Nagpur people, the most fanatical and anti-British in India, all contemptuous or indifferent, and many of them wearing the white Gandhi cap." While his pen is marvellously subtle in delineating the way in which the feelings of individual Indians were twisted and their personal relations crippled by the presence of the British rulers, he fails entirely to register the deep personal involvement of the Indian élite in British culture and British spiritual values. They were genuinely concerned; it was not a cheap imitative trick of a subject people. The relationship of Forster's fictionalised Indians with British ideas is essentially that of Babus; they are concerned only to be able to copy enough to make a short-lived impression on their masters. The way in which Aziz, who is presented as a doctor of some ability, deserts the principles of Western medicine and reverts to primitive methods as soon as he gets away from the British and sets up practice in a princely state, is most striking. It is symbolic of a kind of spiritual recidivism which is the hallmark of the Indians in Forster's fiction.

The result of all this is that Forster's novel fails as completely to equip one to understand the subsequent story of Indo-British relations, following independence, as Orwell in *Nineteen*

[8] See Richard Symonds, *The British and Their Successors* (Faber, 1966).

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Eighty-four fails to prepare one for even the possibility of the political evolution that occurred in the Soviet world after the death of Stalin. The point of this comparison is to stress that political interpretation is an integral part of Forster's book. Resting as it does on a drama of personalities rather than, like Orwell's, on the literary devices of satire and exaggeration, it might reasonably have been expected to allow room for the inclusion of a wider and more varied range of political ideas and sentiments, some of them cutting across the mainstream of the story. As it is, it is all too much of a piece —the stiff and humourless English, the volatile and superstitious Mohammedans, the withdrawn and inscrutable Hindus. Oversimplification of this sort gives the political content of the novel the quality of a narrow tract.

BUT DOES IT MATTER in the end to the enduring quality of the book as a work of art? I think it does, if only because it tends to make the draughtsmanship too facile. The effects are too easily come by, and so lose some of their human force. At their worst they are merely slick. There is, for example, the way that Aziz is described, after taking refuge as a doctor in an Indian princely state, as deeply content to get away from the oppressive presence of the British. Forster in fact knew better than that. In his essay, "The Mind of the Indian State," written in 1922 and republished in *Abinger Harvest*, he says:

> History is full of irony, and it is strange to reflect that those parts of India which the British deprived of independence are now the most independent. Not only is the individual safer and freer in them, but he has, if he chooses to take it, a greater share of political power. He may hate the British and have good reason for doing so, but he would not exchange their yoke for an Indian Prince's. . . .

Yet he makes his own fictional Indian doctor, whose whole story symbolises India's struggle to rid itself of the personal distortions imposed by the British presence, entirely satisfied to make the exchange. Aziz's satisfaction is no doubt intended to add point to the story of his symbolic withdrawal from all things British, including the friendship proffered by Fielding, which fills Part III of *A Passage to India*. But if Aziz has gone as far as this, in spite of the misgivings which would have been natural (according to Forster's own account) to a man of his background, then we might expect to find some hint of an internal struggle about the decision. Instead we are presented with an open-and-shut case. Once again the substance of Aziz's personality has been sacrificed to the simple mechanics of political symbolism.

A final comment on the atmosphere of Forster's Indian fiction is suggested by something which Forster himself says in another place in *Abinger Harvest*, in a penetrating and witty essay about Joseph Conrad. He points out that whereas Conrad's writing frequently seems to be leading towards some large philosophical assertion, and to be based on some carefully thought-out position on the major issues which he treats in his novels, there is, on examination remarkably little intellectual underpinning to the whole. There are merely a number of "opinions held under the semblance of eternity." The reason why they look as if they amount to something more serious and substantial, to what Forster calls a "creed," is that the opinions happen to be presented in a cosmic context— "girt with the sea, crowned with stars, and therefore easily mistaken for a creed." The accident of the material which the writer happens to make his own leads to the false expectation.

In a somewhat similar way the material of Forster's India at the zenith of British imperial rule led him to inflate the historical scale of his drama: the reader is given the sense of something portentous being played out. But it also induced Forster—and this is not anything he shares with Conrad—to tamper with characters, arbitrarily to change their shape and size, in order to fit them to the scale of the design that he had set himself.

Hitler as War Lord

BEFORE THE WAR, and still more during the conquest of the West, Adolf Hitler came to appear a gigantic figure, combining the strategy of a Napoleon with the cunning of a Machiavelli and the fanatical fervour of a Mahomet. After his first check in Russia, his figure began to shrink.

Towards the end he was regarded as a blundering amateur in the military field, whose crazy orders and crass ignorance had been the Allies' greatest asset. All the disasters of the German Army were attributed to Hitler; all its successes were credited to the German General Staff.

That picture is not true, though there is some

THIS NOTE *continues Sir Basil Liddell Hart's reconsiderations of military strategy in World War II. His article on "Churchill as War Leader," which caused much comment and controversy, appeared in the April 1966* ENCOUNTER. *Sir Basil's most recent work is his two-volume Memoirs (published by Cassell).*

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truth in it. Hitler was far from being a stupid strategist. Rather, he was too brilliant—and suffered from the natural faults that tend to accompany such brilliance. He had a deeply subtle sense of surprise, and was a master of the psychological side of strategy, which he raised to a new pitch. Long before the war he had described to his associates how the daring coup that captured Norway might be carried out, and how the French could be manoeuvred out of the Maginot Line. He had also seen, better than any general, how the bloodless conquests that preceded the war might be achieved by undermining resistance beforehand.

No strategist in history had been more clever in playing on the minds of his opponents—which is the supreme art of strategy.

It was the very fact that he had so often proved right, contrary to the opinion of his professional advisers, which helped him to gain influence at their expense. Those results weakened their arguments in later situations which they gauged more correctly. For in the Russian campaign his defects became more potent than his gifts, and the debit balance accumulated to the point of bankruptcy.

Even so, it has to be remembered that Napoleon, who was a professional strategist, had been just as badly dazzled by his own success, and made the same fatal mistake in the same place.

HITLER'S WORST FAULT in the Russian campaign was the way he refused to "cut his loss" and insisted on pressing the attack when the chances of success were fading. But that was the very fault which had been most conspicuous in Foch and Haig, the Allied commanders of the last war, as well as in Hindenburg and Ludendorff, who then held the German Supreme Command. All these had been professional soldiers.

Hitler also did much to produce the German armies' collapse in France by his reluctance to sanction any timely withdrawal. But, here again, his attitude was exactly the same as that of Foch. The vital difference was that in 1918 the commanders on the spot did not obey Foch more than they deemed wise, whereas in 1944–45 the German generals were afraid to disobey Hitler's orders. Hitler had a hypnotic power, which had a very marked influence on those who went to see him with the intention of putting forward their own views. They would start to argue their point, but soon found themselves succumbing to his personality, and in the end were brought to agree to a conclusion very different from what they had intended.

HITLER'S STRATEGIC intuition and the General Staff's strategic calculation might have been an all-conquering combination. Instead, they developed a discordance of aim and action that ultimately became the salvation of the opposing countries.

The older professional leaders trained under the General Staff system tended to prove highly efficient, but lacking in genius—save in the sense of "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Their immense ability carried its own limitation. They tended to conduct war more in the manner of chess than as an art, unlike the old masters of war. They were inclined to frown on fellow-professionals who had novel ideas, and were more contemptuous when such ideas came from amateurs. Most of them, also, were limited in understanding of any factors outside the military field.

Hitler was quicker to spot the value of new ideas, new weapons, and new talent. He recognised the potentialities of mobile armoured forces sooner than the General Staff did, and the way he backed Guderian, Germany's leading exponent of this new instrument, proved the most decisive factor in the opening victories. Hitler had the flair that is characteristic of genius, though accompanied by liability to make elementary mistakes, both in calculation and action. The younger soldiers he picked out and pushed on were often akin to him in these respects—especially Rommel, the most favoured military "upstart." Such men had an instinct for the unexpected and a greater sense of its incalculable value in paralysing opponents. They brought back into warfare, in a new guise, the classical ruses and stratagems which the established military teachers of the last half-century declared out of date and impossible to apply in modern operations. By Hitler's success in demonstrating the fallacy of orthodoxy he gained an advantage over the military hierarchy which he was quicker to exploit than to consolidate.

One of the able young generals he picked out and promoted, Hasso von Manteuffel, once gave me a very illuminating picture of him.

> Hitler had read a lot of military literature, and was also fond of listening to military lectures. In this way, coupled with his personal experience of the last war as an ordinary soldier, he had gained a very good knowledge of the lower level of warfare—the properties of the different weapons; the effect of ground and weather; the mentality and morale of troops. He was particularly good in gauging how they felt. I found that I was hardly ever in disagreement with his view when discussing such matters. On the other hand he had no idea of the higher strategical and tactical combinations. He had a good grasp of how a single division moved and fought, but he did not understand how armies operated. . . .
>
> He had a real flair for strategy and tactics, especially for surprise moves, but he lacked a

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sufficient foundation of technical knowledge to apply it properly. Moreover, he had a tendency to intoxicate himself with figures and quantities. He was too ready to accept paper figures, without asking if the numbers stated were available in reality. It was always the same whatever the subject might be—tanks, aircraft, spades, and so on.

Hitler's greatest fault and failure, however, was on the level of grand strategy—that of conducting war with a far-sighted regard to the state of the peace that will follow. While strategy is the very opposite of morality, as it is largely concerned with the art of deception, grand strategy tends to coincide with morality: through having always to keep in view the ultimate goal of the efforts it is directing.

In trying to prove their irresistibility in attack the Germans had weakened their own defences in many ways—strategic, economic, and, above all, psychological. As their forces spread over Europe, bringing misery without securing peace, they scattered widespread the germs of resentment from which resistance to their ideas would develop.

TO IMPOSE his peace Hitler needed complete victory—which he could not attain without conquering Britain—while the further he advanced elsewhere the more he enlarged his own problem in holding down the conquered peoples. Each step forward increased the dangers of a slip.

Britain's problem was a simpler one, though a hard one. She had to hold out until he made an irreparable slip—as Napoleon had done. Fortunately for her he made this slip very soon, before the strain on her had become crippling. And the slip became irreparable because his flair for offensive strategy was not matched by a corresponding sense of defensive strategy. The immensity of Hitler's earlier successes led him, as Napoleon had been led, to believe that the offensive offered a solution of all problems.

B. H. Liddell Hart

Interview with Günter Grass

Revolution (& Libel) on the German Left

WE'VE BEEN HEARING *a good deal about "Revolution" again in Germany these days. It's even being spoken of as a real possibility. What do you think?*

GRASS: In my view the danger—or possibility—of Revolution simply doesn't exist in the Federal Republic. It's even less likely than a *putsch*, and *putsches* come traditionally from the Right. Is "Revolution" conceivable? It seems to me we still haven't come to terms with the Revolutions of 1848 or 1918, let alone with the abortive workers' rising of 17 June 1953. All three attempts failed because only a section of the population was behind them. None of these sections could properly be described as "class conscious," and according to Marx and Lenin it requires a *class* to plan and carry out a revolution.

GÜNTER GRASS *is Germany's best-known young novelist, the author of* The Tin Drum (*1962*), Cat and Mouse (*1963*) *and* Dog Years (*1965*)—*all published by Secker and Warburg, who have also published his* Selected Poems (*1966*). *This interview by* DIETER ZIMMER *continues the discussion of the "Grass-Springer affair" and Berlin's "student revolution" on which R reported in his* Column *last month.*

—If we're to believe the new theorists of Revolution, it doesn't require a class after all. According to them Revolution depends on certain groups possessing the necessary understanding and manoeuvrability—the intellectuals and the students, for example.

GRASS: That sounds like a "philosophers' republic" to me, and when I think of the notorious contentiousness of our German professors, I have my doubts about the thesis. In any case a *Gelehrtenrepublik* strikes me as a new version of the theory of an élite—and this isn't for me any kind of an alternative to parliamentary democracy.

—Some time ago, in an article about writers and politics in Germany in the Times Literary Supplement *the poet Hans Magnus Enzensberger wrote: "The political system of the Federal Republic is beyond repair. We have only the alternatives: accept it, or replace it by a new system.* Tertium non dabitur. . . ." *Do you accept these alternatives?*

GRASS: No. Enzensberger hasn't got around yet to proving his point. I admit that parliamentary democracy in West Germany—and not only there—is going through a time of troubles. The first necessity, as I see it, is to get at the roots of this crisis. Just curing the symptoms isn't going to help much. Enzensberger's position seems to be at bottom a frivolous one, and just this frivolous approach to newly-won democratic

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freedoms has a certain tradition behind it in Germany....

—To the activist students your position seems wishful-thinking and naïve. To them, you're somebody who believes that social democracy can be secured by patient reformist action within existing institutions—whereas the students see our democratic structure as having lost all real content. To them, our "democracy" is simply illusory, and serves to camouflage a political system that is actually growing more and more authoritarian. Are you a wishful-thinker?

GRASS: Well, there is not very much to say about that: just another one of those theses. But as a definition of my political position, I'd accept much of what you say: so long as legal protest and opposition are possible, I will continue to believe in the evolutionary possibilities of developing a social democracy in Germany.

—Would you care to live in the revolutionary paradise of the Berlin student leader Rudi Dutschke?

GRASS: Actually, Dutschke's paradise strikes me as a bit soft-headed—it lacks even that element of naïve charm you find in his mentor, Professor Herbert Marcuse. More than that, I am afraid of systems of that sort. They lack any sense of tolerance—indeed they consciously reject the notion—and end up, even if that's not their intention, by becoming terroristic.

—What do you feel about "direct action" methods of the radical students? For example, the demonstrations at the Gruppe-47 *annual meeting? Or the recent incidents at the Frankfurt Book Fair?*

GRASS: The demonstrations I saw at the Book Fair struck me, I must say, as pretty poorly organised. It struck me, too, how poorly the demonstrators put their case and how some of them were tempted, because of this, to substitute violence for argument. And the violence degenerated, in the usual current fashion, into a kind of mildly amusing happening. For instance, it didn't occur to the demonstrators at the Greek stand to draw people's attention to the recent *Bundestag* debate on Greece—when a number of SPD deputies suggested suspending Greece's association with the Common Market until democracy was restored in that country. The tearing-up or—as at the *Gruppe-47* meeting—the *burning* of newspapers is something I cannot support, even when they are the newspapers of Axel Springer. I only wish these demonstrators—who probably think of themselves as being very left-wing—could see how fatally their methods resemble those of the far Right.

—You would make a distinction, then, between relatively peaceful slogans such as "Springer raus aus diesem Haus" *which recommends simple expulsion from the Book Fair and the more menacing* "Haut dem Springer in die Fresse" *which threatens violence?*

GRASS: I dislike both slogans. The last one might even have led me—if I'd seen and heard the fellow—to have taken some action to protect Springer against such degeneration of methods.

—Actually, it was a whole group of demonstrators. Can one pinpoint just when a legitimate demonstration degenerates into "terror"?

GRASS: I think terror begins with fear. When newspapers belonging to Springer approve of violence on the streets of West Berlin—or, for that matter, when students shout "*Haut dem Springer in die Fresse*"—the effect is *fear*. We know what the upshot was in the first case: a student was shot by a West Berlin policeman—the first incident of political murder in the Federal Republic. In the second matter I am afraid that once again, in Germany, left-wing and right-wing radicalism will be tempted into acts of political violence.

—After the student was killed (on June 2) his fellow students refused—surely rightly—to dissociate themselves from the radical groups in their own ranks. They refused to do what society seemed to want to do with them—to cast out and disaffiliate a minority group. Do you think this kind of unconditional solidarity is still feasible?

GRASS: The Berlin students were quite justified in dissociating themselves from the pseudo-solutions offered by the Grand Coalition of Kiesinger and Brandt. But if in silent solidarity they're going to leave it to others to carry on the debate, what they have to offer will in the end be little more than a mirror-image of the Grand Coalition itself.

—What ought the students to do then, to give political reality to their demands—many of which, after all, coincide with your views?

GRASS: First of all, I would like to see the students familiarising themselves a little more with German political realities. In this German half-state we have a crisis of political democracy on our hands, and it's not going to be solved without the help of the students. They have the right to demand, for instance, that a future Federal President does not make a parody of the national interest by ridiculous speech-making. Nor do I understand why the students accept, with so little show of resistance, the Chancellorship of a man who was a Nazi between 1933 and 1945. Or why don't the students object to a man like the CSU deputy

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Zimmermann—who deserves to face an investigating committee himself—being chairman of the *Bundestag* committee investigating the "Starfighter" crashes? I am astonished at the tolerance the students show in face of the scandalous delay Parliament has shown in some very important public matters. And surely not until we have shown that our own parliamentary democracy is well-anchored are we going to be of any help to the Afro-Asian world.

—To say that the students have swallowed all these things is perhaps unfair. Surely the point is that for them all these things are symptoms of a deeper crisis, and it is with that they're really concerned.

GRASS: If they're no longer interested in the day-to-day troubles of the Federal Republic, its scandals and delays, its concealed unconstitutionalism—if they have, in effect, written off parliamentary democracy in this country—they're going to find out one day that they've been playing the game of the far Right.

—It is true that you've declined to support the forthcoming "Springer Tribunal"?

GRASS: Yes, it is.

—Why?

GRASS: I'm not willing to support this "tribunal" because I'm against show trials in general. The Springer press is over-powerful, and undoubtedly is a threat to freedom of expression in this country. But this attempt to combat the danger by somewhat theatrical, and indeed quasi-totalitarian, means is likely to conceal the real danger. It is a waste of energies that we may well require tomorrow.

—Do you regard the case of Springer as something accidental, the unfortunate aspects of which could be dealt with by appropriate anti-trust legislation? Or do you too take the view that Springer's semi-monopolistic position is a necessary result of the system, and that only a change of system can eliminate the problem?

GRASS: Our society will only begin to change when we start taking the Constitution (*Grundgesetz*) seriously and stop watering it down. It would be a serious mistake to change the general framework. It's rather a matter of bringing constitutional and political reality into harmony.

—How do you see your own libel suit with Springer?

GRASS: I've just been sent the first "charges." I don't want this critique of mine of the Springer-*konzern*—which attempts to articulate a widely-felt discontent—to degenerate into a personal squabble between "Günter Grass" and "Axel Springer." It's not a question of my personal position, nor is it a question of Herr

'the story he tells us is strange enough without any imaginative additions' Michael Adams
Guardian

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Springer's millions: it's a question of the extent to which the Springer empire is prejudicing freedom of expression in the Federal Republic.

—Do you think that what in literature we used to call "social criticism" (it was a vague enough concept) has a future? Don't you feel that writers who are concerned with such things will have to give more thought—after the events of the past few months—to the presuppositions and the possible consequences of what they write?

GRASS: I have never cared overmuch for the term "social criticism"—an unfortunate borrowing from "Socialist Realism." The functions of literature are complex and frequently contradictory. Direct social criticism is only one of several functions literature enjoys. Any attempt to force literature into such a mould has the effect of undermining the viability of "social criticism" itself. But tell me, why are we talking so much about politics, and so little about literature?

—Politics seems to interest people more just now. Strange.

GRASS: Strange indeed—this hatred of literature that seems of late to have seized so many writers.

A Chinese Writer

Conversation in Peking — By ALBERTO MORAVIA

FROM MY VERY FIRST DAY in China I had been asking to meet an intellectual, a writer; but they had told me it would be difficult, that China's writers were very busy. Then suddenly one morning the telephone rang: a Writer was waiting for an interview. Where? In the lounge on my floor of the hotel.

There, face to face, sat the Chinese writer and I, with three interpreters—one young and lively and likeable, another a middle-aged man with a stuffy, formal air, and the third my own personal interpreter, a typically lean, dry, fussy, sardonic intellectual. The Writer was a rather hefty young man with a countrified air, a stout, heavy face and a jolly expression. He smiled a lot, but when he did so his jolly expression very oddly disappeared, and his smile became that of a teacher faced with a bored, pig-headed pupil.

I started with a few personal questions and so found out that he was 38 years old, born in Shanghai into a family of workers. He had published six novels and had written two plays. I asked him how many copies his novels had sold, and he looked at the ceiling: "One, in 1963, sold 400,000," he said. "The last one sold a million." I asked him how long the novel that sold a million took to write. "I spent six months with the soldiers in a province in the west, then wrote it in a couple of months," he said.

"Why with the soldiers?" I asked.

"It's a novel about soldiers," he replied. "To collect material and get some experience of soldiers."

"But good literature isn't planned, isn't manufactured like that," I said rather aggressively. "Literature should be free and spontaneous, it shouldn't be consciously prepared. . . ."

The writer was holding the red book of quotations from Mao—as indeed I was myself, and as were the three interpreters. He thumbed through it, opened it, told us the page, which we immediately looked for, and then read aloud:

"*All authentic knowledge comes from direct experience.*"

I realised I must reply in the same way—using Mao. Without hesitation I opened my copy, gave the others a page number, and as soon as they had found it read in a violently didactic tone: "*The fundamental cause of the development of things and of phenomena is not external but internal; it is found in the inner contradiction of things and of phenomena.*"

The writer was not too pleased at this. He smiled, but his eyes were glittering aggressively behind his spectacles. He opened the book again, gave us the page number, and read: "*We deny the existence, not only of an abstract and immutable political criterion, but of an abstract and immutable artistic criterion as well. Every class in every class society has its own political and artistic criteria. And any class in any class society sets the political above the artistic criterion.*"

Caught on the quick, I leafed through the book, gave him the page number, and read: "*Works without artistic value, even if they are progressive, are politically ineffectual as well.*"

With a rancorous smile the writer consulted Mao's book and proclaimed: "*Our literature and art must serve the great mass of the people, above all the workers, peasants, and soldiers.*"

I looked quickly through the book and retorted: "*We consider it would be prejudicial to the development of art and science to take administrative measures to impose a particular style or school and to forbid some other style or school.*"

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Now smiling angrily, the writer quickly came back with: "*Revolutionary culture is a powerful weapon of revolution for the masses. Before the revolution, it educates them ideologically; during the revolution it is an important and indispensable part of the general revolutionary front.*"

Gently and sweetly I replied from my book: "*In art and science the true and the false must be discovered in free discussion among artists and scientists, by the practice of art and science, and not by snap judgments.*"

THE WRITER REALISED I was anxious to end this pedantic, medieval duel using quotations from Mao, and suddenly fell silent, looking serious and expectant. Then suddenly I realised that although I was curious about him, about China and things Chinese, he showed no curiosity about me, or about Europe and things Euro-

MORAVIA: *In all my forty-two years* de métier *I have never re-read a single one of my books. Why should I? It doesn't matter to me. Since writing* Gli Indifferenti *(1929), I have not passed one day without writing something, except when I was ill or during the war. Once they are finished, books belong to their readers. They no longer concern the author.*

——And your next novel?

MORAVIA: *My next book, which is to come out very shortly, is not a novel. It is an account of my journeys in China. I have just returned, after having given up all hope of getting there. I was refused a visa in Rome and then in Hong Kong. Finally I managed to get one in Toyko. I only went to China for one reason: the Cultural Revolution. I received one overwhelming impression: that of being in front of an enormous class, attentive as if they had been mesmerised and drinking in every word, each and every word, of the one and only professor, outside of which there is no salvation. The Red Guards are really children,* de vrais enfants. *Children who have been entrusted with the care of souls. It is an* idée geniale. *The sort of idea that only a poet could have, and it is too easily forgotten that President Mao Tse-tung was originally a great poet. Doubtless he is one still, even though he refuses to let his work be read. It is all withdrawn from circulation.*

——For what reason?

MORAVIA: *The same as that for the suppression of the Peking Opera. The political irrelevance of literary work, of Art for Art's sake. There are no more books in China: or at least only one, the little red gospel which every Chinese carries about with him, to which he refers in all circumstances, which he knows almost by heart and where he looks, never doubting that he will find it, for the answer to any question which is not immediately obvious to him. Any question whatever. They are not a violent people. They are just beginning to find their life-style, but it is a style which rejects, which really abhors the civilisation of comfort. That is what is original about their revolution. They make no demagogic promises. Mao and his army of children will promise neither riches nor ease to these people, who are so endlessly grateful to their leader for having delivered them from famine; this mass of humanity who, according to Mao, comprised 90% of the world's illiterates. On the contrary, they preach an ascetic ideal.*

——And does all China accept this doctrine of of poverty?

MORAVIA: *The people accept it. A people who, for the moment, live only by the moral precepts and rules of conduct of one book where, according to them, all is revealed.*

——It is an attitude for mystics. How do they value private life, personal feelings and sentiments, intellectual or artistic tastes?

MORAVIA: *There is no more private life in China; no more intellectual or artistic life. It is all politics. Will it last? At the moment they think of nothing but propaganda and every act, every thought, is subject to this over-riding imperative. China does not want war, and has nothing to gain by it. But they are convinced of their own political superiority to all other peoples. So much so that they are completely indifferent to what is happening outside their own frontiers. I was never asked a single question on what was going on in France, England, or Italy or anywhere in Europe. They are just not interested. "Our" universe has no interest for them. The only thing that I was asked was whether we knew and studied the Red Book. My reply, that only a few sympathisers were familiar with the works of Mao, was greeted more with pity than with anger, and, above all, with the most profound astonishment. How could we live without the gospel?*

——But can you associate yourself with Mao when he says "There is in reality no such thing as art for art's sake, as art independent of class or existing outside of politics and unaffected by them"?

MORAVIA: *No, I cannot share that conviction. It must be admitted that, at the moment, the art being produced in China derives from Socialist Realism, but with this difference from the Russian product that Chinese culture rests on a thousand-year-old tradition.*

LA QUINZAINE LITTÉRAIRE

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pean. This, I said to myself, was another very Chinese characteristic. The Chinese think themselves, and probably are, self-sufficient: never show curiosity about anything foreign, never ask questions or show any interest. China is a star that moves on its own in the cultural firmament: leaving it, looking out towards Europe, is like making an interplanetary voyage, like trying to explore Mars and Venus and the Moon.

So he was silent and so was I; and at last it was I who broke the silence.

"What do you think of Lukács?"

"I don't like him, he's a revisionist."

"And Sartre?"

"He refused the Nobel Prize, quite rightly. But he's a revisionist too."

"Let's talk about literature now. What do you think of Tolstoy?"

"There are good things in him. But he has the limitations of his time."

"Dostoevsky?"

This time he considered the question; he was filled with dislike but unable to express it. At last he said: "He's too gloomy. He writes about gloomy things."

"So what?"

"He's a pessimist. One shouldn't be."

"Why not?"

He made a sort of movement towards Mao's book, which he was holding; then he stopped and was silent. After a moment I continued.

"Have you ever heard of James Joyce?"

"No."

"What do you think of Shakespeare?"

Here was someone he knew of; but he was not in the least in awe of him. Calmly, as if talking of a contemporary, he said: "Shakespeare's a bourgeois writer."

"What does that mean?"

"He's too subjective. We tried putting on *Othello*. The actors were disturbed, upset, and so was the audience. It was an audience of Red Guards. After the performance they were asked about it, and they said it should not have been shown. It was too disturbing and upsetting."

"Shouldn't art be disturbing and upsetting?"

"Art should serve the masses."

"Do you like Sholokhov?"

"No, he's a traitor. And he accepted the Nobel Prize, as well."

"Pasternak?"

"He's a renegade."

"Tell me what writers you like."

"Fadeyev, Gorki, Furmanov, Balzac, Dickens, Merimée." He was silent, then added an incomprehensible name. At least I realised what it was: Heine. I realised there was an echo of Marx here, Marx who read and liked and quoted Heine. Quickly he added: "Of course, you can't accept these writers blindfold, just as they are. They have to be published in critical editions, with commentaries for the people, and even cuts."

I WENT ON: "Is philosophy taught in Chinese schools and universities? Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Descartes, Kant. . . ?"

"No, philosophy isn't taught, but the development of society is."

"What about Greek and Latin literature?"

"Very little. It's dangerous stuff."

"Why?"

"It's corrupting."

"In practice, does the theory of Soviet socialist realism seem to you right and proper?" I asked, as if to round off the talk.

"Yes." He was silent a moment, then went on, as if to round off the talk himself: "Let's get this clear, we're not against classical Chinese literature or against foreign literature, ancient or modern. We think one must take the good and discard the bad. In literature there's what you might call the essential element and the flavouring, the synthetic. One must take the essential and discard the flavouring. Mao himself says so."

The interview was over. Tomorrow we were to continue it, and deal with the other arts. But literature showed more clearly than they did the difference between our culture and the Chinese. A few remarks seem in order here: first of all, we must not forget that China developed almost without exchanges or links with Europe. Suppose the Mayas, instead of dying out after their magnificent start, had developed a complete, coherent, and complex civilisation for three thousand years: there you have China. Secondly, how many Europeans—not readers but actual writers—would know the work of Chinese writers, ancient and modern, if you asked them? And thirdly, the political use of literature comes from Russia: it is not a Marxist but a Soviet idea. Marx, like the good German he was, respected the autonomy of culture, and never said that literature should go in for political propaganda: it was Stalin who said so. But Stalin got the idea straight from the secret police of Tsar Nicholas II, who was convinced that literature was dangerous and therefore harried intellectuals, until, as a result of being harried, they really became dangerous, or rather they really made literature political. Then, with the Revolution, the intellectuals came to power and in their turn demanded a political literature, *i.e.* one that supported the Revolution.

The Chinese say that China must free itself from Soviet influence. But first of all, my feeling is, they must free themselves from socialist realism, from the art of propaganda.

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Graves and Omar

By Anthony Burgess

FITZGERALD'S *Rubaiyyat* was a piece of Victorian naughtiness that got away with its godless hedonism by passing the buck. Darwin has exploded the Bible and there is no after-life, therefore drink wine and enjoy your regret at the dying of the roses. Such a philosophy cannot, however, be thrust direct at the corresponding societies and working-men's clubs, nor can it be plonked naked on to a parlour table. Dished up as quaint Oriental fatalism, it will shock, but not too much: here is the Eastern Mind, and there, thank God, is the British Empire. And here is the paynim heart that rightly expresses its disenchantment with Islam, which means we cannot altogether condemn the mode of the expression.

It has been known for a long time that Fitzgerald traduced Omar Khayyam, misrepresenting his philosophy through ignorance and, when his ignorance was shown up by M. Nicolas, the French Consul at Resht, persisting obstinately in his traduction. "M. Nicolas," he said, "does not consider Omar to be the material epicurean that I have literally taken him for, but a mystic, shadowing the Deity under the figure of wine, wine-bearer, etc., as Hafiz is supposed to do; in short, a Sufi poet like Hafiz and the rest." And he tried to confute Nicolas with the judgments of scholars like Von Hammer, who pronounced Omar "a free-thinker, and *a great opponent of Sufism*."

Omar Ali-Shah, a Sufi poet of today and a classical Persian scholar, confirms that Nicolas was right and the Fitz-Omar cultists not merely wrong but immoral: "I feel outraged by such wilful ignorance combined with the crooked manipulation of verses to make them fit alien patterns of thought." Fitzgerald and his followers have been responsible for spreading in the West a false but highly seductive interpretation of Omar Khayyam. Despite the long European tradition of allegory, they have insisted on a crude literalism, reading the themes of wine and drunkenness as themselves and not as symbols. Moreover, their Persian scholarship has combined complacency with insufficiency. Of Fitzgerald and Cowell, Fitzgerald's Persian teacher, the Muslim divine Molvi Khanzada has said: "Both scrawled badly like small children." The time had come, considered Omar Ali-Shah, for a correct English verse translation of the *Rubaiyyat*, and he honoured Robert Graves with the commission: "the greatest poetic compliment," says Graves, "that I had ever been paid."[1]

FITZGERALD WORKED from two Persian texts—the Ouseley manuscript No. 140, in the Bodleian (written down by Shaikh Mahmud-i-Jarbudaki at Shiraz in A.H. 865, or A.D. 1460), and a copy of the Bengal Asiatic Society's manuscript in their library at Calcutta. Neither of these, according to Graves (which means Omar Ali-Shah), is sufficiently authoritative. There has been a twelfth-century text "available to Sufic students in Afghanistan since shortly after Khayaam's death more than eight hundred years ago," and this manuscript belongs to the family of Omar Ali-Shah. Omar Ali-Shah provided Graves with a literal crib, well-annotated, and it was from this that the poet—who presumably knows a good deal less Persian than either Fitzgerald or Cowell did—made his translation.

As the rest of us do not know this early manuscript, we have to take everything on trust, but the two quatrains reproduced in this volume, in both Arabic and romanised scripts, do not seem to differ from the Ouseley text. Readers who do not know the Arabic alphabet

[1] *The Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayaam*. A New Translation with Critical Commentaries, by Robert Graves and Omar Ali-Shah. Cassell, 21s.

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will gain some sense of the form and music of the original Omar from the following:

Khurshid kamandi sobh bar bam afgand
Kai Khusro i roz badah dar jam afgand
Mai khur ki manadi sahri gi khizan
Awaza i ishrabu dar ayam afgand.

You will see that Fitzgerald reproduced the rhyme-scheme of the Omar quatrain exactly, though he rarely permitted himself a trisyllabic rhyme, as here. Such classical Persian as I know I learned when I studied Malay: having cut the barbed wire of the Arabic alphabet, which all Islamic peoples use, I was delighted to find that Persian was much easier than Arabic. Persian, in fact, belongs to the Indo-European family, though this is obscured by the large number of Arabic loan-words. Diffidently, since my Persian is rusty and I have no dictionary at hand, I offer this prose translation of the above stanza:

The sun hurls the noose of the dawn on the roof, and the Cyrus of the day pours wine into the cup. Drink wine, for the muezzin who rises at dawn cries "Drink ye" to the world.

This will be recognised as corresponding to Fitzgerald's

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

There is no reference to wine here, but Fitzgerald must not be blamed for an inept translation. In the Calcutta manuscript, it is a pebble, and not wine, that goes into the cup, and this Fitzgerald follows. Because of the long browsing time required by a camel after a day's march, caravans had to start before dawn. As a signal for loading, the caravan-master would put a stone into a metal vessel, cover the mouth with his hand, and then shake the thing as a rattle. Now here is Robert Graves' translation:

While Dawn, Day's herald straddling the whole sky,
Offers the drowsy world a toast "To Wine",
The Sun spills early gold on city roofs—
Day's regal Host, replenishing his jug.

One regrets immediately the lack of rhyme. It's useless for Graves to protest the difficulty of matching the Persian form in English while at the same time retaining the whole meaning: the poet's job is to overcome such a difficulty. Fitzgerald may strike us as a minor Victorian jingling camel-bells, but he has dared to try to transmit the music of the Persian. Graves is closer in meaning, but he is very pedestrian.

But, diffidently again, I submit that, since he is unhampered by the exigencies of a difficult rhyme-scheme, he might perhaps have got closer to Omar than he seems to have done. *Bam*, in the first line of the original, means "roof"; *jam*, in the second, means "cup." Light catches the roof like a noose, but it is the roundness of the roof that suggests that image. The *bam* is a dome. Once caught, it can be turned upside down and changed into a *jam* or cup; then King Cyrus can pour the chilled white wine of the dawn into it. It is a startling image—typically Oriental, we like to think, remembering our Old Testament. And we are startled in another way. We expect day to begin with the first *waktu*—the muezzin from the minaret calling thinly that there is no God but Allah. What we hear instead is a kind of cock-crow —*ishrabu*, meaning "Drink!" This, taken as blasphemy by Fitzgerald and his followers, may be regarded merely as a new and forceful way of representing the muezzin's message: "God is wine; drink Him." The poetic charge is considerable.

There is a regrettable lack of such magic in the Graves version. It's hard to see the spilling of gold *on* city roofs as a replenishing: the correct preposition is *in*, and the *bam* must somehow be turned into a *jam*. Also, there's too much pleonasm. Dawn can be nothing but Day's herald; the dawn gold is bound to be *early* gold. And "Day's regal Host" is surely inferior to the *Cyrus* of the original, with its associations derived from a real king.

THE OTHER STANZA reproduced as part of the appendix to this volume is one of those, not infrequent, which make the third line rhyme:

Gar dast dihad zi maghzi gandum nani
Az mai kadui zi gusfandi rani
Wa angah man wa tu nishasta dar wairani
'Aish buwad an na haddi har sultani.

In Fitzgerald's First Edition, this is rendered as:

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

A little-known version by Brigadier-General E. H. Rodwell (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, 1931) gets closer:

If fortune favours me with bread of wheat,
A gourd of wine, sufficiency of meat,
With beauty sitting by me in the wild,
Kings in my happiness may not compete.

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(Fitzgerald moved too far away from that *sultani*.) Here is Mr. Graves:

Should our day's portion be one mancel loaf,
A haunch of mutton and a gourd of wine
Set for us two alone on the wide plain,
No Sultan's bounty could evoke such joy.

A literal translation would run something like this:

Should I be lucky enough to have a loaf made from the kidneys of wheat, together with a gourd of wine and a leg of mutton, and should I be sitting on the plain with one whose face is beautiful like the moon, then that would be bliss beyond the reach of a Sultan.

Fitzgerald seems to have got the singing from the mention of a lute in the preceding quatrain of the Calcutta version. The substitution of the book of verse for the leg of mutton is excusable only when we remember that grosser food than bread and wine is apt only for Victorian humorous verse. This wishy-washy water-colour idyllism of Fitzgerald won't really do, but it has a certain music and is myopically picturesque. Graves has everything except the magic: even that "mancel" fails to lift the loaf off the ground. He badly needs rhyme.

One further example. Here is Fitzgerald, in his fourth edition:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram that great Hunter, the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

And now Graves:

A Palace gorged in by gigantic Bahram—
The vixen whelps there and the lion nods.
Bahram, who hunted none but onagers,
Lies tumbled in a pitfall called the grave.

Neither can render the paranomastic irony of Omar's use of the word *gur*, which means both "wild ass" and "grave." "Bahram," says the original, "was continually hunting the *gur*, but now the *gur* has caught Bahram." Both poets succeed equally with association, but identity is beyond the resources of the language.

As poetry, the Graves version is lacking. But his insistence that we view the *Rubaiyyat* as an entity, and not as a bundle of disjunct stanzas, is of some value: a new dignity is given to the Omar we thought we knew. And Graves has the "controlled tenseness" proper to a religious poem; the austere accuracy of his verses justifies his inveighing against Fitzgerald's "slip-shod sense, faulty grammatic construction and neo-romantic affectation." Nevertheless, his work

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is neither one thing nor the other: it is not quite a poem, and it is not quite a crib. The task of achieving a true glamour that will drive out Fitzgerald's false is evidently still there for some poet's undertaking. Or it may just be a matter of deblanking the Graves verse, turning (for instance)

Ah me, the book of early glory closes,
The green of Spring makes way for wintry snow,
The cheerful bird of Youth flutters away—
I hardly noticed how it came or went

into

I see the book of early glory close,
The green of Spring make room for winter snows.
The cheerful bird of Youth flutters away—
I hardly notice how it comes or goes.

Something like that, anyway.

Writers on Trial

Thoughts on the Sinyavsky-Daniel Case — By MICHAEL FRAYN

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT'S decision to send Sinyavsky and Daniel to the labour camps was undoubtedly a step back into Stalinism; the processes of law by which this decision was executed were no doubt intended as concessions to post-Stalinist concepts of justice and legality. The compromise was absurd—almost certainly more damaging to the Soviet Union's reputation than even a return to straightforward Stalinist methods like secret abduction or murder would have been.

It was, as Max Hayward says in his introduction to *On Trial*,[1] the thorough and scholarly compilation which he and Leopold Labedz have made of the trial transcript and other relevant documents, "the first time in the history of the Soviet Union that writers had been put on trial *for what they had written*." To be given some sort of trial before sentence is pronounced, and on a charge with some intended relevance to the alleged offence—these are at any rate steps towards a more juridical form of repression, on the lines, perhaps, of the South African model. Then again, the defendants were allowed to plead not guilty, and there is no evidence that the proceedings were rehearsed in advance. It has to be said, too, that Sinyavsky and Daniel were given the opportunity to speak in their own defence at considerable length and with considerable latitude. It is difficult to imagine a writer charged in Britain with (say) seditious libel, or a breach of the Official Secrets Act, finding the opportunity to put his own case with such freedom.

And Sinyavsky and Daniel rose to the occasion. The whole grotesque nightmare was given meaning and even a sort of dignity by their behaviour. It is impossible to read the record of the trial without being moved by their courage and humanity. Each went out of his way to defend not only his own but the other's works. When the prosecution moved to indict one of the witnesses for refusing to say from whom he had obtained copies of Sinyavsky's books, they attempted to intercede on his behalf. As in all such cases, of course, they found themselves being perpetually pushed back into justifying themselves on their accusers' terms. But they struggled against it; they struggled to keep a waking sense of reason and reality in the midst of the nightmare.

The trial evoked the most courageous responses from a great number of people. There were those like Konstantin Paustovsky, who offered testimony on the defendants' behalf. (The Court disallowed it.) There were those like Lydia Chukovskaya, who protested to the authorities, and went on to make their protests public. The defendants' wives and many of their closest friends spoke out with reckless boldness. There is a marvellous gaiety, for example, about the brief eruption of one Alexander Petrov, engraver, into the court proceedings, subpoenaed by the prosecution. "Coming in," notes the unknown author of the transcript, "he cheerfully greets the defendants." He claims them as his best friends, agrees that he knows a great deal about the case "now that such a rumpus has been raised all over the world," and is hastily stood down by the Judge.

PETROV: Can I stay in the courtroom?
JUDGE: I see no reason for you to stay.
PETROV: I haven't seen Sinyavsky and Daniel for ages, I'd like to have a good look at them.
(*Petrov is removed from the courtroom.*)

And how about the author of the transcript himself? Presumably he (or they) sat among the

[1] Collins-Harvill, 42s.

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small hand-picked audience in the public gallery, taking a note under the very eyes of the army of police and court officials who are said to have been present. And those who—with the fate of Soviet citizens who send manuscripts abroad immediately before them—got the transcript, and the various unpublished letters of protest, out of the country for publication? It was the authorities' attempt at the forms of legality, however half-hearted, which gave all these brave people their chance. They seized it magnificently. The Soviet state may revert to "administrative" justice and show-trials; it may go forward to some form of independent judicature. But it is very unlikely to prosecute anyone in quite this way again.

THE PRETENSIONS of the proceedings to constitute a trial, in any normal sense of the word, were of course farcical. The guilt of the accused was authoritatively announced in the press before the proceedings began. The Judge sided openly with the prosecution, intervening regularly with hostile questions and comments. After reading out a passage from *Thought Unaware* during the examination of Sinyavsky, he asked:

> Is this a lyrical digression? Why did you send out this lampoon? This is your people, the Russian people, which has made such sacrifices, which has borne such sacrifices in a terrible war, and suffered, and forged steel for victory, lost twenty million, but stood firm and created a great culture. These are your "thieves and drunkards," are they? Don't forget that you are being tried by a court of the Russian Federation!

He permitted the defence to call only one of its witnesses, and this witness he treated to his own personal hostile examination.

> WITNESS: [Sinyavsky] is a person who seeks the truth, and is sincere and honest in his search.
> JUDGE: Sincere and honest! This man who is being tried here now?

The witness had scarcely begun to give his evidence before the Judge cut him off in mid-sentence and dismissed him. (The witness's employers—the University of Moscow—subsequently tried to sack him for his pains.) No foreign journalists (not even from other Communist countries) were admitted to the trial, and the version which appeared in the Soviet press was travesty travestied. Entrance to the public gallery was to "ticket-holders" only, who were allowed to demonstrate their antipathy to the defendants in court whenever they chose, by shouting out sarcastic remarks, applauding the sentence requested by the prosecution, and so on. (Though once or twice they seem to have got out of hand, and shouted for the wrong

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side. "He's frightened for his skin. The witness has a noose round his neck," called a voice while Daniel was cross-examining a prosecution witness. And after he had questioned another —"Good for you! The witness is a coward.")

BUT EVEN given that the proceedings were intended more in the nature of a demonstration than an inquiry, their sheer crassness is almost beyond comprehension. Here is one of the two Public Accusers, a novelist called A. Vasilyev, on the subject of Sinyavsky's motivation and sources:

> Yesterday it came out that Sinyavsky received from his clients two jackets, two sweaters, a white shirt and some rubber boots, as well as something for his wife and for his son. Not very much, you might say. But I think it's a lot. His masters might well not have paid Sinyavsky at all, considering that his "works" were cribbed from the Menshevik newspapers of 1918, which are to be found in the Lenin Library. We have established that Sinyavsky had access to the Lenin Library. How can one talk of his honesty if even in working for his masters he behaved like a petty swindler?

Mr. Vasilyev's novels must offer a formidable insight into human behaviour.

There is something comically haunted, too, about the obsessive references of Judge and prosecution to the use which the Soviet Union's enemies abroad are said to have made, or be likely to make, of the defendants' works. It's like all the letters in *The Times* complaining about hooliganism and poor service in shops on the grounds that they would make such a bad impression on foreign visitors; or the primitive terror that one's enemies will bewitch one by getting hold of one's nail clippings. And the picture which the Judge and others have of Abroad is touchingly absurd. "For this alone," says the Judge of Sinyavsky's mildly teasing remarks about Lenin in *The Makepeace Experiment*, "the enemies of our country would confer any title you like on you." Sir Andrei Sinyavsky, Bart.? Lord Tertz of Lyubimov?

At some points the proceedings become so dizzyingly ludicrous that one doesn't know whether to laugh or to cry. In the "expert" report, for example, prepared for the prosecution by GLAVLIT (the "Chief Directorate on Matters of Literature and Publishing Houses"—normally responsible for approving books for publication), one of the charges levelled against Sinyavsky's *On Socialist Realism* is that it "alleges that Russians do not have freedom of speech and creative activity"! Sinyavsky is repeatedly accused, too, of "slurring" or "besmirching" the "bright name of Lenin," usually by making fun of him—but also, at one marvellous point in the Prosecutor's case, by alleging that he could not be made fun of. And the Judge complains to Sinyavsky: "In *The Trial Begins* you write that in 1956 you land up in Kolyma [a labour camp district]. Isn't that defamatory?" A shameless fiction, undoubtedly; he didn't land up at Kolyma in 1956 at all. He landed up at Potma, in 1966.

No doubt the suppression of *what must not be said* always tends to the ridiculous when it is done in public, East or West. But it needn't be quite as farcical as this. There *must* be judges in the Soviet Union with slightly more idea of what might reasonably be expected to happen in a court of law than poor old Mr. Smirnov. Day-to-day proceedings against thieves, murderers, and drunken drivers can't be as crass as this.

One tries to translate the case into English terms. An obscenity trial comes to mind, with Sir Cyril Black sitting as President of the Court, say, supported by Sir Cyril Osborne and Mrs. Mary Whitehouse as People's Assessors. But surely they'd make a better shot at it than this? Surely they'd be able to contrive something a little more apt and imaginative? A little less strangled in clichés? Why, in general, does the sheer technology of denunciation and repression often seem to be so backward in the Soviet Union?

PERHAPS in the end there is even something rather impressive about this wooden-headed ineptitude. One cannot doubt that the indignation of the Judge is genuine; nor, I think, that it would be shared by a great many ordinary Russians. I take it that the views of Sir Cyril Black and others are equally sincere and equally representative. But whereas the indignation of people like Sir Cyril can take effect only through the abstract, and often artificial, processes of a comparatively sophisticated and autonomous legal machine, in Judge Smirnov the public resentment is brought face to face with its object more or less pure and unfiltered. This really is, as American law puts it, the *People* versus the accused.

This has advantages, of a sort. One of them is that excessive legal finickiness over the nature of the offence can be avoided. Sinyavsky and Daniel were charged under Article 70, Section 1, of the Criminal Code of the RFSR, which punishes "agitation or propaganda carried out with the purpose of subverting or weakening the Soviet régime . . . the dissemination for the said purposes of slanderous inventions defamatory to the Soviet political and

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social system. . . ." On any narrow definition it would have been a ticklish job to get this to fit the works of Sinyavsky and Daniel (though perhaps not impossible). The prosecution buttressed its case by reference to the "illegal" way in which the defendants had sent their manuscripts abroad. By some oversight, however, the sending of manuscripts abroad is *not* illegal under the Soviet criminal code—a small point which would undoubtedly have created difficulties in a more fastidious court. But in this one the impression of illegality was allowed to stand; no doubt on the commonsense view that it *would* have been made illegal if anyone had happened to think of it.

Then again, the prosecutor referred to "blasphemy." So did the Judge, repeatedly. He describes Sinyavsky's description of the portrait of Lenin on Soviet banknotes as blasphemous; Daniel's Decree of the Supreme Soviet proclaiming a "Public Murder Day" as blasphemous; Sinyavsky's views about Russian drunkenness as blasphemous. In fact blasphemy is not an offence under the Soviet criminal code either. Even if it had been, the definition would have had to be drawn pretty widely to protect as sacred topics not only the personal appearance of Lenin and the morality of the Supreme Soviet, but also the sobriety of the Russian people.

All the same, one sees what the Judge means here, in his broad, untechnical way. He feels that these two rather clever people in the dock are in some way discrediting what he regards as normal, decent feeling. His instinct is surely right. Judge Smirnov may be a little short on what are ordinarily regarded as the qualities desirable in a judge; but isn't he demonstrating another set of legal virtues—the ones which in England are usually claimed for the jury? It is often argued that the indifferent intellectual capacity of the average jury is a positive advantage, because it enables it to gaze stolidly right through the fine legal niceties of a case, in which cleverer men would become entangled, at the broad human truth beneath. What we have here is a court with the jury sitting on the bench.

THE POINT ARISES AGAIN in regard to the prosecution's habit of taking the defendants' ironies literally, and of attributing the thoughts and views of their characters to the authors themselves. Sometimes this was done with what could only have been deliberate dishonesty; as when Zoya Kedrina, a literary critic who served as one of the two Public Accusers, managed to demonstrate in a pre-trial denunciation which she wrote for the *Literary Gazette* that Daniel's *This Is Moscow Speaking* advocated a "programme of bloody wars and *putsches*." But at

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MACMILLAN

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other times one feels the muddle may well be genuine; as when the Prosecutor, apparently with the support of the Judge, attempts to foist the ideas of Karlinsky, in *The Trial Begins*, about the canning of human embryos for food, upon Sinyavsky. All this is grotesque, of course, whether deliberate or merely stupid, and both Sinyavsky and Daniel tried wearily, over and over again, to provide the court with some elementary instruction in the conventions of irony and of fiction.

And yet, wasn't there *something* in the court's attitude? An author's ironies are not to be taken at their face value, certainly. But nor are they (usually) simple inversions. Their two-facedness conceals real ambiguities, a real elusiveness, which a court of law even at its best is ill-suited to hunt down. The relationship of an author to his characters is similarly complex. The outlook they embody may be the very antithesis of his own; or be entirely unrelated to it. But often, of course, he uses them to explore certain aspects of his own outlook; sometimes ones of which he is himself not entirely conscious, or which are at variance with his general character. Like a sly tyrant's henchmen, an author's characters often make a profession of being bolder than their master, of saying and doing what their master cannot himself be seen doing in person. No court of law could hope to establish these oblique, devious relationships. But this scarcely absolves an author from legal liability for his characters' ideas. In any imaginable legal system an author could not, for example, escape responsibility for libellous words, or breaches of security, placed in the mouths of his characters. What matters in these cases is *that* the words are uttered. So with blasphemy, if any account is to be taken of it at all. For the court to trample boldly through the literary subtleties was not, in itself, entirely absurd.

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BLASPHEMY is undoubtedly the core of the matter, at any rate in Sinyavsky's case. The idea of profanation—and not exclusively, or even principally, of the Soviet sacrednesses—underlies a lot of his work. I think his writing would disturb almost anyone in one way or another; it certainly disturbs me, greatly as I admire it; it may even disturb *him*. There is a note of physical disgust, of horror at the appetites of the body, which runs through it; a disgust so intimate and yearning that it can only be directed against the sweetest and most powerful feelings in himself. It sounds already among the marvellous crystal elegance of *The Trial Begins*, which he wrote in 1956; here, in the person of the frigid and beautiful Marina, wife of Public Prosecutor Globov, who exercises naked in front of the mirror each morning while her husband watches her through the keyhole, and upon whose body her lover Karlinsky labours and strains in vain to exercise his lust, reduced to impotence by her cold perfection.

In *The Icicle* the clairvoyant hero goes to borrow money from his mistress's husband, who insists on telling him how he and Natasha still make love every Sunday, while the hero tries to shout him down by predicting all the diseases he will suffer in the course of his life.

> "Right here on this sofa. Twelve positions. First we lie——"
>
> "First you get T.B. You lose thirty pounds in four months. You're racked by coughing and hope it's bronchitis."
>
> "Third position: she's lying on her side and I'm lying on my side——"

And so on, until the parts of the body listed by the husband in an erotic context alternate with the parts in which disease is predicted by the lover, in a weird and cruelly funny counterpoint of corruption.

In *Pkhentz* a girl offers herself to the extra-terrestrial hero, suddenly revealing herself to him naked and eager. It is the first time he has seen earthly woman in the raw, and he examines her with interest.

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I caught a glimpse of something resembling human features. Only it didn't look female to me, but more like an old man's face, unshaven and grinning.

A hungry, angry man dwelt there between her legs. He probably snored at night, and relieved his boredom with foul language....

There was not time to work the thing out, because Verochka suddenly shuddered and said: "Come on!"

She shut her eyes and opened her mouth, like a fish pulled out of water. She thrashed about on the bed like a great white fish, helplessly, vainly, and bluish goose-pimples covered her body.

But at this point, conscious of the shortcomings of his extraterrestrial physiology, the hero timidly excuses himself and leaves for the office.

Sinyavsky sees the act of intercourse as above all an act of desecration; and this desecration as its deepest pleasure. Already in *The Trial Begins* Karlinsky tells Marina:

"Shame is a taboo. We break it because it is shameful. What greater pleasure is there for a human being than to do what is forbidden? This is what makes us different from gods and beasts...."

I don't want to fall into the same trap as Judge Smirnov and the rest, and attribute Karlinsky's thoughts to Sinyavsky. Perhaps at that time they *weren't* Sinyavsky's—or weren't fully his. But it seems as if Karlinsky was at any rate scouting out the ground for his author, because in *Thought Unaware*, the set of magnificent and terrible religious aphorisms which Sinyavsky sent out in 1963, he takes up this same idea in his own voice and develops it.

In sexual relations there is something pathological. A compelling repulsiveness, a repelling attraction. This is far from a "piece of cake" which one wants to eat up. Here the desire rests on the fact that one must not do this, and, the more this "must not" is felt, the more one wishes to do it....

In the sex act there is always present something of the Black Mass....

And the very enjoyment obtained thereby is deeper and more terrible than ordinary carnal pleasures. It is to a considerable degree founded on the fact that you are committing blasphemy. And, in addition to all else, beautiful women have success precisely because the blasphemy of the undertaking increases with them....

In relations with a woman it is always even more satisfying to take off her pants than to fulfil one's natural urge.

Isn't his disgust here deeply disgusting? And isn't it so just because (although one doesn't accept what he says—can easily handle it merely as an expression of pathological symptoms) one somehow recognises, with sinking heart, that

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BELL

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one *knows what he means*? Just as Judge Smirnov and the rest *knew what he meant* in other ways. Isn't the presentation of the sexual act as a desecration *itself* a desecration? (Or even perhaps, bearing in mind his suggestion about the Black Mass, and another, also in *Thought Unaware*, that women are the Russian's black magic, an attempt at counter-consecration?)

It's odd that none of these passages was quoted in court, either to buttress the charge psychologically, like the "illegality" of sending the manuscripts abroad, or as the basis of an additional charge of obscenity. Reference was certainly made to the "pornographic" element in Sinyavsky's work, but no attempt was made to pursue the matter, though passages like these would probably have shocked even comparatively liberal Soviet opinion. Could it be that they were thought too embarrassing to be read and discussed in open court? It seems past belief; but at one point the Judge refused to allow the Prosecutor to read aloud the word "whores" in a passage of Daniel's he was quoting on the ground that he saw no need to have "unprintable language" used in court. It is an intriguing speculation that the scope of prudery may on occasion be limited by prudery.

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jos.

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

According to Hélène Zamoyska, the woman who smuggled all the "Tertz" manuscripts out of Russia, and who contributes a fine biographical essay to *On Trial*, Sinyavsky fully realised how bare he had stripped himself in *Thought Unaware*. He told her:

> "It's lucky I've got a pseudonym. I'd hate my friends to know I'd written it. I'd feel naked. Anyway, I don't care how long it takes before it's published. I had to write it, but the less publicity it gets the better."

Mme Zamoyska believes that the use of a pseudonym played a vitally important part in Sinyavsky's development (though, as she emphasises, there was no *contradiction* with what he wrote under his own name and published in Russia, and no lack of courage in what he said and did in his own persona). It became a device not merely to protect him from arrest, but to enable him to get outside himself. Indeed, he sometimes distanced himself through more than one layer of pseudonymity. Both *The Trial Begins* and *The Icicle* are presented as being written by one of the characters. In *The Makepeace Experiment* he took the process one stage further still; the story is written by the character Savely Kuzmich Proferansov, who is in turn being used as a helpless channel of communication by the spirit of his ancestor, Samson Samsonovich Proferansov. This ironic dissociation is a marvellous comic device. (It allows the internal author of *The Trial Begins*, for instance, to admit in his labour camp at the end to almost exactly the same shortcomings in the work as Judge Smirnov's court eventually detected in it.) It is also entirely characteristic of Sinyavsky's whole approach to fiction. He is a very devious writer.

One can scarcely doubt that for Sinyavsky the compelling attraction of the forbidden was not limited to sexual relations. The "must not" which stimulated his creative desire was the legal and social "must not"—but also, I think, the personal one. He wished to deconsecrate what he as well as others had felt to be sacred. Mme Zamoyska records that when she first met him, in 1947, he was still a fundamentally orthodox Communist. The first "Tertz" works, *The Trial Begins* and *On Socialist Realism*—both of them radical acts of de-Stalinisation—were not written until 1956, the year of the XXth Party Congress. Clearly Sinyavsky had been thinking his way out of the myths of Stalinism for a long time before that. But is any thought truly completed before it is uttered aloud? It is in the act of expression that thoughts take on their real significance and character.

It is interesting that in *The Trial Begins* Sin-

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yavsky ironically characterises Stalin as God. "The Master" clenches an enormous bloodshot fist among the dawn clouds above the city, and "the divine voice" comes "straight down from heaven," telling the author of the book-within-a-book: "Mortal, arise. Behold the hand of God. Wherever you may steal away and hide, it will reach and find you, merciful and chastising...." Later in the book, after "the Master" has died, Sinyavsky draws a parallel between the bewildered people and homeless dogs searching for a new master.

> They wait, they are for ever waiting, gazing, longing: "Come! Come and feed me! Come and kick me! Beat me as much as you like (but not too hard, if you please). Only come!"
>
> And I believe that he will come, just and chastising. He will make you squeal with pain, and leap, tugging at your chain. And you will crawl to him on your belly, and gaze into his eyes, and lay your tousled head upon his knees. And he will pat it and laugh, and growl reassuringly in his cryptic master's dialect. And when he falls asleep, you'll guard his house and bark at the passers-by.
>
> Already, you can hear a whine here and there: "Let's live in freedom and enjoy ourselves, like wolves."
>
> But I know, I know only too well, how they guzzled in the past, these mercenary creatures—poodles, spaniels, pugs. And I don't want freedom. I want a Master.

Curiously enough, Sinyavsky returns to exactly this image of dog and master in his later, Christian days—only this time without the irony, to describe the relations between man and God.

> One must trust in God as a dog trusts its master. Whistle, and it will come running. And no matter where you go, your dog, without questioning it or stopping to think about it, will gaily run after you even to the edge of the world.

And in the same work (*Thought Unaware*) he says:

> I'll never understand what this "freedom of choice" is about which the liberal philosophy carries on so. Do we really choose whom we love, in what we believe, with what we ail? Love (like any strong feeling) is monarchy, despotism, acting from within and taking absolutely all into captivity, never looking back.... As soon as we desire to be freed (whether from sin or from God—it's all the same), a new force already holds power over us, whispering to us about freedom only until we are entirely given over to it.

No one who reads *Thought Unaware* can doubt the sincerity of Sinyavsky's desire to submit himself to God. It is a work of the most compelling power. I hope I shall not turn to piety in my middle or old age, but if I do, it

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will probably be *Thought Unaware* which converts me. I feel the moderate, rational ground tremble and open under my feet as I read it; and there beneath, vast, dark, and patient, God waits for me to fall into His depths....

But doesn't one detect even in Sinyavsky's attitude to God a slight, tickling ambivalence, the ghost of an urge to tease? In *The Makepeace Experiment*, which dates from the same period as *Thought Unaware*, and which also gives evidence of the author's religious preoccupations, the hero, Lenya Tikhomirov, acquires magical powers of mass persuasion which enable him to rule his fellow-citizens by making them see prosperity and plenty where none exists. The target of this is clearly the political hypnosis practised by the authoritarian state. But one of Tikhomirov's triumphs is at his own wedding, where he uses his powers to turn tubes of toothpaste into fish to feed the guests, Kharkov water into medicinal alcohol, and the river into champagne. Presumably this is an allusion to the feeding of the five thousand, and to the turning of water into wine at Cana. The main intention is no doubt to mock the political mesmerists, by characterising their deceptions as a pretension to divine intervention. But isn't it also just a bit of a tease the other way? A reduction of the miracles to the level of mass hypnosis?

Nor, one suspects, is the simple disgust with sex quite as simple as it sounds. The picture of himself which his writing suggests is someone compulsively promiscuous (the simplest and most disgusted of his aphorisms in *Thought Unaware* is, "I was her sixty-seventh, she was my forty-fourth")—a Don Juan who is unable to form, or seeks to destroy, any meaningful emotional relationship with women. But such external evidence as there is (Mme Zamoyska's essay, the passionate efforts of his wife on his behalf both before and after the trial, the oddly touching photographs he took of her, which are reproduced in *On Trial*) suggests a marriage of great depth and intensity.

In a lot of really interesting satire, I think, there is this element of ambivalence. G. K. Chesterton declares somewhere, with characteristically irritating bombast, that a poet must be free to praise God in the morning and deny Him in the afternoon. For the satirist, at any rate, there is a sense in which this is true. It is no coincidence that so many satirists are religious. No one can meaningfully deconsecrate who does not understand what it is to hold things sacred in the first place.

The need to revere, and the need to escape from one's reverence—this is the underlying theme of Sinyavsky's work; freedom and submission—and the longing and loathing of the human soul for both. It may be that Sinyavsky's contrary talent would never have found expression if expression had not been denied it. Nothing, of course, could ever begin to justify the grotesque trial (and cruel sentence) which ended the career of "Abram Tertz." But without the possibility of it (so clearly foreseen in his stories from first to last), perhaps it would never have started.

The Trial Begins (*translated by Max Hayward*), The Icicle *and other stories* (*translated by Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley*), *and* The Makepeace Experiment (*translated by Manya Harari*), *have all been published in Britain by Collins-Harvill.*

The only English edition of On Socialist Realism (*translated by George Dennis*) *is published by Pantheon Books of New York.* Pkhentz *appeared in* Encounter (*April 1966*).

The only English translation available so far of the religious aphorisms, Mysli vrasplokh, *is by Andrew Field and Robert Szulkin, and appeared in the* New Leader *magazine, New York, under the title* Thought Unaware. *It is from this translation that I have quoted. Collins-Harvill expect to publish a translation of them by Manya Harari, under the title* Unguarded Thoughts, *in the autumn of 1968.*

Arzhak's This is Moscow Speaking *has appeared in* Dissonant Voices in Soviet Literature (*Allen & Unwin*). *Collins-Harvill expect to publish all four of Daniel's "Arzhak" stories, under the title* This is Moscow Speaking, *in June 1968.* *M.F.*

Anglo-French Contrasts

The Critical Historian. By G. Kitson Clark. *Heinemann*, 30s.

La Logique de L'Histoire. By Charles Morazé. *Gallimard*, 17fr.

These two books which chance brings together on one's desk provide an interesting and illuminating contrast between the outlooks and preoccupations of two historians who have done much important work themselves, and who have been and still are influential figures within their respective schools: one the retiring Reader in Constitutional History at Cambridge, the other a Director of Studies at the VIème section of the *Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes* and professor at the *Ecole polytechnique*. One must not press the point too far; Mr. Kitson Clark is writing what is intended to be (and will be) a useful practical introduction to historical studies; Professor Morazé is trying to place his own researches and

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those of his associates into a philosophical framework that would justify such pursuits at a time when mankind faces so many dangers including that of self-annihilation. Nevertheless it is not entirely fanciful to see their respective preoccupations as indications of a difference between universities if not between the intellectual worlds of the two nations. Once again, as in so many other fields, Britain and France are out of step.

What disturbs Mr. Kitson Clark—and this reflects perhaps the intellectual severity of Cambridge—is that history may be misused, that myth and legend flourish and are put at the service of nations or parties. And looking at the world we live in one cannot brand this anxiety as superfluous. But behind this world of preconceived ideas and dangerous illusions, there is for Mr. Kitson Clark the hard real world of fact. It was the glory of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century pioneers of historical criticism to have explored the means by which fact and fiction can be separated, sources evaluated, and the gap between what happened and what we know about it steadily diminished.

For Mr. Kitson Clark the study of history is a natural activity for man in society that demands no justification in itself—provided it is good history and not bad history. One visualises Mr. Kitson Clark treading gingerly across the ice-floes of recorded events, testing the strength of each patch before he commits his weight to it, unwilling to leap across gaps in the ice if there is any chance of a solid way round. It is not heroic; but look where heroic history has landed us. On the other hand, Mr. Kitson Clark is equally on his guard against the pseudo-scientific certainties that some practitioners of the statistical approach to historical problems allow themselves. The fact that statistical techniques are used is no guarantee against bias or illusion—the sums or even the computers can give no answers except to the questions put to them; and these questions depend for their utility upon the intellectual and moral calibre of those who put them.

Where Dr. Kitson Clark is earthbound, M. Morazé soars into the empyrean; he has written a difficult book which juggles with concepts and uses terms unfamiliar to the workaday historian in the English-speaking world. Indeed it would be an intellectual exercise to translate it into English—it certainly deserves translation—and I would not like to try my hand at it. It is not that M. Morazé is unaware of the significance of the kind of problem that worries Dr. Kitson Clark—indeed he places the problem in its own historical context: "*l'histoire critique reste en Europe, un corollaire de l'ascension bourgeoise.*" Aristocracies and the masses have their own use

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for myths. It is just that for M. Morazé historical writing itself—like the novel which he regards as in part its extension—is simply one of the forms in which societies express themselves, create internal links between their members, advance acceptable patterns for conduct.

Mr. Kitson Clark is concerned both with generalisations—are there "racial characteristics" or "natural characters"?—and partly with individual events and the actors in them. Was Judge Jeffreys as wicked a man as he is customarily painted? For M. Morazé, the role of individuals is largely fortuitous and only takes meaning in so far as what they do is essential to the transition from one form of social organisation to another, or from one method of understanding the universe to another, or from one range of human sensibility to another. History is about collectivities not about individuals, about their social and intellectual development rather than about their conflicts—not much about Kings and Battles, but about what societies have been able to do to make a reality of their aspirations to the control of nature and of their destinies: "*L'histoire est l'objectivation du travail cérébral.*" It is clear that M. Morazé's own studies in mathematics and in the history of science and technology to which he has given so much attention—as is common in the school of the *Annales*—has much influenced his outlook and has in particular—perhaps in combination with some personal experience of the world of political action—made him highly sceptical of the role of the statesman in history: "*On comprendrait alors, que si peu de références communes aient été offertes au dialogue entre l'homme d'Etat et le savant. Le premier traite de conflits circonstanciels, le second exprime la vocation la plus profonde et la plus durable de l'homme.*"

From this angle M. Morazé's conception of the historian's task stretches well outside what Cambridge would think proper for historians to worry about; it has links with both the "prehistoric"—since the historian is concerned also with man in his physical aspect (the fascination of demography for French historians is thus doubly explicable)—and with the future, since it is the future and essential unity of mankind that provides the framework and justification of his quest.

One effect of this approach is to make an end of our tidy academic divisions between ancient, medieval, and modern—just as history, anthropology, and sociology become hard to distinguish from each other. For M. Morazé there are indeed three periods of history, but they are not the familiar ones. The first is by far the longest—that of the primarily physical process of evolution which gave birth to *homo sapiens*. The second runs from the age of the first human societies to the full establishment of that level of scientific insight and experimental technique which enables man to dominate his environment and to substitute for nature an artificial one of his own making; so that for modern man it is the laboratory and the factory that form his true physical and intellectual setting. In that sense, modern history began only a few decades ago. It is because this intellectual leap into modern history was made in the Western world and in none of the other original areas of human civilisation that we are justified in exploring it so intensively. But we are not to imagine that its conquests can be confined to it; it is an essential part of M. Morazé's creed that it is in the modern world of science and technology that man will overcome his primordial divisions and realise his unity.

M. Morazé's vision of history is thus rather an act of faith than a product of historical inquiry itself; his history is purely instrumental; a universalist myth rather than a national one. In Cambridge, one feels, the usual kind of cold questioning might meet these bold assertions. There is room for an intellectual confrontation here. I would like to be there, as observer only, not as judge.

Max Beloff

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LETTERS

Who is a "Fascist"?

MAY I MAKE a few comments on the current German use of the word "Fascist" as recorded by *R* [ENCOUNTER, December] in his column on the dispute between Günter Grass and Axel Springer?

Il fascio, the Lictor's bundle of rods—was it a fortunate choice by the ex-Socialist Mussolini, who in 1919 picked it as the symbol of a militant association dedicated to preserving the idea of victory? No doubt he had all sorts of Roman concepts in mind, the vigorous exercise of state power, the chastisement of the troublesome, and the disciplined co-operation of all well-wishers. However that may be, he established the root of the most fertile political term of abuse of all time. The savage snarl of the first syllable and the hissing contempt of the second render the word "*Fascist*" Verbal Insult Number One. It has become the weapon of the placards and the sound beloved of the shouting choruses. Surely it has long since lost the last vestige of any precise conceptual meaning. No one any longer expects any particular characteristics of that Italian party of the Right to be implied by its use—the "corporative" idea, the violent reconciliation of diverse elements of an "organic" structure, or anything of that sort. It merely conjures up jackboots, shoulder straps, and grim visages. The Italians wore shirts of a uniform colour, as did the German Nazis. They also copied various other things from them but nevertheless displayed quite essential differences which it was impossible to paper over even during the last months in the life of both parties. One other thing applies to both of them. They were both swallowed up by the end of the war, never to reappear again in the same shape. Nevertheless, they *have* re-emerged in a different shape on both sides of the Alps, in Europe as in other continents. Does the frequent use of this term of abuse express a heightened degree of alertness?

During German Foreign Minister Willy Brandt's recent speech in Berlin—frequently interrupted on the inside by heckling and the throwing of leaflets, and by ominous thuds against the windows from without—someone shouted down from the gallery of the main lecture hall: "We protest against the presence of the Fascist Axel Springer on the soil of the Free University!" Since, in Germany, world Fascism—assuming there is such a thing—wore brown and not black shirts, why didn't this protester simply call the Press Lord a Nazi? Probably because then the people in the hall (and possibly the protester himself) would have realised that the classification was inaccurate. By choosing the universal term he concealed this fact. No doubt it is a piece of particularly Satanic cunning on the part of the publishing magnate that he does not wear a coloured shirt nor lay down any special uniform for his editors. But, as someone has said, one would be creating a very harmless Fascist indeed if he were modelled on the image of Axel Springer. Whether that is so or not (Press Lords who play at politics are unquestionably dangerous), the stripping of this term of all real meaning, its reduction to a rabid term of abuse in a black-and-white world of friend or foe relationships, is a great deal more worrying. Thus it is hardly surprising that suddenly the word comes to apply just as well to the abusers who shout it as to the opponents they damn with it, and as a matter of fact they have actually been regretfully categorised by one of their friends as "Left Fascists." Perhaps the day is not far off when the rank-and-file of the Federal Republic will be divided into two gigantic choruses, each yelling "*You Fascists!*" at the other.

One sensitive student of political language, Friedrich Torberg of Vienna, convincingly traces back the generalising use of the word "Fascism" and all its derivatives among German intellectuals —which makes him wince every time he hears it— to the classic Communist slogans of the early 1930s. "*Schlagt die Faschisten, wo ihr sie treffst!*" (Smash the Fascists wherever you meet them!)—this was consciously aimed at a broad front which took in not merely the *Harzburger Front*, but also the bourgeois centre and finally even the Social Democrats (with whom the Communists refused to ally themselves even in the hour of death). It was an invitation to strike out blindly which served to fragment rather than multiply the dazed Weimar Republic's powers of self-defence. Thus the word is redolent of an evil hour when the German Communist Party preferred to hate everyone instead of making common cause with the tolerably right against the utterly wrong.

I can only wish the forces of good on our New Left more clarity, more accuracy, and more common sense.

HELLMUT JAESRICH

Der Monat,
Berlin

Ardrey's "Imperative"

IN ROBERT ARDREY'S contribution to the symposium "Intellectuals and Just Causes" (ENCOUNTER, September 1967), he persists in turning good ethology into bad political science.

Ardrey argues that since some sort of instinctive territoriality has been observed in many vertebrate species, it must also exist in man. And further, that any politician or general who ignores this human instinct will come to grief. Thus he explains the Battle of Britain, the 1967 Arab-Israeli War, and the Vietnamese War.

The argument is simply not valid. First, a territorial instinct cannot be proven for man by analogy to other animals. Not all species have this territoriality, so each species must be examined as a separate case. The argument by analogy would be strengthened if those species closest to man, the monkeys and apes, were territorial species. With few exceptions, they are not. The fossil remains of man's immediate ancestors are of little help in this argument, for not even the most skilful archaeologist can infer territoriality from a bone or a tool.

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So we cannot say, *a priori*, whether man the animal is like those animals which are territorial or like those animals which are not territorial. Better than beating around the ethological bush, we can approach the question directly. But, as Geoffrey Gorer has pointed out in his excellent review of Ardrey's *Territorial Imperative* (ENCOUNTER, June 1967), it is in his neglect and misuse of the human data that Ardrey is most misleading. There are tribal peoples who peacefully withdraw in the face of encroaching agriculturalists; there are nomadic hunting and gathering bands whose ranges peacefully overlap the ranges of other bands; there are even people who willingly sell their lands or their farms and move to cities. The point is that while some human societies are territorial, others are not. A knowledge of the individual culture will help us to predict behaviour far better than an assumption of a generalised territorial instinct.

The examples which Ardrey cites to support his claims of a predictive power for the "Territorial Imperative" can be used to demolish his argument. He suggests that the Territorial Imperative explains the *Luftwaffe*'s failure in the Battle of Britain; but then what happened to these "laws more ancient than ourselves" when Germany marched into Poland, Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands, and France? Why did the Territorial Imperative help the Israelis but not the Egyptians, Jordanians, or Syrians in June 1967? And the failure of American bombing of North Viet Nam was predicted two-and-a-half years ago by people like Professor Galbraith, who had never heard of the Territorial Imperative, and based their arguments on other grounds.

Ardrey's offer of the Territorial Imperative as a sound basis for the prediction of political events is hardly to be taken seriously. There have been miscalculations of defence (the Maginot Line) as well as of offence (Stalingrad). But the understanding of international conflicts must stand or fall on the utilisation of a vast complex of political, military, geographical, economic, cultural and psychological factors, not on some improbable genetic instinct of territoriality.

KARL G. HEIDER
Department of Anthropology,
Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island

The Argument about Nkrumah

A Reply — By C. L. R. JAMES

THE POINT of dispute between Russell Warren Howe [ENCOUNTER, October] and myself is not Nkrumah. What is at issue is history itself, more precisely that form of history which deals with politics.

Nkrumah today he describes as a "venal, negative, raving egocentric." This is a natural consummation of the politics Mr. Howe ascribes to Nkrumah. On prestige projects, Nkrumah spent money like a "drunken sailor." He has been cheated of "the bogus martyrdom of a Lumumba." No martyr he, bogus or real: "his own conspicuous absence of physical courage" forbids the possibility of such heroics. More prosaic politics he played by ear and flew the ship of state "by the seat of his pants." Metaphor so far has countenanced people who drive vehicles by the feet, never before by the seat. Mr. Howe does not spare the rod. In the 1950s Nkrumah was "good" and a decade later he was "bad." In each case the cause was not idealism but vanity. One thing Mr. Howe assures us he had—charm, "considerable charm"; but that too debased him; it brought out the "incipient Jane" in white people: "he was most certainly a 'white man's Negro'."

Mr. Howe concludes that Nkrumah was a "consummate actor and egoist, with a gift for saying the opposite of what he meant." This abnormal person, however, Mr. Howe admits, did in his early days register achievements. "He was the enemy in his time of so many forces liberals despised...." At any rate, of the despicable he was the enemy, not the friend.

To many able men, of both races and of diverse competence (including Mr. Howe), Nkrumah for years was able to make arguments which seemed "to justify the ends he sought." Either we were all exceptionally stupid or Nkrumah was exceptionally smart. Maybe we succumbed to Nkrumah's "brilliant demagoguery." But other abstract virtues emerge from this brilliance: Nkrumah had "the golden gift of exorcising racial shame." He inspired "a sense of pride" in Ghanaians and in many other Africans. No one else did this so well (demagogy at its best). But Nkrumah won at least one very solid victory: "The battle against colonialism was the only battle Nkrumah honourably won." Even if won by demagogy, vanity, absence of physical courage and all his defects, including the peculiar use of the ear and the seat of the pants, the battle against colonialism, however won, was a tremendous battle to win, and that alone will give Nkrumah, along with Mao Tse-tung and Gandhi, a foremost place in the history of the 20th century.

Mr. Howe's diatribes could easily be mistaken as a manifesto of legitimate personal spleen against a political personality embodying a pernicious and persistent obstacle to cherished social objectives. It seems to me, however, that the undoubted malignity is not personally motivated. For example "Is a black nationalist any better—per se—than a white imperialist? There are good and bad of both."

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London

A SMALL PILE *of books of poems said to be by "establishment poets" (Ted Hughes, Peter Levi, Anne Sexton, and Seamus Heaney) was burned on the pavement outside the Arts Council's house in St. James's Square, London, yesterday, by 16 young people.*

They said they were protesting against the Arts Council's treatment of poets and poetry. Mr. Spike Hawkins, aged 23, said the council was censoring young writers by refusing to support them. "Modern poets," he said, "are being strangled by finance."

The secretary-general of the Arts Council said later the council did help young poets indirectly by subsidising the little magazines in which their work was commonly published. He wished people would not burn books—at least, not without coming and telling him why.

THE GUARDIAN

London

THE DRUG EXPERIENCE: *Those who take drugs maintain that they both deepen and widen their experience. They believe that drugs make them more creative. On the other hand many people take exactly the opposite view. We intend to investigate the subject by offering a prize for the best creative work, both prose and poetry, written under the influence of drugs.*

The judges include a research pharmacologist who will comment on the relationship between the material submitted and the effects he would expect the drugs to have. The final judging will be done by two distinguished authors, both of whom have written under the influence of drugs. The prize will be £25. If enough material of literary or scientific interest is submitted it will subsequently be published in book form.

AMBIT

London

THE *contest for drugged writers has upset Britain's Arts Council, official dispenser of handouts for worthy cultural projects.*

"We felt there was a possibility that the competition legally might be regarded as a public mischief," said a Council official. "We could not possibly be associated with anything of this sort."

So far "Ambit" has received only one competition entry. It was written under the influence of aspirin. HERALD TRIBUNE

Portsmouth

A DICTIONARY *of drug-taker's slang has been issued to hospital doctors to help them understand what young addicts are talking about. The dictionary, compiled by a consultant psychiatrist, lists a hundred expressions used by "junkies." They include: "Croakers." for doctors who provide narcotics for addicts; "Goof balls," for barbiturate drugs; "Mud" for opium; and "Jag" for injections.*

The secretary of the Portsmouth hospital committee, which circulated the list, said yesterday: "The doctors will most probably laugh at the dictionary, but when they get one of these young addicts using these terms they will know exactly what he is talking about." DAILY MIRROR

San Francisco

ERIC HOFFER, *the San Francisco dock worker who has written four books, at least one of which is required reading in most American colleges, was in great form when Eric Sevareid interviewed him for the C.B.S. television network. He reached the obligatory retirement age of 65 this summer, and lives happily in a single room in the city's Chinatown, without radio, television, or a telephone.*

One of the most original and provocative of contemporary American writers, he was totally blind between the ages of 7 and 15, never went to school, and has worked as a manual labourer all his life. The University of California wanted him to become a full professor, but he would have none of it. He loathes intellectuals.

His definition of an efficient society is one in which there is a very low ratio of what he calls pencil-pushers. He points out that the Communist countries have more pencil-pushers than any others. But he seems to feel that England is a close second. DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

HENRY JAMES *became a new kind of writer [Anthony Burgess writes] when he began to dictate to a stenographer. The* vers libre *and typographical tropes of e.e. cummings owe, thinks McLuhan, everything to the machine (how much more this applies to the admirable work of Don Marquis). I myself, humbler but still an author, know that my prose, such as it is, has been determined by a lifelong devotion to the typewriter: coming to the end of a line, unwilling to split a word with a hyphen, I will often use a shorter word than the one I intended. This is utter slavery to the machine.*

THE SPECTATOR

London

ROBERT KIDD, *whose much-praised staging of Isaac Babel's* Marya *at the Royal Court is his fourth production in London, is 24, the son of an Edinburgh bricklayer. He left an acting course at Glasgow Drama College two-and-a-half years ago for an eight-week job at the Court.*

He discovered Marya *himself—in a Penguin paperback. "What I liked was the play's reality. The Russian Revolution had always been a very aloof event to me. If you say 'the Spanish Civil War' or 'Jacobite Rebellion,' I have an immediate picture of it; but the 'Russian Revolution' was two words."* THE TIMES

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This is a hoary argument of not very enthusiastic supporters of any revolutionary cause. Mr. Howe is concerned about the guilt feeling in the British and American Left about the slave trade. But the argument that there is good and bad in both is paralleled by a warning that the slave trade "was even more an African than a Euro-American industry." The very word "nationalist" is, he feels, "narrow and reactionary." To round off this very specific political attitude to the national revolution of Africans, we have a lengthy paragraph which tells us that the revolution in Africa was essentially psychological, not political. If Eliud Mahu, Mbiyu Koinange, and Jomo Kenyatta and all the colonial Babbitts "from the Gambia to Nyasaland, from Mauritania to Moçambique" had not before everything else believed in "jobs for the boys" there would never have been a revolution in Africa. But even this rush for jobs was unnecessary if we believe as Mr. Howe does that independence "would have come anyway." Even the victory that Nkrumah won over colonialism was superfluous. At least Nkrumah was.

ALTHOUGH MR. HOWE'S BARBS are very precisely aimed, like arrows shot into the air they fall he knows not where. For example, he says of Nkrumah that "he was never a true socialist or anything international." This is not only rash but reckless. Prime Minister *X* or Vice-President *Y*: was he ever a "true socialist" or anything international? Nkrumah, we learn, by 1950 had confessed his admiration for Stalin. But by 1950, as my article [ENCOUNTER, July] was careful to indicate, a whole lot of people far better acquainted with the practice and tradition of parliamentary democracy had not only confessed admiration for Stalin but had joined Stalin's International and in time were happy to receive a smile of approbation from "Uncle Joe."

Mr. Howe thinks that Miss Rita Hinden's enthusiasm for Sandhurst which she fastens on to Africa is counterbalanced by my "old comrade generosity" for Nkrumah's past. In reply to that type of argument, I have only one thing to say: as I wrote in my article, I did not wait for Nkrumah to be overthrown in order to break publicly with him. I broke the association of over twenty years when he dismissed his Chief Justice for a decision given from the bench after a legal trial. I repeat now what I wrote at the time. A corrupt politician can have his Chief Justice secretly assassinated; he can have him run over by a lorry in public; he can invite him to dinner and poison him; he can bribe him to retire and if possible have him appointed to some International Court; or, if the situation in the Commonwealth is propitious, have him made a life peer. But you cannot publicly dismiss a Chief Justice for a judgment from the bench and go on to declare that all decisions of future judges would be subject to your approval. The whole structure of government is morally destroyed and Nkrumah's régime was thereby doomed. The Nkrumah who buried the revolution was not the Nkrumah who started it.

To think that he was never anything but a political gangster is to fly in the face of history; it is to accuse not Nkrumah but a whole group of his supporters and associates of inanity hard to separate from self-seeking and even corruption. In contradiction to Miss Hinden I could give facts and arguments to refute a mistaken point of view. Mr. Howe's article compelled me to lay bare the anti-nationalist skeleton skimpily covered by his denunciations of one who was, in his time, an authentic leader of a nationalist revolution.

Freud-Bullitt's "Wilson"

THERE ARE certain aspects of published works that are in principle insusceptible of critical comment. One of these is taking an author to task for failing to consider references to other works concerning his subject when these references have been published years, or even decades, after the writing of the work. When this occurs the review can be very grossly unfair. I think the latter consideration fittingly applies to a portion in Professor Cunliffe's review article of the Freud-Bullitt "Wilson." He writes [ENCOUNTER, July]:

> "Its musty contents fail to embrace any consideration of work done on Wilson in the last thirty years: the studies of Arthur Link, for example, or—more immediately relevant—the 'personality study' of *Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House*, published by Alexander and Juliette George in 1956."

This, as anybody who has read the book knows, is patently absurd. For in the foreword of the book, Bullitt makes it clear that the book was written in the early 'thirties and that after a reconciliation of differences between Freud and himself in 1938-39 as regards the inclusion and exclusion of certain material, the manuscript was subsequently deposited in a Washington, D.C. archive, not to be published while the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was still alive. Yet Professor Cunliffe criticised Freud-Bullitt for not taking into account the relevant literature in the intervening years!

E. R. GRENDA

University of British Columbia

I AGREE with Mr. Grenda's general principles: who wouldn't? My point was that the Freud-Bullitt manuscript was locked away like a jewel when it was more like a cheese. After rotting in the archive for nearly thirty years it was probably not worth publishing. But if it had to be published Mr. Bullitt, who was still alive, ought to have taken account in his special foreword of at least some of the things that had been written about Woodrow Wilson in the meantime. It is a bad book which became even more bad by being kept so long. That is what I meant by "musty."

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

University of Sussex, Brighton

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Chiaromonte's "Artaud"

When Artaud says "It is not a question of suppressing spoken language but of giving words the importance they have in dreams" he is not by any means, as Mr. Nicola Chiaromonte claims [Encounter, August] "implying... a recitation of senseless phrases in somnambulistic attitudes..." but is attempting to draw out the *duende* in speech, to say that the spirits of the deep that call us in sleep be made present, and as such language be given that sense of drama.

Another way to sense Artaud here would be to speak of sexualising language, of getting the seminal force before a spectator's face that a woman feels and fears before a man whom she wants to love and whose language terrifies her to delight, to project herself more, to expand, be greater than a depressed beachball waiting to be loved. The justification for "cruelty" in Artaud's sense of it (to hurt the spectator, to drive phantoms up through his being) is the justification of the guerrilla: violence is in the world—we all know that—and the artist/revolutionary by dropping depth-charges into man's being makes at least the assumption that if certain forces are released man could be natural, *i.e.*, life-giving creature, rather than the killer in his present repressed state that he is.

Artaud most certainly did not (or so I address his work) live in a world of shadows as Mr. Chiaromonte concludes; the terror and force of his twisted and contradictory revelations are a great beacon on a road that thank God I don't have to tread. Artaud is one of the most *useful* and courageous men of the century, and it is a drag to quibble and prod at his flaws as Mr. Chiaromonte does: the fact that he let all that through is a much more creative achievement than any formed or rigorously centralised art.

Clayton Eshleman

New York City

These objections to my interpretation of Artaud's views about the theatre are very nearly unanswerable, insofar as my critic assumes art to be a sort of guerrilla warfare waged by the "artist/revolutionary" on our sensibility. He is not alone today in holding such a view; it is in fact the postulate of what we may well call dominant contemporary aesthetics. To prove him wrong, one would have to do one of two things: reinstate from the beginning the "classical" view of art as an activity which aims at purifying and pacifying emotions rather than at "dropping depth charges into man's being"—or else prove that such expressions as "draw out the *duende* in speech" or "sexualising language" do not correspond to anything that can be achieved by way of metaphor and fiction (the way of art), but only by actual deed in actual life, by scaring somebody out of his wits, or exercising one's powers of seduction on a real woman.

I submit that both points could be argued with some hone of carrying conviction among a few people. For the sake of brevity, I shall limit myself to stressing the second, and point out that evoking the awful (which must be more or less what Mr. Eshleman means by "draw out the *duende* in speech") is something that Aeschylus in the *Agamemnon* and Shakespeare in *Macbeth*, for example, achieved by way of words that are dramatic to the precise extent to which they have nothing whatever to do with dreams, but rather with the meaning of real deeds. Dreams, as far as I can see, can be emotionally disturbing, but are the very essence of the undramatic, insofar as there is only one character in them, namely the actor-spectator.

Nicola Chiaromonte

Rome

Byron?

In your September issue Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon writes "It was Byron who wrote: 'My country, right or wrong'." The Byron *Concordance* and the standard books of quotations make no reference to this.

C. A. Ashley

Toronto, Ontario

Mr. Constantine FitzGibbon would seem to be mistaken in the attribution of the authorship of "My country, right or wrong." I have always understood it to be by Stephen Decatur (1779–1820) in a speech at Norfolk, Virginia, in April 1816. "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she be always in the right; but our country, right or wrong." (Source: Hyman, *Modern Dictionary of Quotations*, Evans Bros., 1962.)

F. Turnbull

Beccles, Suffolk

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METHUEN

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AUTHORS

Professor M. M. Postan *writes, in a post-devaluation post-script to* "A Plague of Economists?":

"My article was written some time before the recent devaluation of the pound, but the manner in which the devaluation was presented to the public and in which it was discussed among the *cognoscenti* bears out the article's main contention. Devaluation may always have been desirable, and the circumstances of November 16–18 may have made it inevitable. But all through these hectic days the probable consequences of devaluation were discussed wholly in global terms, above all in those of exports and imports as a whole. In actual fact the effect on export prices will probably differ from very little in the case of motor vehicles or woollens to possibly as much as 6 or 8 per cent in the case of some chemicals or man-made fibres. The effect of the devaluation on the British exports as a whole would, therefore, depend mainly on the relative shares of individual goods in the total flow of British exports, and on the responsiveness of foreign markets for individual commodities to price reductions of these small and varying magnitudes. Had the problems been so conceived, the forecasts of what the devaluation could achieve might have differed somewhat from those current now. Above all, the object of economic policy in the coming months would have been not an indiscriminate switch of resources from all industries serving the home market to all and every export industry, but selective shifts from some "home-market" industries to the exports most likely to react favourably to devaluation. And, in any case, is it mainly a question of resource available to industries, not one of labour costs, salesmanship, design, workmanship and inspection?

"Mr. Callaghan has wisely emphasised that the devaluation could do no more than provide a breathing space for more fundamental 'structural' changes in the economy. But even if Mr. Callaghan and his department have decided what these changes should be, do his economists know them? And if they do, why has their knowledge, or even their discussion, of them been so successfully concealed from public gaze?...."

Michael Frayn is well-known for his satirical journalism in *The Guardian* and, in recent years, *The Observer*. His novels are *The Tin Man* (1965), *The Russian Interpreter* (1966), and *Towards the End of the Morning* (1967), all published by Collins. He contributed a review of *Nervous People and Other Satires* by Mikhail Zoshchenko to the January 1964 ENCOUNTER. He was trained as a Russian-language interpreter and has visited the Soviet Union twice....

Luigi Barzini, the distinguished Italian journalist, is the author of *The Italians* (published in 1964 by Hamish Hamilton, London, and Atheneum, New York). Among his previous contributions to ENCOUNTER are "Formosa" (September 1955), "Italy and its Aristocracy" (January 1956), "The Italian Bureaucracy" (June 1956), "On the Isle of Capri" (October 1959), "Curzio Malaparte" (August 1960), "The Difference in the South" (June 1962), "Benito Mussolini" (July 1964), and "The Peaceful Invasion" (August 1964)....

Dennis Silk was born in London and has lived in Jerusalem for the last ten years. He has published a volume of poetry in the U.S.A., *A Face of Stone*, and has had poems in various anthologies, most recently in *Explorations* (Barrie and Rockliff)....

RECENT articles and essays by **Roy Jenkins,** now Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Wilson government, have been collected by Anthony Lester and published under the title *Essays & Speeches* by Collins (London). The volume includes many of Mr. Jenkins' contributions to ENCOUNTER, among them "How the Obscenity Law Was Changed" (October 1959), "From London to Rome" (August 1961), "Notes from the Brink" (February 1963), and "Hugh Gaitskell" (January 1964)....

THE excerpt from **Alberto Moravia's** forthcoming book on China is printed with the permission of the *Corriere della Sera* (Milan)....

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